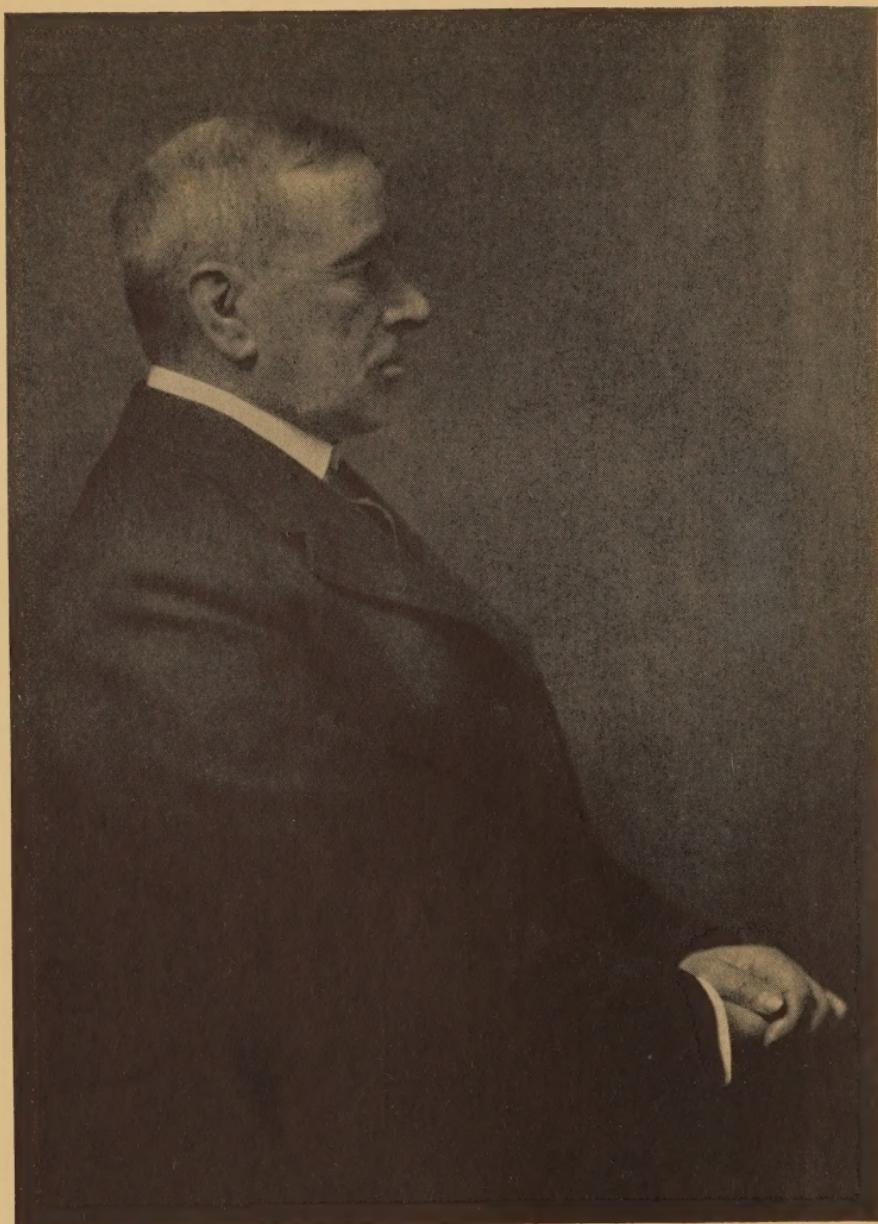


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The allies of religion

THE
ALLIES OF RELIGION



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THE ALLIES OF RELIGION

by
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FOREWORD

THE ART OF PREACHING has fallen on evil days. Its decadence may be traced to causes which are fairly obvious: the bewildering and revolutionary effect of scientific discovery and speculation, the critical study of the Bible issuing in a new conception of revelation and inspiration, the shifting of the center of gravity from God to man with the resultant growth of a humanist instead of a theological outlook upon life, and then, as a swift and irresistible blow, the Great War which has hastened the exhaustion of those forms of religious thought that have occupied the minds of men for the past half century. All noble preaching, like all noble art, is the product of an ardent belief in spiritual realities. With the returning tide of faith we shall have a rejuvenescence of power in the pulpit.

Yet even in these depressing, chaotic days the voices of the prophets are not all dumb. The earth has been shaken terribly that the things which are not shaken may take to themselves power and reign. What are these immovable realities on which the personal and social life of mankind may be built up afresh? They are the truths which, like the living wheels in the prophet's vision, are full of eyes within, and which therefore reveal the hidden things of the soul and illumine new paths of progress for man. The inexorable love of God, the unity of men in the divine fatherhood, the law of sacrifice without obedience to which there is no peace

of conscience or of heart, the new birth wherein we renounce the old man and put on the new man, the victory of the personal spirit over death and the fulfilment of its hopes and dreams in the Kingdom of God, the power of the Spirit to heal the maladies of soul and body, love as the triumphant energy of life and the solvent of all life's problems, social as well as personal, prayer as the most direct and living way to fellowship with the Eternal which issues in strength, courage and all-conquering joy — these and other truths in organic connection with them constitute the essence of the Christian Gospel.

It is to the defence, exposition and practical application of these ideas that this volume is dedicated. These discourses, in my judgment, are among the finest fruits of our American pulpit. It has been my privilege to hear, at one time or another, some of the greatest preachers of the past thirty years or so on both sides of the Atlantic, and I am constrained to say that I have rarely, if ever, heard sermons more searching, more satisfying, whether regarded from an intellectual or spiritual point of view, or more suffused with the true spirit of Christianity, than those which form this book.

The praise of their author is in all the Churches as a student of divine things, but I venture to think that these discourses, while revealing his intellectual convictions, do not obscure his passionate devotion to Him in whom are embodied the truths and principles here discussed. They are *modernist*, not in any partisan or pseudo-liberal sense, but in the larger sense of speaking home to minds imbued with the established conclusions

of science and the ruling ideas of modern culture. Impregnated with genuine thought, illumined by the glow of spiritual imagination and uttered in language marked by grace and distinction, these sermons must appeal not to the mature only but to every youthful and generous spirit. The more thoughtful of the new generation will hear in these pages a call to renounce the shameful path of indifference and to enroll themselves under the banner of Christ against the powers that lay waste the spiritual life of man. The preacher speaks to us all, old and young alike; we will do well to listen to his voice and to learn how real, pertinent and vital is his message.

SAMUEL McCOMB.

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ELWOOD WORCESTER	Frontispiece
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INTRODUCTION

At this time of questioning and unrest and the re-valuation of all ideals I offer this message of peace and conviction. Every spiritual work has its sources and its background. The background of these simple discourses includes a lifelong study of the Scriptures, particularly of those which pertain to the life of the Lord, through the aid of criticism, a fair knowledge of the great religions of mankind, a peculiar interest in immortality, kindled in my youth by association with my great master and teacher, Gustav Theodor Fechner, and kept alive through the intervening years by familiarity with the experimental methods of Psychic Research. Lastly, I may allude, without immodesty, to my acquaintance with psychology, normal and abnormal, and to the unusual opportunity I have had to study intimately the spiritual life and the psychic idiosyncrasies of innumerable men and women through a long period of years.

Although in each of these great fields my knowledge is slight and imperfect in comparison with that of specialists, yet there are not many men whose minds have ranged more widely over this particular group of human interests, or which have penetrated more deeply into what I may call the mysteries of the soul. From this point of view this unstudied volume is not merely abreast of the times, it is in advance of the times, since passages of it, at least, spring from experiences which few men have enjoyed.

One of the melancholy aspects of knowledge, especially of spiritual knowledge, is that it cannot be directly communicated to others. There are secrets which cannot be told to any who divined them not before. The skill of the surgeon, like that of the artist, perishes with him, and everyone who has deeply explored human life carries solutions of its enigmas to the grave which will reappear, in later generations, not as solutions, but as problems. So, many of Swedenborg's great cosmical reflections have been understood and have received their vindication only in our own day. At the present time a small group of highly qualified men of science possess certain knowledge of powers and resources of the soul which are fatal to the materialistic or mechanistic doctrine of orthodox science, fatal in the sense that if this doctrine were true, these facts could not take place. As yet these facts gain little attention and little credence and the massive doctrine which recognizes no purpose in Nature, no God in Heaven, no soul in man and no life after death appears to be in almost exclusive possession of the field of scientific thought. Yet because these facts have occurred and because, from time to time, they continue to occur, already materialism is doomed, and in the sling of some stripling David they will be the smooth stones which will bring the giant crashing to the ground; and the more science identifies itself with the materialistic hypothesis, which does not consist in facts, but in the interpretation of facts, the more deeply its authority will be shaken.

I write these words in no sense of antagonism to science. One of the great aims of my life and ministry

has been the integration of human nature and the harmonizing of its various elements by including the whole man, body as well as soul, in the scheme of my effort and by making use of scientific tools and methods when I could do so, as, for example, in the study of the Bible, in the treatment of tuberculosis and of psychic disorders and in gathering evidence pointing toward man's survival of bodily death. The soul can never be explained away as a nonentity until it becomes a nonentity, and it appears to me that every thoughtful man must regard the present dissociation of mind and spirit, of science and religion, as a disease which it should be our business, as far as in us lies, to heal. Certainly man will never become a happy, a harmonious, a perfect being until that deep cleft in his nature is closed.

It is my conviction that one of the great Ages of the world came to an end in the World War and that a new Age is waiting to be born, an Age which will produce works in proportion to the new strength of the human race. How long this birth will tarry no man can foretell (the last Renascence required approximately a thousand years), and until the new day dawns we must undergo another Dark Age into which we have already entered. The cause, or at least the sign of the dissolution of our old civilization, is the Revolt of Youth, that is to say its refusal to be bound by the traditions of the past and its disinclination to give its allegiance to the ideals of the civilization which emerged at the Renascence and the Reformation and which continued, roughly speaking, until 1914, when all the old sanctities of life were challenged and we began swiftly reverting to more primi-

tive types and conditions, in art, music, literature and morality, particularly in sexual morality. If our civilization had been really built, as we imagined, on reason, morality and the things of the spirit, it would not have been subjected to the greatest chastisement civilization has ever received. Nearly eleven years have elapsed since the War ended and, although no one has been able to point out the benefits which accrued from it, its incalculable injuries are plain to every eye. Nearly fifteen years have passed since the War began and its causes are about as obscure to us as ever, because they sprang from states of mind from which we have not yet delivered ourselves. When historians of the future, having gained the necessary detachments to see things clearly, attempt to account for the fearful catastrophe which nearly brought the world to an end, they will not find its causes in secret documents nor in personal idiosyncrasies, but in conditions all mankind can read and estimate, that is to say, in the overwhelming materialism of our civilization and in the distrust and ferocity materialism always engenders, in short, in the bankruptcy of philosophy and religion and in the collapse of ethical ideals. Perhaps the most severe indictment which will be brought against a generation which prided itself chiefly on reason and science will be its total lack of reason in dealing with the problems on whose correct solution the well-being of the human race chiefly rested and its employment of science for man's annihilation.

In all this there is no indication of decadence, degeneration or a general decline of human virtue and power. It is rather the darkness and imperfection of embryonic

life when new organs are created which cannot be created after birth. If we look upon this time as a winter, a Great Winter, following a glorious summer which endured for five hundred years, yet it will be followed by a springtime of creative thought and new hopes. It is not a winter like that of which Jesus warned us which should end the earth forever. Though I firmly believe that by the Kingdom of God Jesus understood a catastrophe which would end the world in the near future ("this generation shall not pass"), yet it is equally certain that thoughtful Christian men can no longer share this expectation, nor can this eschatological philosophy make the slightest appeal to scientifically educated men and women today. The perfection of man, or man's approximation to perfection, will not be attained through destruction, even through the destruction of this existing earth. As far as we have faith in the future, we look forward to the emergence, the development, the quickening of man's moral, spiritual and social nature. The peculiarity of the future is that it is always a matter of faith, not of knowledge. But those who in dreaming of the future represent it to themselves as without religion or spirituality are wholly in the wrong. The very reverse is what they ought to say. Man's physical organism has long since ceased to develop. Organ for organ, vein for vein, nerve for nerve, the body of man today is identical with the mummified bodies of the ancient Egyptians. In intellect it is doubtful if man will ever again rise to the height of the Athenians of the age of Pericles. Apparently it is the soul in its relation to an unseen world, in its powers normal and supernormal of

which we are just becoming aware, which is to occupy the center of the stage and make the new age an age of the Spirit. The only adequate explanation of the sublime and undying power and phenomena of religion is recognition of an invisible, intangible world of reality which lies within the phenomenal world as the soul within the body, from which the great creators of religion and poetry and art and music have derived their light, divine truth and divine beauty, and with which most of us come into contact a few times in our lives.

When men began to speak it is unlikely that they all began to speak at the same time. For a long time probably there were men who could speak and men who could not speak. So the spiritual sense in man, consciousness of the divine, the numinal, the holy, began with a few and, from their mighty experiences, faith passed to the many, and on these experiences of great men of old we have built all these years. But the time appears to have come when the old traditional motive, believing because others believe, is no longer holding us and if we are to believe in divine and heavenly things we must have experience of them of our own. Today psychology, the study of the soul in all its phases and possibilities, normal, abnormal, supernormal, is the most engrossing of all sciences. Would it be strange, at such a time as this, if a new revelation should be given, not in the sense of eclipsing or superseding the revelation of Christ, but of setting it before us in all its original splendor by admitting us again to that world of the Spirit and of power which opened to Jesus at his baptism and from which the Christian religion sprang?

I have watched the fluctuations of religious thought and endeavor in America for many years, and I am certain that interest in spiritual and personal religion was never so deep or so widespread in my lifetime as it is now. If the Protestant churches are not profiting by this renewed desire for a spiritual life, but are atrophying, drying up and almost disintegrating, it is because they have disregarded scientific knowledge and scientific help and especially because they have lost faith and interest in immortality, in the mighty works of Christ and in the presence and the revelation of God's Spirit, but have faith only in money and numbers, in organization, efficiency, infantile discourses and other worldly and second-rate methods and ideas. Unless some small body of men can be found, independent of parishes, to give to us a more vital, spiritual, scientific and practically useful message, it looks as if the Protestant churches would succumb and that the free, portable, eclectic spiritual cults, such as those which once conquered the State religions of Greece and of Rome and, but for Christianity, might have conquered the world, would take their place. This, to my mind, would be a great pity. But "when the Lord gives the word great is the company of the preachers."

The extraordinary response Germany has given to the message of a scholar, Karl Barth, is an omen of what a small group of geniuses, in love with Jesus Christ, could do for America.

ELWOOD WORCESTER.

*Rectory of Emmanuel Church, Boston.
May 16, 1929.*

THE
ALLIES OF RELIGION

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA
ON THE OCCASION OF ITS
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH
NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

THE ALLIES OF RELIGION

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—*I Corinthians 3, 11.*

IT IS a great joy to me to stand again in this sacred place, and to be permitted to take part with you in this happy service of commemoration. As time is reckoned in America, one hundred years form no inconsiderable fraction of our country's history. When St. Stephen's Church was founded the United States of America, reckoning its birth on July fourth, seventeen hundred seventy-six, was in its forty-eighth year. President Monroe was serving his second term, having been re-elected in the Ninth General Election by a vote which was practically unanimous. In this very year, 1823, he enunciated his famous "Doctrine" which, on the whole, has served our country so well. Three years before, the Fourth General Census had recorded a population of 9,638,191 persons, of whom nearly eight million were white, and more than a million and a half were colored. The Treaty of Ghent, which had ended our last war with England, was less than ten years old. Our States, including the District of Columbia, numbered twenty-seven. Twenty years before, the vast territory, vaguely termed Louisiana, had been purchased from Napoleon Bonaparte for fifteen million dollars, and Illinois, with a population of fifty-three thousand persons, was our westernmost state. At this time Philadelphia was the second largest city in the United States and contained

perhaps one hundred thousand persons. The bitter conflict looking toward the emancipation of the slave had just begun. St. Stephen's Church was designed by the most famous living American architect, William Strickland, who also designed the old Custom House on Chestnut Street, after the model of the Parthenon. Seven years after this parish was founded the first American locomotive was built at West Point, New York; but it soon blew up, as the engineer, annoyed by the sound of the escaping steam, had fastened down the safety valve.

All this sounds remote and prehistoric enough, but it startles me to think that of the century of continued life St. Stephen's has enjoyed, more than one quarter of these hundred years has elapsed since the day in October, 1896 when I came from Bethlehem to be its rector. Such is life! There are many illusions we entertain in regard to it which are beneficent, but there is one illusion which is dangerous. It is that life is long. On the contrary, it is very short, and every year and every passing day seem to say: "Oh, make haste!"

The last time I had the pleasure of visiting you, in the midst of one of your fine blizzards, about two years ago, I gave an account of every interesting event I could recall which had taken place during my rectorship. I was a little sorry this sermon was not printed, as it would have formed one of the chapters of the history of your parish. I shall not attempt to retrace that ground, and today I do not mean to speak of the past, but of the present and the future. And yet I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude to God and to you for the

years of peace and happiness I spent here. No spot on earth is dearer to me than this old street and this old church. This was my first parish, and I have always retained for it the sweet memories of a first love. Whatever mistakes and weaknesses I was guilty of were the mistakes and weaknesses of youth and inexperience, not of sloth and indifference. Indeed, I have often wondered at the amount of intellectual labor I performed in Philadelphia. Much of my philosophy of religion and life, on which I have built ever since, was worked out here, and was first offered to you. Much of my study of the Bible and of the religions of mankind, which the overwhelming practical duties of my later life cut short, was done here, and I am unutterably grateful to you for giving me that opportunity. This was largely due to the fact that in those days I was able to work all day and also most of the night. And what I say, I believe all your other rectors, dead and living, would corroborate, were they able to speak — that some of their best and happiest years were spent in this church.

In my day, Dr. Montgomery, the Founder of this parish, had already become merely a name, about which no legends clustered. Dr. Ducachet was remembered for his many witty sayings and aphorisms. The spell of Dr. Rudder's preaching and personality still lingered. The noble and chivalrous Dr. McConnell was a living power and his was always a name to conjure by; and since my day Dr. Grammer has done more than we all to conserve St. Stephen's and to perpetuate its power and influence in the days that are coming.

What are these days likely to be, and what will they

bring forth for religion and the Church? I believe that those persons who, dreaming of the future, represent it as devoid of religion, are utterly wrong. The very reverse is what they ought to say. The religious faculty in man develops so rapidly with his other forms of development, that, as Renan says, "A humanity twice as wise, twice as strong as ours would be more than twice as religious." I have watched the fluctuation of sentiments in this country for more than forty years and I am certain that in my lifetime interest in religion was never so deep and so universal as it is now.

It would be strange if it were not so. We are living in the greatest and most critical days the world has ever passed through, and, humanly speaking, anything may happen. No age, since history issued from the womb of time, ever witnessed such changes as this world has undergone in the lifetime of men and women who are not yet middle-aged; and we know that these changes have not ceased, they have only begun. Many a thing today is dead, for all its future usefulness, which does not know that it is dead.

A few years ago many persons entertained the curious expectation that our soldiers, as the result of their spiritual experiences and their sacrifices in the Great War, would return home, bringing with them the vision of a new world and a new life. No such change was perceptible. Most of them came as they went. He that was righteous, was righteous still. Yet during the war, we who remained at home saw a very wonderful change pass over this country which, had it continued, might have altered our whole life. It seemed as if a new

and greater Spirit awakened in us all, from the least to the greatest, a spirit of consecration and of unselfish devotion. Men and women appeared to rise above themselves, to cast off their ordinary limitations of sloth and selfishness and to be united in a vast enthusiasm of service. A true sense of brotherhood awoke which broke the bonds of class and caste that had so long divided us. The physical need, the moral and spiritual disposition of the humblest men and women suddenly became a matter of concern and solicitude to us, and messenger boys rode gaily in the finest cars.

If this spirit and enthusiasm for service had been conserved and had been directed to our permanent and real task, which is never war, but the annihilation of human misery and the amelioration of human life, there is no problem before our country or the world which could not have been gloriously solved by the men and women of this generation. We felt, at that time, very much as the Disciples felt on the way to Jerusalem — that the Kingdom of God might immediately appear. But apparently such a vast outpouring of devotion can only be generated automatically, under the threat and stimulus of mighty catastrophes. As soon as the immediate object we had set ourselves was attained, another change followed, courage fell, enthusiasm gave place to lassitude and license, and we entered one of the most humiliating periods of our national existence, which, God grant, is nearly ended; for thus far we hardly know what we have gained.

And yet, though the Disciples' expectation of the immediate coming of the Kingdom was deceived, and

the world continued on its old way, a new age really dawned on the day when Jesus died in utter obscurity, and a new spiritual power then entered the world which has changed our higher life forever.

However mistaken we were in our former expectation, there is no mistake in the belief that a new era has dawned on the earth. One of the great periods of the world's history has definitely ended and another has begun. So great an overthrow and destruction can be followed by a commensurate reconstruction, and we may be very sure that the world which is rising will not be built on foundations which proved too frail and too treacherous to sustain the old world. For good or evil, or for good and evil, the power of the past, of clinging, impeding, and at the same time, of staying, steadyng custom, tradition and habit is largely broken, and something new is about to take place under the sun. We feel very much as St. Paul felt when he declared: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid . . . But let every man take heed what he buildeth thereupon, for the Day will try it."

After the Napoleonic wars, more than a hundred years ago, there followed a period of mediocrity, frivolity and moral weakness which Balzac has portrayed for all succeeding generations in the hundred volumes of the Human Comedy. Then the great forces of the nineteenth century slowly shaped themselves, and began to give form to one of the most splendid periods of intellectual and material advance this world has ever known. It may be that the spiritual forces of the New Age will require an even longer period of incubation

before they break forth into life and stamp our time with the sign-manual of its genius, but they will certainly emerge and produce creations in proportion to the new strength of the human race.

As nothing radically new, except the grotesque phenomenon of Russian bolshevism, made its appearance as the result of the war, we can only suppose that the future, as usual, will issue from the past, and that our former achievements will be the tools and implements by which the new world will be fashioned. I shall therefore make a brief inventory of our new, or more recent spiritual and religious assets, as they appear to me, those things of the soul, solidly rooted in thought, knowledge and experience, which are alive and able to act. And first I make mention of our great faith, our faith in science. I do not know where one could turn to find anything like it, a faith which so many educated men hold with such assurance and with so little doubt, a faith that has so vindicated itself by its works. If it has sought, it has also found. Think of Luxor. Its discoveries in every field, material or spiritual, theoretical and practical, pour in so fast that the most industrious student cannot keep pace with them, and no human mind, ever again, will be able to master their whole domain. In consequence of these vast findings a new sense of power and of hope has come to the human race that it never possessed before. No claim is too spectacular, no expectation too chimerical to stagger our credulity. One or two men assert that by scattering electrified sand from an aeroplane they can dissipate the fog from London and the soot from Pittsburgh,

and cause the sun to shine and the rain to fall at their pleasure; and it is regarded as good as done, and the price of arid land in the West goes up, just as when Pere Grandet got out his fur gloves in the fall, the villagers would say: "It will be a cold winter, Pere Grandet has put on his fur gloves." Suppose that the Bishop of Pennsylvania or the Bishop of New York should tell us that by his prayer or his powerful thought he would make the sun to shine and the rain to fall. We should only feel sorry for him. If Bishop Lawrence should undertake it, a good many people in Massachusetts would believe that he would at least raise the wind.

This faith then is a fact which must be reckoned with. No weapon raised against science will prosper, nor do people pronounce against reason oftener or more emphatically than reason pronounces against them. Our only protection against the crudities and negations and materialism of science lies in more and better science, just as the only solution of the age-long antagonism between religion and science lies in making religion more scientific and science more religious. One of the great spiritual achievements of the future will certainly be to close this gulf, to heal and integrate this dissociation of our two noblest faculties.

Over against all this is a fact we shall never forget until we lose our memories in senile decay. Science can never be the supreme guide and teacher of mankind because, in itself, it is nonethical. It is just as willing to serve a murderer as it is to serve an honest man. Poison gas is to it as the sweetest perfume. When, at last, sci-

ence succeeded in invading the sky, it was not to pour down peace and good will, but wrath and destruction on the children of men. It does not ask whether things are good or bad, whether they are right or wrong, but only whether they are fit or unfit, true or false. We have invoked a genie which already has forces at his command capable of annihilating all that man has created, and unless the spirit of man is capable of directing this power for good, it will destroy him. In other words, science, which is only a cross section of reality, is our servant, not our master.

Another spiritual asset modern man possesses is a philosophy which gives him a criterion of truth and which enables him to distinguish the knowable from the unknowable. This is a great safeguard to us in that it deters us from entering those barren fields of metaphysical and theological speculation where words are everything and sense is nothing. Where nothing is offered to our sense and experience reason has no true material to work on. The ancients, the General Councils, the great schoolmen and theologians of the Middle Ages were not aware of this, hence they built their imposing castles in the air. On these subjects we must remain agnostic. Bishops who have not read or understood Kant may fret at this and talk about heresy trials, but it is not this or that clergyman who opposes them, it is the limitation of the human mind. Jesus never undertook to deal with such questions, and he offers nothing to those who agree with Him on intellectual grounds. The only ground on which He deigns to meet with us is the ground of the will.

Another spiritual asset we possess today which will be more to us in the future than it has been in the past is our critical knowledge of the Scriptures, a possession gained for us by more than a hundred years of devoted and wonderful work. Let no man imagine that this is but a passing phase of opinion, or the preoccupation of a few scholars. Our religion is an historical religion which derives almost all its power and inspiration from the personality and teaching of Jesus Christ. No effort therefore ought to be too great for us to learn, as well as we are able, to know Jesus. As far as the Gospels are concerned, the results of the best Bible study are briefly as follows: In the first three Gospels we have three variants of a unique and original tradition which in general form and outline is much the same in all. This is unique because in the whole body of early Christian literature there is nothing else like it.

Of these Gospels, St. Mark's is undoubtedly the first and the oldest, not merely in the priority of a few decades, but in its more primitive conceptions, in its graphic realism and in the human traits of its presentation. A very ancient tradition asserts that its contents were dictated to St. Mark by Simon Peter, and much of the Gospel bears the imprint of an eyewitness.

In the preparation of his Gospel St. Matthew made use of the whole Gospel of St. Mark and he also had at his disposal the incomparable Logia, or the priceless sayings and connected discourses of Jesus. St. Matthew wrote for the Hebrews, and he was very fond of introducing quotations from the Old Testament, sometimes forcibly.

Some scholars today believe St. Luke's Gospel to be older than Matthew's, though I imagine the majority still think it to be later. In either case Luke has preserved several sayings, especially the two greatest of all parables, the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, which we find in no other source. His great preoccupation was the poor and the lost. His Gospel is the Gospel of a Saviour's love.

Today all scholars, with few exceptions, are agreed that in the Fourth Gospel, which we call St. John's, we find something radically different from the Synoptics, and that what we find there is not the history of the human life of Christ, but the philosophy of that history, the most profound and touching which we possess. It is he who boldly identifies Jesus with the Logos or the Word of the Stoics and the Neo-Platonists. Many of the sayings are so different in their range of thought and vocabulary that it is hard to believe that the same being spoke as St. John represents and as the Synoptics represent Jesus as speaking. The Gospel begins with the total suppression of the dark scene of the temptation in the wilderness and with the substitution of the bright marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. Most of its miracles are new and different. Its only allusions to the human birth of the Lord simply designate Him as the Son of Joseph: "We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." The demoniacs who left such an indelible impression on the earlier Gospels altogether disappear and are never mentioned. Above all, Jesus' expectation of the immediate coming of the Kingdom, which time

had disposed of, is allowed to fall altogether, and in its place is the heavenly house of many mansions to which Jesus will welcome His own after death.

Perhaps the most important fact which the study of the New Testament has brought to light during the last fifty years is this expectation of the coming of the Kingdom of God in the immediate future, and Jesus' consciousness of His own Messiahship. It is this discovery which has given to Jesus' death a meaning worthy of the sublime facts, and which, without embarrassing us with theories of atonement, causes it still to stand out as the eternal fact of this world's history. It has rendered impossible any more rationalizing, belittling Lives like Renan's and it has destroyed liberalism's picture of Jesus, as a mere teacher of morality, by showing that no such person ever existed. Though under this study Jesus has returned to His own century, yet He is there so anchored to its thought and life that no mythologist will ever again succeed in dissolving His personality into a zodiacal myth or an incarnation of man's religious aspirations. The most fundamental doubt in regard to Jesus, the doubt of His existence, it has ended.

I have given myself little time for two other important spiritual assets we have at our command, but I shall allude to them. The first is the discovery of the soul which has been made in our day, and the whole new psychological approach to religion which this discovery has brought with it.

In the whole history of thought man has made three revolutionary discoveries, revolutionary in the sense of

changing forever his estimate of himself and of the world in which he lives. The first of these discoveries is that of the revolution of the earth and the other planets around their central body, begun by Copernicus and finished by Galileo in the seventeenth century, a discovery which gave us a new heaven and a new earth. The second is the discovery of Evolution in the nineteenth century, which changed all our conceptions of Creation and of man's past history, and of his place in Nature. The third is our discovery of the nature of the soul and the part played by subconscious elements of mind. We are still too near this last revelation to appreciate its magnitude or its unending importance to our personal lives. With it a new phase of human evolution has begun. With it man has already definitely entered in a new phase of development, and the age in which we are living will be known as the Age of the Spirit. As we look back to the Animal Man of the past, so we may begin to look forward to the Divine Man of the future, of whom we already have one perfect example in Jesus Christ, divine, not merely in His personal character, but in His knowledge and employment of spiritual laws and forces. From this point of view the Mighty Works of Christ regain all their ancient power.

Strange to say, this discovery has been made largely through our growing knowledge of the soul's diseases (a nonexistent thing ought at least to have the grace not to be sick). Here is a welcome opportunity to apply scientific method to religious truth and to the improvement of life. It would not be an exaggeration to say that already hundreds of thousands of persons are rejoicing

in this new faith and in their closer walk with God. The soul and the things of the spirit, which used to seem so vague and unreal, have become concrete realities. Prayer, instead of being a mere duty or a wearisome exercise, has become a joy and a necessity of our lives. From this point of view the whole person of the Redeemer comes nearer to us, His words and sayings are more intelligible, and His great acts are real, credible and congenial to us, because supported in so many instances by our own experience. Those persons who reject our interpretations on the ground that acts so explained are not real miracles, utterly miss the mark. We are not clamoring for miracles in the old sense of causeless events or exceptions to the universal laws of Nature. What we wish to do is to validate the mighty works of Jesus and to point out from contemporary experience their inherent probability and that such stories as are told in the first three Gospels could not have been invented. From this source new faith and strength and energy flow to us every day, while those who reject this approach are finding it increasingly difficult to retain their old faith.

Lastly, I advert to Psychical Research as a true friend of religion and a spiritual ally of man. It also is simply the application of the best scientific methods men have been able to fashion to the examination of supernormal phenomena and to the problem of death. I make no plea for it, I simply state what it is. Almost all men who have acquainted themselves with its spirit and method have at least acknowledged its legitimacy. Those who scornfully reject it simply pronounce their

contempt for experimental science. It also illuminates many an important event in the life of the Lord and it helps us to understand and accept occurrences which otherwise we should reject. I think particularly of the phenomena attending the baptism of Jesus, His appearance on the sea of Galilee, His Transfiguration and, above all, His Resurrection appearances to His disciples.

Moreover, this is our only real hope of solving the problem of death. From no other source is any new solution of this eternal mystery likely to come to us. Philosophy, having satisfied herself as to the futility of her former efforts to gain this knowledge, has abandoned it, and for a long time has come as mute as a fish on the subject, and unless science can establish immortality by evidence we must remain agnostic and without much hope. But without immortality no idealistic philosophy of life is possible.

A hundred years ago a similar problem presented itself to the world of thought in the question of the possibility of life in the profound abysses of the ocean, and philosophers and men of science, by every sort of clever, *a priori* argument — the enormous pressure of water, the stygian darkness, the absence of vegetable life for food — proved the absolute impossibility of such life. At last the Challenger set forth on her ever-memorable voyages and let down her deep-sea dredges into those abysses, and to the amazement of philosophers and men of science, those dredges came up filled with every form of life, from almost microscopic forms to veritable sea monsters.

Today man is confronted by a deeper abyss — the

abyss of Death. Is there life there? We may continue to argue about it as men have argued about it in the past, some affirming it, some denying it. But there is only one way of settling the question; that is by designing deep-sea dredges, instruments of precision fashioned by our present knowledge of abnormal psychology, capable of laying hold of and identifying life, if it is there — life in the sense of human personalities, able to identify their existence by their memories and past associations. In other words, the problem today is a question of ever-accumulating evidences, not of dogmatic pronouncements. This was not the way Jesus took. His contribution to immortality consisted in rising from the dead and in showing Himself alive to His disciples.

The whole theory of materialism centers on the assumption that what we call "the soul" is but the result of the functioning of the brain and nervous system, and that it must necessarily perish when they perish. Bring forward convincing evidence of a soul in the possession of its memories and affections which has lost its brain and nervous system by death, and what becomes of that theory? The quest is a very difficult one, far more difficult and complicated than those who have not studied it can imagine. It is perhaps as difficult as the study of the Gospels and the Life of Jesus was to men one hundred years ago and it may take as long to solve the problem to the satisfaction of the world.

These are some of the new allies of Christianity and the spiritual life which will help us in the days that are coming. Behind all these there stands the august figure of Jesus Christ and His incalculable influence on the

souls of men. Be our sentiments what they may, as far as our life contains elements of real hope and value it springs from Him. We have seen Christ's ideals and commandments reviled and set at nought and the ideal of brute force and ferocity substituted for His law of love, only to dash itself to pieces against the spiritual laws of this universe He divined; and once more we thankfully return to Him. The ideals of justice and the rights of man, on which all democracy rests, sprang from the blood shed on Calvary. The ideals of love which kindle our hearts were spoken by His lips. The liberty and fraternity for which the whole world sighs are the bases of His Religion.

Be our sentiments in regard to religion what they may, be we believers or skeptics, mystics or atheists, at the bottom of his heart every good man is a Christian inasmuch as the principles on which he has framed his life are Christ's and in that we know we cannot invent or originate these saving truths for ourselves, but must receive them from Him who could invent them. We cannot find a foundation strong enough to sustain the world we are building save the foundation He once laid.

Nineteen centuries of Christian thought and experience have taught us lessons we can never forget, and which no denial or folly of man can tear from us. Conceptions of honor, of duty, of respect for the rights of others, of charity towards the unfortunate, of pity for the oppressed, of horror of unjust violence, of hatred of tyranny and abhorrence of perfidy and crime have entered into our very blood and have become the established principles of our life. These are our Christian heritage and part of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

JESUS AND THE SLEEPING CHILD*

The burden (oracle) of Dumah. He calleth unto me out of Seir,
Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?
The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night.
Isaiah 21:11 and 12

To PERSONS of imagination, Advent is a dear, delightful season. The very word means "coming." Its theme is the always-fascinating theme of the future. It sets before us what we call the Last Things, if, in this universe, there be any finality, any last things. The future is a subject of undying interest, but it has this peculiarity — it is always a matter of faith, not of knowledge, and on this theme seers must ask the indulgence of their hearers, an indulgence of which seers invariably stand in need.

In my sermons during the War I expressed my belief more than once that we were witnessing the end of one of the great periods of the world's history and that, in due time, a time whose duration we cannot determine, a new age would dawn. Ten years have elapsed and in this period many things which were then only anticipated or conjectural have become facts of observation. As far as Europe is concerned, the result of the War was not the strengthening of the democratic ideal, but the strengthening of bolshevism, state-socialism and autocracy. America is always the most fortunate of nations. The only power in this world which is worth wielding is the power which comes as

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, December 11, 1927.

the result of service. If we are the most powerful of the nations today, it is because we have given ourselves, as no other nation ever did, to the succor and service of mankind in its distress.

In this country we have seen no loss of faith in our institutions, no weakening of the principle of free and popular government, nor are we conscious of any deep social wrongs or of the embitterment of class conflict, which is destructive of democracies. Without much opposition the workers of America have steadily improved their condition until they have attained a degree of leisure, affluence and comfort which workers have never enjoyed before. It is only the spiritual classes which suffer and are lonely, and they know how to suffer in silence.

And yet in America, as well as in Europe, a change of the most far-reaching importance has occurred during these years to which I invite your serious attention, as it is a moral fact of the first magnitude. It is the change which Judge Lindsey has so aptly called "the Revolt of Youth." Naturally, Judge Lindsey has addressed himself chiefly to the revolt against marriage, but this movement is universal. Against what is this revolt? Stated in the simplest terms, it is a revolt against the traditions of the past. What do I mean by these traditions? I understand by them the great cultural and spiritual ideals with whose birth the Middle Ages came to an end and which, beginning with the Renaissance and the Protestant Reformation, have created the modern world. These ideals and influences have, of course, changed and developed. Some have been al-

lowed to fall and others have been added. But until a few years ago, no generation has grown up in ignorance of them, or totally indifferent to them. On the contrary, all previous generations have found in these forms of culture, in which our civilization has expressed itself, their inspiration, their vocation, their opportunity in life.

It is not as it was at the time of the French Revolution, when a determined and sanguinary war was waged against all the creations and institutions of the past, from which France, after a few terrible years, quickly recovered. A much more serious thing is taking place at the present time. Without mutual agreement or propaganda, the youth of the world is simply withholding its allegiance from these things. It no longer aspires to them, or feels itself committed to them, or burns to express itself through them. Its attitude toward marriage, apparently, is not dictated by licentiousness, but by its indifference to the old sanctities of life.

The old cannot observe this spectacle unmoved. If the young bore the brunt of the War and suffered most in the War, the old have suffered more since. For a while they will be able to keep alive the great ideals and spiritual interests of the past. But no people lives in the past, but in the present, and when those who were reared in the great traditions and beliefs of civilization are withdrawn, those living traditions will cease, for the reason that there will be no one to carry them on in life, and an eclipse, a twilight of the gods, will follow.

It is not as if the rising generation possessed new

and higher cultural forms which are superseding the old, a higher faith, deeper knowledge of truth, a wider outlook on the meaning of life, greater talent, nobler poetry, superior music, a more glorious philosophy, a deeper understanding of Christ, a more vital religion. On this subject we alone, who have had time to master the great creations of the past, possess the criteria of comparison, and the plain truth is that we see no rudiments of works among our youthful contemporaries to be compared with the masterpieces of human genius which the past four centuries have produced in such glorious abundance. Count Keyserling, one of the foremost thinkers of Europe, in a recent article considers that the ideals of youth today are epitomized in the chauffeur, symbol of swift motion, and of the scientific control of power. If our civilization culminates in a chauffeur, we are fortunate to possess such a symbol of youth as the noble, graceful Lindbergh, but he can hardly take the place in our imagination of Emerson or Walt Whitman or Abraham Lincoln.

Against this great movement of time it is senseless to declaim, and useless to struggle. It reminds us once more that God rules this world, not man. No human being is responsible for the changes which are passing so swiftly over civilization, nor is it a conspiracy. Those who planned the War, whoever they were, did not plan this, nor is it the result of an insidious propaganda. It is as if some sustaining force, which has long supported man and had led him on in a given direction, were suddenly withdrawn. "Thou takest away their breath, they die and are turned again to their dust."

Or rather we may say, "He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second." We remember other great forms, not of civilization but of animal life, once as well represented, as widely distributed, apparently as firmly rooted as the species which still exist, which have utterly disappeared. Who has not wondered at the fate of the mammoth, the mastodon which for ages roamed over Europe, Asia, Africa, Siberia, North America? What became of them? They did not all fall into holes. Very few of them were destroyed by man, and, as they were well covered with wool and hair and could travel fast and far on their great legs, one would suppose them well able to meet changes of climate. The reindeer or caribou, their ancient contemporaries, are still as numerous, at least in North America, as ever, while they, before human history began, totally disappeared. It is as if a limit were set to their existence beyond which they could not pass.

So, it begins to look as if that vast, complex, splendid organism we know as modern civilization is limited and as if something else is about to take its place. This generation of youth, which is more famous than any which has preceded it, may be remembered as the generation which ended civilization and which introduced a new age of darkness.

The Christian who has faith in God and in the eternal things of the Spirit can look forward to such a change, if it comes, without fear. Darkness has its uses as well as light. "I make light and create darkness," the Second Isaiah represents the Eternal as saying; "I, the Lord, do all these things."

Once before since Jesus came, this change from light to darkness, from civilization to barbarism, has taken place. It took place in the fifth century of our era, when the great world created by Rome crumbled before the attacks of Northern barbarians, and the light shed upon the world by Greece, Rome and Judea was extinguished and only Christian faith was left, a period which lasted nearly a thousand years, of which we know next to nothing because it possessed so little knowledge of itself. The curious thing is that many of the leaders of these Northern peoples were well acquainted with the civilization they destroyed, but they did not love it and had no will to continue it. They had other ideals which appealed more to their weak minds. The great thoughts of Roman sovereignty, Roman law and justice, Roman refinement and world dominion did not appeal to them. They could not carry on the old tradition of civilization to which Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Judea and Phoenicia had all contributed, and so it perished.

You may say such a thing could not happen again because we live in an age of printing, when all the known creations of man are recorded in encyclopedias and libraries, and because we possess a science of power which commands the highest faith of mankind. Moreover, if we are threatened at all, we are threatened not by illiterate barbarians, but by our own children, to whom we have given the highest education our means could afford. A civilization, however, is not a matter of education. It is a spiritual principle. It consists in the things people believe in and to which they give themselves with their whole souls, in the ideals which capti-

vate them and in the causes they are willing to serve and in the memories which they worship in common; and it begins to look as if the ideals which have sustained mankind for the past five hundred years have almost lost their appeal to the young and that, as yet, they have no commensurate ideals to take their place. Science and our great faith in science remain. Science can give us power and wealth, and it can also give us war. In itself it can never create a spiritual civilization. It cannot be the guide and teacher of mankind, because in itself it is nonethical.

You are probably saying, "This is a rather gloomy Advent sermon." It is absolutely nothing in comparison with the prophecy of the destruction of the world uttered by Jesus Christ, which peals like a great bell hung in the canopy of Heaven through this Advent season. My outlook on the future contains no element of terror, because I believe that God is our leader and guide, and that to Him the darkness and the light are both alike. Perhaps our old civilization, which contains almost as many defects as excellences, is nearing its end. Perhaps a period of darkness, which in some respects may be compared with the Dark Ages, is about to succeed an age of wonderful brilliance. What then? In the economy of God a period of darkness always precedes a new birth. Nothing is more certain than that the human race which, as a species, has not yet reached maturity, is not exhausted, but is capable of undreamt-of growth, progress and development. "Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh and also the night."

In all this, what would become of the Church and

the Christian Religion? They would wield again a power of which at present we have no conception. Christianity is always greatest when men need it most. If the Church depended for her existence on culture or on human favor, or on the interest of any particular generation, her fate might be sealed. But the Church exists, as she has always existed, by faith, by the indwelling power of God's Holy Spirit and by the living presence of Christ, who promised that the gates of hell should never prevail against her. Of course, if the Church abrogated her divine mission and prerogatives, and were content to organize herself into a mere business concern, in which numbers and wealth are the sole criteria of usefulness and God's favor, she would go the way of all undertakings which can be vanquished by adversity. But as long as the Church adequately ministers to the perennial spiritual needs of men, she is necessary to human life.

In a few fleeting years these happy, carefree youths and maidens will be men and women, mothers and fathers, like ourselves, and they will feel the need of faith and courage and consolation, and the knowledge of Christ and a spiritual understanding of life and death, as we have felt the need of them. As long as we desire to give to the birth of our children a religious and social significance, and to their youth training in ways of purity and peace, as long as we desire to invest marriage with sanctity and permanence, and to keep bright our hope of immortality, the Church will endure.

This, however, is saying far too little. During the last Dark Ages the Church fared well. During those

years she became one, catholic, universal. She succeeded much better with hostile or indifferent barbarians than she had succeeded with the sophisticated personalities of the highly civilized Roman Empire. Hitherto she had addressed herself chiefly to the slave, the outcast, the friendless, the unfortunate. But from this time on she began to win the best, the most virile and intelligent and progressive. She took these nomadic barbarians and trained them into the great nations of the modern world. During the Dark Ages she converted Europe and covered it with cathedrals which would seem to have been conceived and wrought in Heaven, and which we have not been able even to copy.

These thoughts were suggested to me partly by Keyserling's remarkable article, which brought to my mind sermons I had preached during the War, but chiefly by my study of the statue of Jesus and the Sleeping Child, which we see for the first time today. This is a work of our fellow townswoman, Anna Coleman Ladd, who is honored not merely as a sculptor of originality and rare power, but because of the great work she did during the War, in remodeling the faces of wounded soldiers. The group is a memorial to a beloved mother, Frances Spofford Hall Russell, "a lover of God and of all beauty" (so the legend runs), by one who for many years has been a most helpful friend of our health work. As I regard this object of art as one of the most sincere and characteristic religious interpretations of our time, I ask you to view it for a few minutes through my eyes. After the service, when you can approach it, it will speak to your minds and your hearts.



JESUS AND THE SLEEPING CHILD

The figure of the Master is, in one sense, absolutely simple and realistic. The power which radiates from Him is wholly personal and from within, and in this presentation there is no auxiliary device, no cross, no halo, no sceptre nor banner, no round world resting on His hands — nothing except the slumbering child which represents humanity itself. It is this simplicity, this absence of all labels and paraphernalia which offended "Senex," as if the Greek sculptors required these devices to indicate that they had depicted a god. Whatever there is here comes from Jesus Himself. And yet this is by no means a naturalistic representation of one scene in the Lord's life. No such scene is recorded of Jesus. The figure which stands before us may have died for us and have risen again. It is the Christ Who has accompanied mankind down the ages. He is young with the youth of immortality, younger than Jesus was at His death, to show His eternal sympathy with the young. The face is typically America. As men of other nations have interpreted Christ in terms of their own racial genius, so has Mrs. Ladd. It indicates that America belongs to Christ and Christ to America.

In this church, this morning, stand three memorable statues of the Lord — Thorwaldsen's gracious figure, which crowns our reredos, the lovely alabaster Christ of the Chapel, in which the Lord is represented, according to the most ancient Christian conception of the catacombs, as the joyous, youthful Deity, almost the counterpart of Apollo, and this last more solemn presentation which belongs wholly to our own age. Of these three sculptures the last two are beardless.

The Greeks, in their great images of the gods, did not try to reproduce the actual proportions of the human body. The head is smaller, the torso shorter, the neck, arms and legs longer than Nature, and it is this device which gives to figures like the Winged Hermes and Apollo Belvedere their superhuman quality, their ethereal lightness and grace as gods of the upper air. This figure has the proportions of a perfect man. The strong feet, which have followed humanity so far, are planted firmly on the ground. The light form is erect, standing, well poised. The sensitive, capable hands are the hands of a good workman. The body, though slight, is not fragile, nor bowed by suffering. Its slenderness is the supple slenderness of the athlete, a body unencumbered by flesh and wholly controlled by the mind. As Mrs. Ladd herself beautifully says, "His strong body is worn thin by the spirit, like a sheath by its sword."

To me, the whole mystery and genius of this Being is centered in the eyes. The ancients little understood the gift of life they might impart to their creations through the eye. In most of the old statues the eye is unseeing, unrevealing, although perhaps they contained glass eyes which have fallen out. As far as I know, Donatello, Della Robbia and, in America, St. Gaudens were the first, or among the first, to add the great gift of vision to sculpture. Gaze into these eyes. Follow their intense, limitless regard. They are looking into the future and you may see the world's destiny in them. They are fixed on those whom Christ yet will claim. The tender, adorable babe sleeping in His arms is safe. If I interpret the author aright, he represents

the saved, the redeemed, the dead in Christ. Jesus presses him to His breast, but His glance is not on him. His level, intelligent, challenging eyes are directed beyond, beyond the Church, beyond the saved, to those who know Him not and have never turned to Him, nor felt the wish to lie in His arms — to those “other sheep which are not of this fold” whom He must also bring. Indeed I know of no other representation which gives to me so deep a sense of the central, dominating, all-powerful figure of humanity, the Being under whose banner all thinking men must ultimately march.

You will see something different and more personal. Mothers of boys will see in that pure, sensitive face the likeness of their own sons, their sons as a mother’s love and hope and faith would behold them, as Christ might make them. Mothers of dead babes will see in this lovely child, resting so sweetly and with such perfect confidence in the Saviour’s arm, their own lost darlings. Be comforted, mothers, that is where they are.

In connection with such a work of genius and of love, envy is out of place. But I cannot help feeling envious of Mrs. Ladd, to whom such a lofty, spiritual thought came. I envy her the first moments of glorious conception. I envy her her long, quiet hours of loving work. I envy her the courage which overcame a thousand difficulties, and which compelled the dull, intractable matter to conform to her highest thought. I also envy her the joy of completion, and the consciousness that she has added something precious to the spiritual beauty and to the deeper religious thought of one of the most critical periods of human history.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?*

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?
The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night.

Isaiah 21: 11 and 12

IN MY SERMON last Sunday I spoke of a dark age which I believe is upon us. Whether my words were wise and prophetic or vain and mistaken, another ten years will show.

It is my intention this morning to speak more particularly of some of the tendencies of our changed and changing life. It is a relief to my mind to give these tendencies a name and to recognize them as a reversion to a more primitive condition of thought and conduct, for that enables us to view them philosophically and to compare them with similar movements of the past. A clear understanding of any situation in life is always the first step toward dealing fearlessly and intelligently with it.

In my sermon last Sunday I showed, or tried to show, that the outstanding fact of our day is the disinclination on the part of the young to be bound by the traditions of the past, that is to say, their unwillingness to continue the great cultural and spiritual forms which have dominated the world for the past five hundred years. Such a breach with the traditions of civilization would cause that particular form of civilization to cease in a generation or, at most, in two generations.

**Emmanuel Church, Boston, December 18, 1927.*

As an example of this I pointed out how Roman civilization ended in the fifth century when the Northern barbarians swept over the Roman Empire. The significant fact is that many of these people were well acquainted with the civilization of Rome and had tried to live like Roman gentlemen. But they did not understand the great principles and ideals of life which lay behind Roman civilization, they did not love them nor desire to continue them. They did not know Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Moses or Jesus. So that civilization ended, the light shed on the world by Greece, Rome and Judea went out and the Dark Ages began which lasted for nearly a thousand years. Through similar causes, namely through unwillingness to continue the great cultural and spiritual traditions of the past, a new dark age is beginning and we have already advanced further into it than we imagine.

Will you allow me to discuss further some of its phenomena. An age of darkness is not an age of sweetness and light. Its prevailing note is intolerance, because an age of darkness is an age of fear. I shall not attempt any drastic comment on this tendency because I do not wish to give provocation, but to interpret. But all persons who think are aware that in their lifetime differences of opinion were never as dangerous as they are today. Social, economic and political theories which the Greeks discussed with the greatest calmness now subject their authors to grave suspicion and to personal abuse. The theory of Evolution had been before the world for more than half a century and men of science believed that in some form it had been generally ac-

cepted, when, suddenly, these purely academic questions were transferred to the courts and to state legislatures. This is a great regression, though one I am happy to say which has hardly touched the Episcopal Church.

During the Dark Ages a similar sentiment prevailed. People not merely did not aspire to knowledge, they feared it and they formed the absurd theory that it was inspired by the Devil. The great thinkers of the past, as far as their names were preserved, were known only as enchanters and powerful necromancers. Those whose knowledge and wisdom lifted them above their contemporaries were believed to be taught and inspired by the Devil, and for centuries there was hardly an eminent man who was not subjected to this odious suspicion. We do not need to sink as low as this, and such intolerant tendencies today should be resisted by every good and honest mind.

An intellectual declension, however, is not our only one. With all my deep admiration for John the Baptist, I have never felt that God created me to continue his office and ministry. My place, if I have one, in the moral world has not been that of the judge and denouncer, but of the healer and physician of evil and human frailty. Nevertheless, I shall not hypocritically pretend an ignorance of conditions with which my long service to weak and afflicted men and women has made me only too familiar.

I regard the mention of Prohibition almost as a breach of good manners, and the introduction of this wearisome and threadbare topic into conversation as the last resort of those who can think of nothing else to

say. But in considering our contemporary life the question of alcohol cannot be avoided, for it was never so in evidence as it is now. I think, without question, that our country owes a large part of its prosperity, and our workers their ever-increasing savings and improvement in the standards of living, to the fact that their wages are spent on the necessities and the real comforts of life and are not donated to saloon-keepers, and also that their enforced sobriety keeps them in good health so that for a portion of every week they are not invalids.

I wish I could speak with as much confidence of the cultured classes. But as far as my observation goes, alcoholic liquor has never been so much in evidence, so pursued, as if it were the elixir of life, talked about, idolized and freely consumed by those who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to possess it, as during the past ten years.

How far this state of affairs is due to prohibition, and how far it is to be recognized as a particular phase of a general movement is by no means easy to determine. But, with the present disposition of our people, it does not seem reasonable to suppose that if they could obtain good liquor more cheaply and easily, they would drink less than they are now drinking of the dangerous substances for which they pay so exorbitant a price. Several years ago Bishop Lawrence told us plainly that we should find it difficult to finance our churches for the reason that the bootleggers were getting all our people's money.

What is new and, to many of us, deeply painful in this situation is the part women are playing in it. In

the past the influence of virtuous women in America was on the side of sobriety and temperance, and whatever progress this cause made was largely due to woman's example and help. Men drank to excess then, but they did not expect or wish their women to drink with them. My respect for women is such that a drunken woman, especially a woman of refinement, is a horrible and profane spectacle to me. The combination of men, women and alcohol is a very dangerous one. It is a combination which jeopardizes the honor of families, disrupts families and leads to serious trouble. In our social life, as in our intellectual life, we are reverting to more primitive conditions.

Nor are these conditions represented only by the refined, the genial, the educated, the well-to-do. The poor, the illiterate and morose have their Youth Movement too, which made its appearance shortly after the War and which is doing its part to disrupt civilization. It comes to our attention chiefly in banditry, in an unending series of crimes committed by boys or very young men, in which murder has become a mere detail of robbery. Here, at least, is a movement we cannot regard with complacency, for it puts our homes, our property, our children, our very lives in jeopardy. In the execution of these crimes barbarity works hand in hand with science. It is the automobile, the revolver and derivatives of opium which make them possible. It is true we have always had criminals and burglars, but in the past those who knew their business avoided the taking of human life and resorted to it only to save themselves from death or capture. Youth, however, is

impatient. Today, hesitate for a moment to hand over your purse, your watch and your overcoat and your fate is sealed. This is a reversion to a very primitive standard of living, and yet our civilization does not seem strong enough to check it. It is somewhat startling to realize that crime, in all its departments and phases, is costing this country more than ten billion dollars a year, or between two and three times our whole national budget. These were the figures for 1923. Probably they have risen since.* Where is the man of genius who is able to drain and dry up this pestilential morass of civilization? Or is the problem too great for all the moral, social and religious forces of America? In the sixth century before Christ, Confucius was appointed Minister of Crime to one of the provinces of China and he spent much time in preparing wise laws and other measures to discourage crime and to punish and to re-educate criminals. We are gravely informed, however, that the sage found no opportunity to apply his wise principles, for the mere fact that Confucius had been made Minister of Crime caused crime to cease.

Of all the changes which are taking place in the world today the most important is the changed attitude of youth in regard to marriage, which many of them regard as superfluous, unnecessary and ridiculous. The form and conception of marriage to which we are accustomed is not a new nor an arbitrary arrangement, and it cannot be overthrown without changing the very basis of society. Christianity, while it did much to

* More than three times the customs and internal revenue and at least twelve times the annual cost of the Army and Navy. (From the *Literary Digest*, quoted with approval by Dr. Michael F. Guyer in his "Being Well Born," p. 368.)

purify personal and social life, did not have to teach the Western nations monogamy. Monogamy appears to have arisen among the Aryan people at the time of the great migrations, perhaps ten thousand years before Christ. That was the first Youth Movement recorded by history.

Those migrations, which continued for more than a thousand years, in the course of which the Hindus moved into India and the ancestors of the Greeks, Latins, Slavs, Teutons, Kelts and others moved into the countries they still occupy, were not the hap-hazard wanderings we have imagined. They were carefully planned and their leaders were carefully chosen. When the population in the old home grew too dense, these swarms set forth to find new homes and pasture for their cattle, expecting never to return. As they would be obliged to contest every step of the way with the old inhabitants, only the strongest youthful warriors were allowed to depart. As they moved not as an army, but as the best part of the nation, their women went with them.

It was this fact which made these migrations forever important in the history of humanity, as it preserved the purity of the Aryan blood. In this respect they were precisely parallel to the migration of our ancestors to America. They, too, following unconsciously the old example, brought their women with them. While the French in Canada mingled freely with the Indians, our people kept their blood pure. Hence the incalculable influence of the Puritans. But as the most serious duties devolved on these Aryan youths in protecting the

whole group, caring for the cattle, providing food and suitable camping places, choosing the best routes to the best countries available and waging constant warfare, all their time and strength were given to public service, and no one could care properly for more than one wife and not more than one wife was permitted. So, it is believed by scholars, the form of marriage we know as monogamy, which contains the principle of equality between the sexes, arose, and so from earliest times it became the established form of marriage of the Aryan peoples.* Unquestionably, this custom has been one of the chief sources of the virility and permanence of this, the most progressive portion of the human race. With them love of country meant, as it has always meant to us, love of home.

With all their religious genius, the Semitic nations have never risen to this recognition of equality between the sexes. The Hebrews through all the great period of their history were polygamists, and the Old Testament nowhere condemns polygamy, nor did Mohammed, owing to the weakness of his own heart, ever propose such a law to his people. He encouraged them not with the expectation that they would find their former wives in Heaven, which was a repugnant thought to the prophet, but that they would be met there by the dark-eyed maidens of Paradise, whose only word would be, "Peace, peace."

Monogamy is the corner stone of Aryan civilization. When the great principle of marriage was dissolved in Rome, Rome fell; and in all ages whenever marriage,

* On this subject see von Ihering's great work, "The Evolution of the Aryan."

which means duty, self-control, responsibility for our acts and the care of children, has been weakened and discredited and the pleasure principle has taken its place, a swift decline in all the real values of life has followed. The first Youth Movement of which we have any knowledge, the movement which led to the establishment of the Aryan nations, has to its eternal glory the creation of monogamy, and it would be sad if the Youth Movement of our day should tear down the greatest single achievement of our race. Pitiful thus far have been the substitutes proposed for the old Aryan institute of monogamy.

Such are some of the conditions with which we are confronted today. What should be the attitude of Christian people and the Christian Church toward them? In my opinion, except for crime, we should show ourselves tolerant, open-minded, willing to learn and quick to recognize any excellences in the new world forming before our eyes, yet without blind credulity in accepting new customs simply because they are new. This is no time of weakness, decay or discouragement. It is a time of vigor and enthusiasm, of trying and testing and of experimentation with every relationship of life. That which can be shaken will pass away, while that which cannot be shaken, like business probity, which was never higher, and marriage, will endure.

From its very nature this cannot help being a time of immaturity and of many youthful errors. Yet it is apparent that, in spite of all temporary setbacks and eclipses, humanity is preparing to take a gigantic step forward. That which now is nourished in darkness will

come forth into the light. Darkness is the preparation for birth. Such a time ought to be judged not by its mistakes, nor even by its crimes, but by its ideals and by its supreme aim of emancipation and freedom which, it must be admitted, thus far has been very imperfectly realized. Along with our material progress a corresponding development, far less conspicuous but even more important, has been going on in our growing knowledge of the soul and in our sense of the reality of spiritual things. In our lifetime and for centuries before, religion was never so vital a thing as it is now. This applies only to true religion and to faith which is a real factor of life. Conventional religion, religion which has no effect either on soul or body and which causes no one to be like Christ, has had its day, and I believe it will have little place in the world which is to be. Is not this a great gain? But if humanity is to advance, religion will advance with it and before it, and will lead it on as it has done in the past. The spiritual part of our nature develops so rapidly in proportion to the development of our other powers that a humanity twice as wise, twice as strong as ours would be more than twice as religious.

This is not the first new movement Christianity has lived through. It inaugurated the greatest New Era and the greatest Youth Movement this world has seen. The moral conditions St. Paul encountered in the Greek cities and at Rome were so much worse than ours that you would not care to hear them described. And yet it was here that the Church won its greatest victories and from these sinners arose her greatest Saints. Christians

of whatever age, old Christians, a great responsibility rests on us to hold fast to the faith and the truth which the experience of our life has proved to us, that the Christ Who has blessed and led us may pass through us to those who shall come after us. Look again at our statue of the Redeemer. Those eyes know no fear. They are fixed on the future and on those who are yet to come, whom the Lord Jesus yet will claim, will bless and save, even as He has blessed and saved us.

CHRISTIANITY AND SICKNESS*

For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—*St. Luke 19:10.*

AT THIS TIME, when so many serious questions are confronting us in regard to the future of Christianity and the continuance of civilization, it has seemed to me that it might be profitable to consider some of the vicissitudes our religion has lived through in the past, and especially to inquire by what means the Church gained its first and greatest victories. If, as I hope, the comparisons I shall make between the means by which Christianity conquered the world during the first three centuries, and the means by which it might conquer the world again, prove of interest to you, I should like to carry these studies on until we have comprehended the new spirit which Christianity brought into the world, and have surveyed some of its greatest achievements.

This was the task which the historian, Gibbon, undertook to perform in the famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” In his delineation of the policies of Rome toward Christianity, Gibbon has left his successors little to add or amend, but his grudging acknowledgment of the spiritual greatness of Christianity leaves the problem of the conversion of the old world unsolved. Good roads and temporary respite from persecution cannot account for it.

**Sermon I, Emmanuel Church, Boston, December 28, 1919.*

My own conviction as to our present outlook is, briefly, this: I believe that our higher life, both personal, political and social, is absolutely dependent on religion, and that without religion, neither the State, society nor the family would long continue. Most of all does this apply to the highly socialized state for which so many are now appealing. Only religious faith and a strong sense of human brotherhood would induce men to make the necessary sacrifices, or would keep them sufficiently unselfish and pure, to insure the perpetuation of such a State for a single generation. Socialists are too ignorant of history to understand this. By denying and excluding the religious motives, they have made their project doubly impossible and also unattractive.

I think I may say I am familiar with the great historic religions of mankind. At all events, I have given years of my life to their study in their oldest, purest forms. Among them all there is not one which has a chance of success in a general appeal to educated Gentiles today. Apart from Judaism, the only religion which, in spiritual depth and power, can be compared with Christianity is Buddhism, and already, in our monasteries, convents and ascetical practices, we have absorbed all the elements of Buddhism which we can assimilate or safely use. What we may call the private religions — the unsocial, mystical cults like Christian Science, New Thought, Theosophy, etc., I shall consider later, but they cannot help us solve the problems which are presented to us today, nor do we see the slightest sign of the emergence of a new religious teacher who would be able to supplant Jesus.

We are therefore driven back, as we are always driven back, on Jesus Christ, on His religion as He preached it, and as it was practiced during its early days. Apart from Christianity there is no hope of saving our world. The question is whether there are not latent powers in our religion which are entirely adequate to this task. And if we must acknowledge that, at the present time, Christianity is not saving the world, but that, under its tutelage, a large part of the world, sunk in wretchedness and brutalized by the conditions of life, has suddenly abandoned the hope of spiritual salvation and is thinking only of violence and revenge, and if we see others, only apparently more fortunate, steeped in pleasure and self-indulgence, and quite indifferent to human suffering or to any spiritual ideal, we may well ask whether we really possess Christianity today, for we may be very sure that the form of Christianity and the type of Christians we possess, for the most part, would never have furnished the martyrs of the Early Church, nor would they have solved the incalculable problems which the Early Church solved. For we know very well that Christianity was not always so unsuccessful in dealing with human nature, or with the solemn facts of human life. Christianity was born into a world far more unjust, far more hopeless and suffering than ours. It was born into a world of such moral depravity that, but for it, no pen can describe the moral depths to which that world would have sunk during the next two centuries. It was born at a time when through conquest, spoliation and enslavement, the great middle classes, the spiritual

classes, the salvation of every nation, had almost ceased to exist, and the world was divided between the very rich and the very poor; the nobles, the successful warriors and the profiteers, and their slaves, their satellites, their gladiators and their courtesans. Moreover, Christianity was born into a world grown profoundly incredulous and skeptical. The old pagan religions, with their joyousness, their naivety, were completely outworn and openly flouted, and such a sense of God-forsakenness had settled down upon the world as mankind never had known. Thousands turned with passionate eagerness to strange oriental rites, to the Eleusinian mysteries, to Isis and Osiris, to Judaism, to the religion of Mithra, to any source that could bring them once more into contact with the divine. Suicide, justified by the greatest writers, became so common an occurrence that it ceased to attract attention. Roman conquest and the vast, conglomerate Roman Empire to which the old free cities and states had succumbed, had simply destroyed patriotism, national consciousness and the joy of life. In short, Rome had done what Germany tried to do, and when we remember what might have happened, and what kind of a world we might be living in, and what problems we might be confronting, we ought to thank God, and to feel ourselves ready for anything. Perhaps never in the world's history had there been so many expatriated, so many degraded, so many lonely and sorrowful people, without hope either here or hereafter.

Into this world Christianity entered with its tidings of great joy, first in the form of a small band of geniuses,

later as a growing company of humble, poor, uneducated people, with some great leaders, all passionately in love with Jesus Christ and equally ready to live or to die for Him. In about three hundred years they had converted the Roman Empire, and long before that they had profoundly affected its moral and spiritual life, and on their faith and virtue we have built ever since. By what means this miracle was wrought, I shall try to show you, at least, by illustrating some of the chief aspects of the Church's faith and its many-sided activity.

I shall begin where Christianity itself began, in a field which may seem very small and unimportant to you, and which our modern churches have totally abandoned — the healing and care of the sick. There can be no doubt that Jesus Himself spent most of His short ministry in healing the sick, and this one fact should make Christians respect this ministry. Jesus appeared and was known as a physician of the body and the soul. Apart from the Twelve, who were all well men, the first Christians who followed Jesus while He was alive, and who preached Him after His death, consisted of persons who had been healed by Him. It is interesting to observe the astonishment of the heathen at this new conception of religion — so different from their own proud and aristocratic ideas. At the end of the second century, Celsus, the most skillful and bitter opponent Christianity ever had, reproaches Christians for this disposition, in his famous "True Word." "Those who invite people to other solemnities make the following proclamation: 'He that hath clean hands and sensible speech may draw near. He who is pure

from all stain, conscious of no sin in his soul, and living a just and honorable life, may approach.' But hear what persons these Christians invite: 'Anyone who is a sinner,' they say, 'or foolish, or simple-minded, in short, any unfortunate will be accepted by the Kingdom of God.' By sinner is meant an unjust person, a thief, a burglar, a poisoner, a sacrilegious person, or a robber of corpses. Why, if you wanted a band of robbers, these are the very people you would invite."

The difference between Christianity and the pagan religion could not be better expressed. In his answer, the great Church Father, Origen, did not deny the fact but said, "Though we call those whom a robber chieftain would call, we call them for a very different purpose. We call them to bind up their wounds with our doctrine, to heal the festering sores of their souls with the wholesome medicine of faith, nor do we say that God calls only sinners."

In a short time, the healing power of the Gospel made such an impression on the world, that the heathen were forced to undertake the same practice themselves in order to retain any faith in their failing rites, and no god who was not a Saviour had any following. Zeus and Apollo, as well as *Æsculapius*, appeared in the new role. Baptism was regarded as a bath for the soul's health, and the Lord's Supper as the potion of immortality. The religious literature of the first two centuries is largely written in the language of medicine. "If any believer," said the fierce Tertullian, "cannot cast out devils, let him be put to death." In the great charge to Bishops in the Apostolic Constitutions, these solemn

words are addressed to men about to be consecrated. "Heal thou, O Bishop, like a compassionate physician, all who have sinned, and employ methods that promote saving health, and be not quick to grasp the many-toothed saw" (to amputate the erring member). Then it goes on in strictly medical phraseology, enjoining him to exhaust all mild and lenient measures with the erring and the impenitent before having recourse to the fatal act of excommunication. From this noble and wonderful statement comes the command to the Bishop about to be consecrated: "Heal the sick," which still stands in our ordinal.

In the early days of our work a good many bishops wrote to me anxiously inquiring what we were doing and by what authority we undertook to heal the sick. I replied by inquiring by what means they were healing the sick, according to their consecration vow. I need not say I never heard from those bishops again, for they had never thought of doing such a thing, and yet these words stand at the very heart of our religion: "I was sick and ye visited me"; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Primitive Christianity took this command literally and performed this ministry of love at an incredible cost of time and strength, and it not only succeeded in its immediate undertaking, it created that changed disposition toward sickness, sorrow and misfortune which is the most precious possession of the modern world. On a world almost without love, almost without pity, this work of ministering love and compassion produced an indelible impression, and there is

no doubt that this service and kindness to the sick and the unhappy was one of the chief means by which Christianity gained the faith of the world. We hear of no mighty miracles such as Jesus performed, but in the service itself there is something more touching than any miracle.

It cannot be said that Christians in modern times have neglected the care of the sick. In this country and in every progressive country throughout Christendom splendid free hospitals have been erected, well supplied with devoted nurses and furnished with every equipment for the diagnosis and treatment of disease. Young physicians frequent these hospitals as part of their medical education. Great and famous physicians and surgeons serve in them, without compensation and with a most unselfish expenditure of time and effort. It must also be remembered that in the ancient world I have been describing there were no such institutions, except the psychic sanatoria of *Æsculapius*, and the churches, and that though there were physicians in plenty, their methods were so crude and barbarous that it is doubtful if patients did not suffer more from doctors than they did from their diseases, while the healing methods of the Church were at all events gentle and harmless.

It may be asked then whether we have not done our full duty in this matter, and whether any attempt to introduce ancient methods would not be an anachronism and a confusion of two totally different things.* There

* NOTE.—As I was writing these words I was called to the telephone by a physician who begged me to go to a hospital to see a sick child who, having been operated on for double mastoiditis a week before, had been unable to retain any

is, however, this great difference between our method of dealing with this subject and that of the Early Church. We have gone so far in our denial of the soul as a factor of health and disease that our treatment of the sick has become almost entirely material from which we try to exclude religion altogether. If we look no further than the success of the treatment and the recovery of the patient, this is a great mistake. William James said: "I regard as one of the most certain facts of medicine that prayer is beneficial to the sick." The two parts of human nature cannot be severed so rudely without great harm to both patient and physician. In every form of disease the moral condition of the patient counts for much, as is proved by the fact that defeated armies always suffer more from wounds and illness than victorious armies, while in almost all forms of psychical and nervous disturbance, physical treatment, apart from ensuing wholesome conditions of life, counts for little and psychical and spiritual treatment alone can be counted on for results. Another evil of this system is our absurd dependence on drugs which cannot profit us, but fre-

nourishment and was dying of inanition and exhaustion. I asked the doctor why he called on me and he said: "Because I have exhausted the medical possibilities of Boston." When I reached the hospital the child seemed not far from death and was in a condition of convulsive vomiting. In five minutes by telling her a story of how bears go to sleep in the winter, I had quieted her, when I suggested to her that she should sleep for an hour and that when she awoke her stomach would be perfectly quiet, that she would then ask her mother for food and that she would be able to eat all she wished. Later in the evening the mother informed me that after sleeping an hour and a half, the little girl, who is nine years old, awoke and said: "Mummy, my tummy feels good. I want something to eat." She drank two bowls of milk and ate two boxes of biscuits, and then asked for a glass of ginger ale, after which she went to sleep again. I have seen the child four times since, and without a setback, she is on the way to entire recovery. The "acidosis" for which she was treated I judge to be a purely secondary symptom due to the shock the child's brain and nervous system had sustained in the two severe but necessary operations, and to her inability to retain food.

quently poison us. Even in such a disease as tuberculosis we have proved that the faith and morale of the patient are of the utmost importance, and in hundreds of other cases we have been asked to prepare patients for surgical operations with the result that they have approached the operating table in a calm and hopeful state of mind and we have been able largely to eliminate moral shock. We have been able in many instances to assuage or remove pain, to obtain for sick persons natural sleep, by harmless methods, while what we have done for thousands in our own field is too well known to be mentioned. As Emmanuel has done more than any other church in Christendom to follow the example of the Early Church in a manner consistent with the science and culture of our times, I feel privileged to speak freely on this subject. In the present age of the world it is folly to deny the value and importance of modern medicine as far as those methods are based on sound science. But it is equally vain, in our treatment of the sick, to regard men as mere automata or as simply physical organisms.

I have been criticized and condemned for my lack of faith because of my respect for science and for physicians, but I can bear that criticism with equanimity, nor do I see any other way than that we have chosen in which the Church can wisely and profitably engage in such work at the present time. To me the thoroughly qualified physician who is also a philosopher and a Christian is the highest representative of the species *Homo Sapiens*. But I want to point out to you what the extreme materialism of the bulk of the medical profes-

sion and the almost complete surrender of the care of the sick on the part of the Church have given rise to. It has brought about an absolute revolt against medicine and a complete indifference to the methods of science in the treatment of disease which is one of the most curious facts of our time, and the question is raised every day whether doctors and surgeons do not do more harm than good. For the first five hundred years of its history the city of Rome knew no doctors or surgeons except diviners and the followers of *Æsculapius*, and the health of the people was better than it ever was afterward. In the year 219 B. C. the first Greek physician became domiciled in Rome. He received the franchise and was presented by the state with a shop. But this doctor, as Pliny says, made such unmerciful havoc among his patients, by cutting and cauterizing them, that the name of surgeon became synonymous with that of a butcher. I do not share these sentiments and I have done perhaps as much as another to stem the rising discontent with the practice of medicine. But I am in a position to know how deep and widespread it is among thousands and tens of thousands of persons, many of whom are perfectly sane.

This divorce has reacted on the Church with greater effect. No one can say how many persons have been lost to the Church on account of the Church's indifference to health, and, still more, because of the Church's acquiescence in a false philosophy concerning soul and body, which is not the philosophy of Christ, and because such persons have failed to receive from the Church that vital, practical kind of teaching which

leads to the direct heightening of all our powers. We can count the Christian Scientists and marvel that, with all their vagaries, in a few years they have collected nearly as many members as the Episcopal Church, with all its organization and its brilliant and splendid bishops and ministers, has attracted in more than two centuries, but it is more difficult to count those who have embraced New Thought, Metaphysical Healing, Mental Science, Theosophy and all those compact and portable methods of spiritual nurture and self-help which we may call private religions. The worst of it is these people are not infidels or atheists, but the spiritually minded. This is a lesson we ought not to forget and I point out plainly here one of the great methods which the Early Church successfully employed in its moral conquest of the world, abandonment of which has wrought harm to both religion and medicine, and has resulted in the most serious defection of its members which the Church has sustained in modern times.*

* Several of the quotations and citations contained in this sermon are taken from Harnack's "Mission and Extension of Christianity in the First Three Centuries."

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT AND OF POWER*

And I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching were not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.—*I Corinthians 2: 3-5.*

I SHALL PREACH today my second sermon on the means by which the Christian religion gained its first and greatest victories, and I shall take as my subject, The Religion of the Spirit and of Power. Christianity entered this world poor in all things that are accounted riches on earth, but rich in all spiritual gifts. Perhaps the greatest difference between the religion of the Early Church and religion as we know it today is the element of the supernatural or supernormal which shines on every page of the New Testament and which has almost wholly disappeared from our life and from our world. Wherever Jesus moved, the presence of God and unearthly power moved with Him, and in a lower degree, this manifestation of the power of the Spirit accompanied the Apostles and St. Paul. As a matter of scientific and historical fact, the Christian religion made its appearance on earth in this form, and it won its first victories largely by these means. If its first gift was the gift of the Saviour and of loving service, its second gift was the manifestation of the Spirit of God. St. Paul, in the passage of our text, contrasts his own personal

**Sermon II, Emmanuel Church, Boston, January 11, 1920.*

weakness, which was at its lowest ebb, with the mighty deeds which attended the founding of the Church in Corinth, and ascribes his success not to the wisdom of man, but to the power of God. Later in the century, when men began to look back to the wonderful results that had been obtained in fifty years, which already promised to change the face of civilization, the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says: "Salvation began by being spoken by the Lord and it was confessed by us who heard it, God accompanying their witness by signs and wonders and by manifold miracles and distributions of His Spirit."

These gifts were manifold. God speaks to His servants by dreams and visions, as He spoke to Joseph, the husband of Mary, and more than once to St. Paul; as He spoke in later times to Joan of Arc, and, if we will accept it, to Swedenborg, to Marshal Foch. The only test we can apply to such visions is their veridical character and also the deeds they impel men to perform. We have shown our contempt for this mode of communication by making the word *visionary* almost synonymous with a fool. During the speaking of the Apostles many were moved with rapture, while others were cut to the heart, crying out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" Some experienced that change of consciousness which we call inspiration and clothed their inspiration in prophetic, penetrating words. Others were moved to write and their inspired writings, however we may conceive of them, possess a peculiar quality and have produced peculiar quickening effects on men's souls, differing from all other human compositions. The

sick, in innumerable instances, were suddenly, and as far as we can judge, permanently made whole, and the possessed recovered their sanity and their normal personality. Some perceived Jesus with their mortal eyes after His death and burial, touched Him with their hands, and familiarly conversed with Him. Others, like St. Paul, were carried in spirit out of the world altogether, where they saw sights that could not be described, and heard words that are ineffable; and it is to be remarked that one of these cognate experiences fortifies another and that together they give the impression of another real world in contact with this world, a rich and varied environment, the world of the Spirit in which we have almost ceased to believe.

We call it miraculous simply because it is beyond our ordinary experience, but to a man in contact with both worlds, one would seem to him as normal and as natural as the other. After death that world will be the only real world to us, while this massive world of our senses, having suddenly become impalpable and unreal, will seem to us but a memory and a dream. And this Spirit which manifests itself in marvels, works no less truly in heightening and purifying all our spiritual faculties which henceforth operate with such grace and purity as to bear witness to their heavenly origin. Faith in God exalted men to martyrdom and so sustained them in it that many martyrs seemed hardly aware of their suffering. "I think this side is done enough," said St. Lawrence, the deacon of Rome, with a pleasant smile, as he lay broiling on his gridiron. Nor did this constant communion with another world make men ab-

normal, gloomy or fanatical. St. Paul was the most lovable of men, the most acute in all his natural faculties. "The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, faith, gentleness, meekness, self-control." Moral regeneration and the moral life were not then only one aspect of Christianity, but the whole purpose of the religion, an end which even heathen scoffers admitted was generally attained. They pointed with amazement to Christian men and women who in the whole course of life had not suffered one moral contamination. "They may say of us," says Tatian, "that we gabble nonsense with females, half-grown persons, girls and old women. Not so. Our maidens philosophize and at their distaffs speak of things divine." And Justin Martyr says: "Christ has not, as Socrates had, merely philosophers and scholars as His disciples, but also artisans and people of no reputation, who despise glory, fear and death. Many who are unable to understand our doctrines attest them by their deeds."

I need not go on with this recital. You who are familiar with your Bibles and are moderately versed in Church history know the facts as well as I do. It is obvious that some great and precious element of our religion has been lost. From this point of view no greater difference exists than that between the Religion of the Spirit and of Power as it is presented to us in the New Testament and the religion received and practiced by the churches during the Nineteenth Century. Not only have we had no thought of reproducing these mighty works, which are only visible signs of contact with an invisible world, but we have set our wits, our

science and our scholarship to work to prove that they never took place and to evacuate the Christian religion of every supernatural element. But we have not succeeded, for the more we study these days, the more the general historical honesty of our earliest records is borne in upon us, and the more we know of psychic phenomena from our own experience, the more we believe in the phenomena presented to us in the New Testament. One of the great purposes of religion is to bring man into direct contact with the spiritual world from which all power flows, and by cutting ourselves off from that world, and confining our attention to rationalistic explanation and the mere repetition of services, we have dried up the sources of our spiritual life.

During the past hundred years our real and scientific religious thought has consisted very largely in tearing down the edifice which faith and devotion once built, in analyzing the origins of Christianity in order to explain away all real inspiration in the Bible and divine power in Christ, and to deny every miracle and mighty work because we could not do the same; when, forsooth, we had never attempted to study how those mighty works were done, nor tried if we could do them. We have closed the whole world of the Spirit to man and in consequence we have lost the most fascinating and the most powerful part of our religion, which springs not from reading books or from going to Church, but from direct and evidential contact with divine things. This is the greatest difference between Christ and His Apostles and ourselves. They lived largely in a supersensible world whose very existence the Nine-

teenth Century denied, but which we are beginning to rediscover. They experienced the presence of God. They were sustained by a power which was able to manifest itself in human life and which they could transmit to other men. To them the spiritual world was open and on them the Spirit was poured out in the exaltation of their own powers and faculties and in definite evidences of God's co-operation. This we have largely lost. But, as Renan said, we cannot go on living on the perfume of our broken vase. No critical study of the Bible, no knowledge of physical science, no general philosophy of life, can take the place of personal experience of divine things.

Moreover our attitude toward Christ and His Apostles is very illogical. If all these things which we read of Him and of them did not happen, Christianity, as Freud thinks, is built largely upon an illusion, and it must for the most part disappear as that illusion fades. This is an easy assumption to men who, without any experimental knowledge of these matters, merely affirm that miracles do not happen. But it is not an easy assumption to those who are impressed with the lifelike verisimilitude of these recitals which portray so vividly and in all good faith occurrences which in many instances are not essentially different from those which have been witnessed in our day.

On the other hand, we cannot, with the least chance of success, propound a theory of Nature and of God's government of the world which asserts that miracles were possible in Christ's day, but that they are not possible now. Nothing in the laws which govern this

universe has changed in the last two thousand years. If those laws were ever changed or abrogated, they were changed by a power which still exists and which, under the necessary conditions, can act again. What we call science is but a cross-section of reality, of reality which changes not. These miracles and supernormal occurrences are not a question of natural law but of personalities, of personalities which have knowledge of laws and access to sources of power which others do not possess. In the time of Christ, Edison with the forces now at his command would have been a miracle worker of a very high order. Only his miracles are in a different field, a field with which we are better acquainted than we are with the spiritual works of Christ. This is the key to the whole amazing enigma, a key which, in the hands of sober and highly trained men, has already opened more than one door of the great world of the spirit. From this point of view such events as the Transfiguration, the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost and the Resurrection of Christ gain so much from contemporary experience that no man sufficiently instructed to discuss them with intelligence can question them.

In the light of what took place during the holiest and the greatest days of the history of our religion, it is difficult for me to understand why Christians should not look forward with pleasure to the renewal of the greatest source of the power of our religion. But whether this discovery takes place within the Church or outside the Church, before this Twentieth Century is ended, the miracles of Christ and His Apostles, in-

stead of troubling and embarrassing us, will be our greatest inspiration and example.

In all this I do not mean to say or imply that every statement of the New Testament and the Apostolic Age will be taken at its face value, or that the processes of reason will no longer be useful. Sound criticism will still be necessary, if our work is to be sound and scientific, to give us a just appreciation of the several documents submitted to us, and of their relation to one another. In many instances the diagnoses of disease contained in the New Testament are too slight and uncertain to enable us to judge what actually happened. If, in this Twentieth Century, some of these phenomena were submitted to us, we should probably explain them differently. Some cases of "possession" were probably due to other causes. Some of the so-called "gifts of the Spirit" were of greater and more lasting value than others. I am thinking particularly of the "gift of tongues" which St. Paul, without denying, strongly disparaged as unprofitable. Some of the miracles of Jesus, in their immediateness and in the immensity of their effects, have never been reproduced by Apostles or others, and it would not be surprising if they were never reproduced again. But from this world of light, of love and power, from the words of this book which fall upon our ears like echoes of another world, our world has derived its higher life for nearly two thousand years; and I profoundly believe that all that is most valuable, most powerful, most vital in this greatest age of history is true, and under proper conditions, might be regained.

We are living in solemn times. The principles of human wisdom, in which we trusted, have been put to the supreme test and have been found wanting. The civilization which we built for eternity has largely perished, and what is left of it is threatened. Shall we set about building it up again on the same foundations, and if so, does the question not arise, why was it destroyed and will it not be destroyed again? Reality and God's judgment on our works, at all events, have opened our eyes to much to which we were blind before, and we must sadly admit, with Conan Doyle, that one would have to go back a long way in history to find a world more ripe for judgment than was our world before the axe fell. Think of all the cruelty and the oppression of weaker races. Think of the cynicism with which Germany prepared for the sacrifice of millions of lives, with as little compunction as a Jew would feel in preparing to sacrifice a lamb at the Passover. Think of the materialism and sordid indifference of the rich. Think of the hopeless misery of the poor, to whom life has been one long sorrow and suffering. Think of our insolent mockery of Christ's Kingdom of God, and of the general deadness of religion, which seemed too impotent to influence anyone except a few devoted believers.

Would it be strange if, at such a time as this, perhaps the most critical in human history, God should give to us a new revelation, not in the sense of superseding the revelation of Jesus Christ, but in the sense of revealing Christ and His religion anew in all their original power and beauty, in the sense that God should open again the long closed Heaven and reveal to man the

power of the Spirit? The problem before the world to-day is not a mere problem of social justice and of social service. It is the renewal of man's spiritual life and the creation of a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness. Without this renewal men may be well shod, well clothed, well fed, well housed, and yet be just as unhappy and as wicked as are many who possess all these things now. We are doing what we can by simple, human means to revive religion today, and I am glad to do all in my power to help this gracious movement on. But when God speaks, we shall not have to run to and fro, for His Word will spread, as it is now spreading subterraneously, from one end of the world to the other. When the Lord gives the word, great is the company of the preachers. We shall not have to light candles, for the Lord God giveth us light. It is not a mere question of the resurrection of the dead, though from this fact Christianity had its birth; and this knowledge, once generally accepted as certain, will shake the earth to its foundation. It is the renewal of life through contact with the Spirit. It is experimental knowledge of a world of light and power, which as yet lies just beyond our grasp, and just beyond our vision, which once seen, once realized, will make of human life a different thing. I have caught some glimpses of this world, both in the past and in the present, enough to convince me of its reality and its immensity. But blessed is he who shall see it come with power, and who is accounted worthy to help usher in the world that is to be. If the first gift of Christianity was the Gospel of the Saviour—love and service—its second gift was the re-

ligion of the Spirit and of Power. We have expected Christ to come again for a long time. Is not this the way, the only way, that our hope shall be fulfilled, that the spiritual world, in which He now lives, will open and reveal Him, and that His Kingdom will come in a new mingling of Heaven and earth?

NOTE. — Several of the quotations and citations of this sermon are taken from Harnack's "The Mission and Extension of Christianity during the First Three Centuries."

THE SOCIAL SERVICE OF THE EARLY CHURCH*

For I was an hungered and ye fed me. I was thirsty and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger and ye took me in. Naked, and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me. I was in prison and ye came unto me. — *St. Matthew 25: 35, 36.*

As I WAS PREACHING my sermon last Sunday on the Gifts of the Spirit, it occurred to me that, were I to stop here, I should give you a very one-sided picture of the genius of Christianity. That inward world of spiritual power and mystery formed only the dynamo of a vast system of machinery which the earliest Christians devised and set in motion for the salvation of a perishing world. This great movement was not the result of reflection; rather it was the reflection of the life and spirit of Jesus Christ from whom Christianity sprang more directly than any other religion ever issued from its founder. In Him, as in His religion, we see this admirable balance between the inward and the outward, between inspiration and achievement, between love of God and love of man, between spiritual power and practical service. No words spoken by Jesus better describe the genius of His religion than His story of the Last Judgment, where, relying only on the dictates of His own heart and life, He passes His judgment on all human action. Of this service of ministering love, He, in the short day of His life, set the everlasting example which His Church followed. “Whoso would be the first among you shall be the serv-

**Sermon III, Emmanuel Church, Boston, January 18, 1920.*

ant of all, for even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

So through His example, His word and His death Jesus taught His disciples the highest, the most important, the most difficult truth man will ever learn from religion — to believe in the love of God. We may extend our religious knowledge in other respects, but however far we extend it, we shall never surpass the simple statement of St. John: "God is love." This is a lesson man has never learned from Nature, but only from a divine life, that is to say, in its perfection only from Jesus Christ. It is in His light that we see the light.

Every great religious teacher longs to communicate his faith and himself in a hymn which shall be sung and loved by believers forever. The greatest and most splendid utterance of St. Paul is the hymn which begins with the words: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." From the beginning Christians felt themselves to be brothers in Christ Jesus, and we have two unimpeachable witnesses to this fact. The nimble-witted Greek dramatist, Lucian, mocker of Christianity, who lived in the second century, says: "Their original law-giver taught them that they are all brethren, and they become incredibly alert when anything threatens their common interest; on such an occasion no expense is grudged." Tertullian the Church Father, who lived at about the same time, says in his *Apology*: "It is our care of the helpless, our practice of loving kindness, which brands us in the eyes of our op-

ponents. 'Only look,' they say, 'how they love one another (themselves being given to mutual hatred!). Look how ready they are to die for one another (themselves being ready to kill one another!).'"

So the Gospel became a social message and its propagation a social movement. It took men out of their old relations, out of this world of sin and sorrow, but it introduced them at once to a new and sweeter human fellowship, inability to do which has always been the weakness of the Episcopal Church. Slaves, servants, humble and despised persons without friends suddenly found themselves beloved and honored members of a small but devoted circle of believers in Christ, cherished and esteemed for their moral and spiritual qualities. The Gospel, from the beginning, showed itself both individualistic and social — individualistic in the infinite value it placed on the soul and on the inner life; social, in that the very essence of its spirit, which is saving love, demands social expression. Its profound difference from modern socialistic schemes which dispense with the religious motive altogether lies in the fact that it does not find its working principles in community of material interests and of goods, but in unity of purpose and spiritual ideals, contemptible as these may seem in the eyes of those who regard only material values as real values. Nevertheless the Christian idea has worked. The movement which began only as a single ripple on a wave of Jewish dissent, in the course of three hundred years acquired an energy which swept all ancient religions, all vested interests, all social customs and institutions before it.

How this was accomplished, in my sermons on the Gospel of a Saviour's Love and on the Religion of the Spirit and Power, I have already shown you in part. Today I turn to the Social Service of the Early Church, and if this theme must necessarily be largely historical, I hope that it will not be less interesting to you on that account, as these are facts which are known to comparatively few, and if this statement is to have any value it must be taken from ancient and true sources. My impression is that after surveying the several forms of Social Service undertaken by the Church during its earliest years and in its deepest poverty, we shall marvel at their extent, variety and power.

Let us begin with a custom with which we are only too familiar — the Sunday morning collection. Perhaps you do not realize that this is a custom as old as Christianity. St. Paul wrote letters, just as from time to time I write letters to you, and he took up a collection for the poor "saints in Jerusalem." Justin Martyr says: "Those who are well to do and are willing, give as they choose, each as he himself prefers. The collection is then handed to the President (presiding officer), who from it succors orphans and widows, those who are in want, owing to sickness and other causes, those who are in prison, strangers and the young." Tertullian, a little later, observes in answer to the cavil of heathen critics: "Even if there does exist a common fund, it is not made up of fees, as if we bargained for our worship. Each of us puts in a small amount once a month, or whenever he pleases, and if he is able, for there is no compulsion in this matter, but all is voluntary. These moneys are the deposits

of piety. They are expended on no drinking bouts or banquets or thankless eating houses, but on feeding and burying poor people, or boys and girls who have neither parents nor money, or for shipwrecked mariners or for people in exile, or in the mines or in prisons"; a statement of parochial liberality which we can hardly equal today.

Among the earliest social acts of the Church was the establishment of a fraternal meal, the Agape, or love feast. This was induced by a true sense of fellowship, but in such a society it led to abuses and after a time was abandoned. Some confounded it with the Eucharist, and introduced into the latter an hilarity and inebriety which called down the wrath of St. Paul. Others modeled their love feasts on the example of heathen debauchery and drinking bouts. Yet this act of eating and drinking together as social equals and as brothers and sisters in Christ was based on a profoundly Christian sentiment. For many years we followed this custom of the Apostolic Church and our feasts were both numerous and good; now our Agape has diminished to a cup of cocoa and a slice of bread partaken of after the Health Conference.

As the bishops usually distributed the alms of the Church, they were constantly exhorted to be no lovers of money. As early as the second century a system of organized charity was in vogue, in addition to private liberality. In the year 250, the Roman Church supported one hundred clergymen and fifteen hundred poor persons. I hardly like to calculate what a clergyman's salary was in those days, but putting it at the bare upkeep of

a slave, we shall not be far wrong if we estimate at about forty dollars a year the salary of the men who converted the Eternal City. In the year 250, then, the Church in Rome was spending fifty thousand dollars a year on relief, a vast sum if we remember the purchasing power of money and the poverty of Christians.

The first effort of the Church was to cure the sick, and where this was impossible, they were tenderly cared for. It was remembered that Jesus had said not: "I was sick and ye cured me," but "I was sick and ye visited me," a work that can be performed by every Christian. During the furious Decian persecution when the dauntless St. Lawrence was commanded by officers to hand over the Church treasury, he pointed to the poor and the sick as the Church's sole treasure and there was truth in this audacious response. The impression which Christian charity produced on the heathen is preserved in the celebrated letter of Julian, the Apostate Emperor. "These godless Galileans" (so he styled them) "feed not only their own poor, but ours, while ours lack care." So we see Christians cared even for the heathen. To bolster up his own vanishing religion, Julian formed a system of relief modeled on that of the Church. Of course the imitation failed, for there was no love behind it.

Another service undertaken by the Early Church and sadly neglected by the Church today consisted of the visitation of prisons and the moral and physical care of prisoners. Yet we should remember that in those days men and women were committed to dungeons and the mines not merely for crimes and felonies, but for

their faith in Christ, and also for their debts. The visitation and ransom of prisoners were the regular and official duty of deacons, which they often performed at great risk to themselves. But so great was the privilege of conversing with one who was enduring affliction for Jesus' sake, and who might become a martyr, that many others, including rich women, flocked to the prisons, and even bribed the gaolers, thereby smuggling in many a decent meal. When Christians were sentenced to the horrible mines, even then they were not forgotten. Their names were recorded and every effort was made to obtain their release, and brethren were sent to strengthen and encourage them.

Let me next allude to Christianity's attitude toward the slave, about which much that is foolish has been said and written. I freely admit that the question of the legality or morality of slavery as an institution was not raised by the Church in the sense in which it was raised by Abraham Lincoln and the Boston Abolitionists. As Christians were not at this time in control of political power, but were members of an outlawed sect, they were not in a position to raise this question. Further, I remind critics, who are usually ignorant of the fact, that slavery in the Roman Empire was not identical with American slavery. The slaves of Rome were for the most part captives taken in war, who by race and education were not infrequently the equals of their masters. In other words, slavery was not then a commercial institution, but one of the universal effects of eternal warfare, and therefore part of the structure of every ancient state. As such the Church acquiesced in

it, while doing all in her power to improve the slave's condition. The most horrible part of slavery was its social and moral ostracism and degradation. Within the Church there was no trace of this disposition. Slaves who had put on Christ were regarded as brothers and sisters in the fullest sense. They shared the rights of other Church members and were eligible to the ministry, and more than one slave became the Bishop of Rome. The sex of female slaves had to be respected, nor was their modesty to be outraged. The great fact which gained moral recognition for the slave was the noble character and fortitude which more than one of these despised beings displayed in glorious martyrdom, which gained for them everlasting renown. Who, regarding the wonderful deaths in the arena of young women like Perpetua and Blandina, would stop to remember which was a slave and which was free? Slave or free, they are among the world's great heroines.

Another example of Christian charity is found in the devoted service of the Church in times of great calamity. When the plague raged in Alexandria in the year 259, the heathen fled, leaving their own relatives and friends to perish miserably and to lie unburied. At this time the bishop, Dionysius, wrote: "Most of our people did not spare themselves, so great was their love toward their brethren. They visited the sick constantly and without fear and ministered to them for the sake of Christ. Right gladly did they do their part, and many died in giving health to others, transplanting the death of others, as it were, upon themselves." So many of the members of our own congregation behaved last year

during the influenza. Again and again we hear the same story of courage and self-annihilating devotion. Such behavior, at such a time, amazed the heathen who, as Dionysius says, frenzied with fear, left their dearest friends uncared for and threw them out when half dead to perish alone and to lie unburied. This one episode drew thousands into the ranks of Christ.

Another most interesting work of the Early Church was the establishment of a labor bureau and its attempt to find work for all. We do not realize what Christianity has done for the world by its insistence on work and its estimate of idleness as a vice, but we have only to compare countries which flourished under Christian influence and starved under Mohammedan sloth to see the difference. Jesus worked at a bench until He was thirty years old. Paul continued to support himself by his upholstery even when he was preaching the Gospel and declared that he would rather die than allow any man to make his boasting void that he lived by the labor of his own hands. By this disposition Christianity, even while placing a low estimate on wealth, opened the sources from which wealth flows. The new religion did not teach the dignity of labor, nor the exquisite pleasure of the thing, but simply the duty of work. The only persons it undertook to support were those unable to work, but for all the rest the Church insisted that they should support themselves by their own labor, and when they were unable to find work, the Church found it for them. Tertullian says: "We are no Brahmins nor Hindoo fakirs dwelling in the woods and secluded from life. We stand beside you in this world, making use of

the forum, the provision market, the booth, the bath, the workshop and the inn. We sail with you, fight at your side (note that the early Christians were no pacifists), till the soil with you, traffic with you, join our technical skill to yours and make our works public property for your use." (This is the second century!)

Further than this, several passages indicate that every Christian brother had a right to a minimum support until the Church could supply him with labor by which he could support himself. In other words, the Church founded the first labor union, but she did not support the vagrant idle agitator. When a strange brother arrived from abroad he was supported for just two days in order that he might recuperate and tell the news. Then he was offered work, and if, for any reason, he would not accept it, he was requested to move on. In the Clementine Homilies it says: "For those able to work, provide work, to those unable to work, charity." Cyprian says that if the Church will not permit Christian actors to act, it must provide them with another means of earning their livelihood, a view we should do well to adopt toward our disfranchised barkeepers.

Another wonderful piece of social service consisted in the love and care lavished on weaker churches, especially in times of trial. For we ought to remember that this great work of establishing our religion was not a work of peace, but was performed in the face of relentless and cruel persecution. In those days Christians carried their lives in their hands, and their deaths were not easy deaths. Again and again the little Christian communities, established by such incredible sacrifices, were

torn up by the roots, their buildings burned, their members, and especially their clergy, tortured to death. Religion, we may be sure, was not fashionable in those days when martyrdom was fashionable. On such occasions churches, which for the time being were a little better off, flew to the assistance of these brethren. When, in the year 253, the wild robbers of Numidia swept down on the churches of that country and carried off many Christian men and women, Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, not only wrote a letter of tender sympathy, but inclosed a draft for one hundred thousand cesterces (perhaps five thousand dollars) to buy them back again. When Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was carried from that city to Rome, to be martyred, all the churches of Asia sent deputies to meet him on his way, to supply his necessities and to beseech his blessing. Ignatius in return addressed wonderful letters to these churches. His only fear was that they might deprive him of his crown of martyrdom.

Such were some of the great social activities of the Church in its earliest days, and such, in briefest outline, are the means by which our religion gained its greatest victories and the faith of the world. The Gospel of the Saviour's Love, the Religion of the Spirit and of Power; the Brotherhood of Believers and the great humanitarian service of practical love and charity! We hear little of social justice, but we see everywhere the rehabilitation of submerged classes, changes which have reconstituted society. Let me remind you that the love which Christians bore to Jesus caused them truly to love one another, and if we are conscious of no such love, we

may well ask ourselves as to our love for Christ. In those days the ties which bound men to Christ were stronger than the bonds of caste, and included even slaves. How is it now? If the first thought of Christianity is Christ and the soul, its second thought is the redemption of man, nor can one of its ideals be realized without the other. They stand or fall together.

We possess a religion which, in the person of its Founder, in the value, sweep and balance of its ideals, is an incomparable religion, capable of saving us and the world. What use are we making of it, and must some other makeshift of second-rate thoughts and ideals be adopted to save the world from destruction, because in the hands of Christians, Christianity is inoperative? What would those glorious generations of devoted men and women, those saints, those martyrs, have done with our opportunities? What would Origen, Tertullian, Polycarp, Ignatius, Augustine have to say to Christians and to the detractors and contemners of Christianity, were they alive now? Through their faith and constancy and wisdom they won the faith of the world, and shall we lose it? Or be content to leave behind us less faith than we found? Shall we allow ourselves to be daunted and discouraged by the difficulties and the problems which now confront us? We have the same means at our disposal which they had at theirs — the Gospel of a Saviour's Love, the Religion of the Spirit and of Power, the Gospel of Love and of Service — above all, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.

NOTE. — The quotations and citations of this sermon are taken from Waizsaecker's "Apostolic Age," Harnack's "Mission and Extension of Christianity in the First Three Centuries," Articles of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, etc.

RELIGION*

Then they that feared the Lord spake often one with another and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name. — *Malachi 3:16*.

I SHOULD LIKE to speak to you today of what religion means to us and of what we mean by religion.

To one familiar with man's past life on earth religion in some form appears to be the most inalienable endowment of the human race. However far back we go we are never able to go back to a time when religion was not. The oldest literary monuments of mankind, the Rig Veda, the Upanishads, the Book of Genesis, the most ancient cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon, the Book of the Dead and the oldest inscriptions and texts of Egypt, all are taken up with man's sense of the divine and with his attempts to regulate his life by divine sanctions. And in the remote and hoary past of our race, where all literary monuments fail, ages before writing was invented, where we have nothing but bones and sepulchres to guide us, in the ceremonial burials of these long forgotten days, the weapons, the utensils, the untasted food placed beside the corpse, still bear their mute testimony to man's glimmering faith in a life beyond death.

And as it is in the past, so is it when we descend the scale of humanity even to its lowest, most primitive representatives. As far as I am aware, no people has yet

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, November 15, 1925.

been discovered without its mythology, its religious tabus, its sense of the divine. Lately, I have been reading a volume of Marshall Jones' great Mythology of All Races, the volume which deals with the primitive races of Africa, including the Pygmies, and I find that even these diminutive and darkened minds have not escaped the universal spell. Myths of creation and of the origin of man, good and evil spirits, expectation of life after death, responsibility to an unseen power, even some conception of a Most High God, have controlled their lives as they have controlled the lives of other men.

The possession of religion is the most universal and catholic fact we can point to in man, a fact which apparently man did not make, but which has made man, and the most amazing aspect of this fact is that it has endured so long and that it has triumphed over so many vicissitudes. Existing long before science and philosophy were thought of, it has been able not merely to adjust itself to, but to inspire the highest science and philosophy so that no interpretation of Nature or of life can satisfy our minds which is not a religious interpretation. Beginning with the crudest, ugliest representations and symbols, it has created the only perfect works of art, the only unsurpassable monuments of architecture, the music which most perfectly expresses the spiritual hopes and aspirations of man. Dealing almost exclusively with the unseen and the imponderable, with those very things which might seem the most unreal, the most impractical and useless, this religious and spiritual belief has done man more practical good than all his other knowledge and beliefs put together, has

done him so much good that without this faith in God and the soul all his other knowledge and beliefs have not been able to make man either good or happy. Always contradicted, always doubted, always apparently about to be overthrown, out of all these conflicts with reason, with fanaticism, with the violence of tyrants, religion has risen again, apparently only purified and strengthened, to make its new appeal, or to resume its ancient sway over the human heart. So it spans the history of mankind as the rainbow spans the verge of the cataract, apparently always about to be swept away by the impetuous waters, yet in some mysterious way always sustained by them, always glorifying them.

When I think of religion I think first of Jesus Christ. To us He is religion, at least all that is perfect in religion. The personality of the Redeemer, His thought, His sayings in regard to life, His sympathy with sorrow, His attitude toward disease, His love for children and for sinners, His conception of the Kingdom of God, the motives which led Him to lay down His life, His death on the cross, His resurrection — all those human and divine things which shine in the Gospels — are worth far more to me and I esteem them of infinitely greater religious value than the metaphysical subtleties and mumblings which work no miracle and which speak to no heart, by which men have tried to explain Him. I consider the days and the years I have spent in the study of Him the happiest days and years of my life. When I hear men criticize and belittle Him, or rather the ideas they falsely ascribe to Him, I say, if I have the opportunity, "Ah! If you really knew."

When I speak thus I am not unmindful of the great debt of gratitude we owe to some of the other religious teachers of mankind, but there is one thought of Christ's which, if we wish to tell the truth, we must admit that we find nowhere else. One clear conception of Jesus in regard to the use of life separates His religion from all the religions of the world, and gives to Christianity its enormous potential energy and its practical social value as a religion of redemption. That is Christ's conception of life as active service, as a ministry of love and compassion, the conquest of the evil of this world by the love and goodness of His followers, the thought of sacrifice, not to please God, as if God derived satisfaction from our suffering, but to save and help men.

This thought of redemption summed up in the glorious phrase, "The Kingdom of God," belongs wholly to Jesus. Buddha conceived of redemption as the annihilation of self. Neither Moses, nor Zoroaster, nor Mohammed, nor Confucius, nor the prophets ever expressed the meaning and opportunity of life in these terms. The thought of life as a service of love and the service of God as effected through the service of men is a thought wholly original to Jesus. As far as this disposition is my disposition and day by day I serve my fellow men according to my strength, ability and opportunity, in the humblest things as well as in the highest, I am Christ's and a member of the Kingdom of God. As far as I put this thought far from me and am content to live merely for myself, my honor and glory, my pleasures, my vices, I have no part nor lot in Christ's cause and no right to call myself by His name.

In order to make this very plain to us Jesus uttered one of His greatest sayings, His story of the Last Judgment. It is by this principle and by this only that He judges the worth of every life. The saved and blessed persons whom He welcomes to His Father's Kingdom are those who did what they could and who served their fellow men by giving food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, care to the sick, sympathy and human companionship to the lonely prisoner. Those whom He pronounced accursed and from whom He shudderingly withdraws Himself He condemns not for what they had done, not for their crimes and the weaknesses of their human natures, but for what they had left undone, for their selfishness, their cold-heartedness, their uselessness, their cruel neglect.

Does anywhere in the world Christ's judgment of life stand in such direct opposition to the judgment of society? How our hypocritical censors of life, our Scribes and Pharisees, would like to instruct Christ in regard to these matters and to prove to Him that He did not and could not mean what He said. As if to fore-stall them, He uttered His judgment of life in words which cannot be silenced and which cannot be explained away.

Pitifully, half-heartedly as this principle has been accepted and acted on, what we have done in obedience to this view of the purpose of life is the cause of most of the superiority and nobility Christian nations possess. Compare our achievement with that of nations to which this view of life is unknown and you will perceive there is a difference.

Prayer I count a great element of religion. Indeed without prayer I do not see how personal religion can long go on. In prayer the soul is awake, the soul speaks. In true prayer that deep, mysterious thing within us, that person of light, served by the senses, surrounded by knowledge, that thing which beyond all other things we account ourself, turns to the Universal Soul from which it sprang and tries to unite itself to God. From that contact, according to its frequency and depth and intensity, light and joy and the renewal of our vitality, peace, courage and consolation are poured into us. It is not as if our little soul, like a water drop, is lost in the immensity of God. At times, as the mystics say, it is as if the whole ocean of God's being were poured into the water drop.

To all men at times prayer is so natural that they pray spontaneously. They cry out to God hardly knowing that they have cried. In moments of great emergency, great sorrow, great danger, we pray because we cannot help praying. This is because at such times the soul must utter itself and make its appeal to the source of its life. Among the men and women I have known I cannot remember one who I did not believe possessed a soul. What this soul is, who can say? In itself we call it something spiritual to distinguish it from intellect, though that explains nothing. In its relation to reality it is more immediate, more intuitive, more affectionate, more personal, more living than the processes and approximations of reason. Through our study of the subconscious we have explored more than one room of the soul's many mansions. On the one side this subconscious

mind controls all the marvelous processes of our physical life. On the other it may rise to the divinations and intuitions of genius.

Even in the case of the insane, the idiotic, the imbecile, the absence of manifestation of all spiritual life is no proof that the soul has perished, any more than the inability of an organist to play a fugue of Bach on a broken and ruined instrument is proof that he is a fool. Perhaps, under these sad circumstances, even while the body is living the soul is able to disengage itself from the diseased or injured brain and to find a sweeter and pleasanter abode for itself than our insane asylums. This may seem foolish to you, but it does not seem so to Professor Schiller, the greatest teacher of philosophy in Oxford University.

Suppose that what I believe to be true, is true. Suppose that this massive material universe, which reason has so completely dissolved into energy and motion, is but one aspect of reality, the aspect which is presented to our senses and through our senses to our minds, but that there is also another aspect. Behind this body or these worlds of bodies there is a soul, that is to say a creative purpose, a living presence, love, truth, beauty, power. On the one side all is massive, apparently dead, cold, purposeless. On the other side all is living, warm, purposeful. Would not our dim perception of this reality, our experience of what has come to us from the unseen and from our spiritual communion with God, account for the undying power of religion, the miracles religion has wrought and also for its independence of, and relative indifference to, rational explanations of it

all? It is not explanations we want, nor even proofs of the existence of God, could these be given to us. It is contact with the divine, the seeking of God's face, letting our hearts go forth to God and communion with Him in the secret places. In this search for God, if men had found nothing, would they have sought so long? The most primitive peoples may have been endowed with psychic perceptions which we have largely lost, though some still possess them. They found in the spiritual world something real which they interpreted in terms of their simple experience as beings like themselves. We also have derived from that world our spiritual life which we interpret in the terms of science and philosophy and purer religion. To the great religious teachers of mankind, above all to the Lord Jesus, the eternal world of power stood open and He expected it at any time to reveal itself and to take possession of this world. In this sense the Kingdom of God some day will certainly come. It may come to any generation. On these personal experiences of the great spiritual teachers of mankind, mankind has founded its religions. Is not this the most probable explanation both of the origin and of the deathless power of religion? There is a reality which we apprehend not through our senses but through our souls and which our minds interpret as they can in terms of experience. Deny this reality as much as you please, it reveals itself again in a higher, more convincing form. The conscious yielding of ourselves to this Reality, the willing identification of our souls with it, we call prayer.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the Church have

the benefits of prayer received such general recognition as in our lifetime. Never, perhaps, have so many men prayed with so much faith. When we seek to estimate the tendencies of our times we must not fail to include prayer, a new and earnest desire to pray.

I wish I had time to speak of some of the minor things, if anything in religion can be called minor, which help to keep faith, hope and love alive in our breasts. Of these, of course, the souls of other men are the most important. It is because men discovered divine things in the past that we believe in them today. Few of us would be able to make these discoveries ourselves. But we have a rich and glorious inheritance from the past, above all in the Bible, which no age, however youthful, can dispense with. Why is the world materially so rich today? Because we are living on the vast supplies of coal and iron, copper and oil and other things laid away for us by the rays of the sun millions of years ago. If we had to grow these things or to produce them in some way year by year, we should not be rich. We are simply living on the treasures of the past. So through the long ages, by struggle, by suffering, by spiritual genius and discovery, humanity has been amassing a spiritual capital which gives meaning to the generations as they pass and on which they can freely draw. There will never be another Jesus, there will never be another St. Paul, there will never be another sacred book like the Bible. The time for such a book is over.

Nor is it only the dead who minister to our spiritual life. In the sweetness of human affection, in the pure,

poetic minds of children, in our deep and tender love for men and women, in an unexpected act of kindness, in a glance of affection, in our musings over our past lives, in our regrets for our failures and foolishness, in our desire to make the only atonement given to man — to do better — how frequently our feet stray into sacred places and we touch the divine. Love and memory, sorrow and hope, are the words of God to us on which, as Jesus said, man lives. They are like the bells of the old French legend, buried at the bottom of the sea, whose sweet notes rise trembling in our hearts from their infinite depths and fall on our spirits like voices from another world. "To live with joy and to die with better hope." This, as Cicero said, is the gift religion bestows upon us. When all is said, there is a difference between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not.

THE MYSTERY OF RELIGION*

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep and he said: Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not. — *Genesis 28:16.*

WE ARE NOW in the beautiful season of Epiphany, the season of light and revelation, and I wish to speak to you today about religion as revelation. No true Christian who knows what religion is and what it means to him can be satisfied with the explanations of the origin and nature of religion which have been presented to us in the name of science. By some it is regarded as the extension and development of animism, or the doctrine that the world is peopled and controlled by the ghosts and spirits of the dead. By some, religion is believed to be a refinement of the old doctrine of magic and enchantment, that is to say, that by prayer or the utterance of some ritual formula man can control the will of the Deity. Others regard religion as a mere adjunct to morality, which gives a higher and more spiritual sanction to ethical ideals; others, as the natural expression of man's gregarious instinct which helps him establish social standards.

There is, doubtless, an element of truth in all these derivations and explanations, but not one of them grasps what we mean by contact with God, or what we try to express by the words faith, love, salvation. When you were young, very likely you admired the jews'-harp and the hand organ, but their whinings and wheezes do not much help you to understand the spir-

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, January 15, 1928.

itual meaning of Bach's Fugue in G minor or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. That is what always happens when we try to explain the greater by the less, the higher in terms of the lower. We do not really explain them. Consciously or unconsciously, by this method we explain away all that is great and characteristic in the sublime thing. Every explanation of religion which proceeds from the supposition that in religious experience there is no real contact with God, but only a psychological process, is petty and barren.

One reason why men are ashamed of their religious sentiments is because they are ashamed of the weak explanations of those sentiments which are commonly offered. I have a thought in my mind and I have had an experience in my life of which I am not ashamed, because I am aware that if anything is, or has ever been, good in me it is largely from this thought and experience that such goodness has come. If anything in my personality or character has been useful to my fellow men, if life has appeared to me as a blessing, or if it has been in the smallest degree a blessing to others, I owe it to the few times in my life when I heard God speak to me and to those hours or minutes when I have realized God.

If I can make my thought plain, illuminating, appealing, it will be so only to those who have had similar experiences. There are many things we talk about in church which anyone of fair intelligence can understand. But this *Mysterium Tremendum*,* our recognition of the divine, the sense of a holy presence in our

* Rudolph Otto's word. On this general subject see his "Idea of the Holy."

hearts, which involves loving and serving a Master, can be understood only by one who has already known it. To the great prophets, in their greatest moments, the spiritual world which lies beyond time and space has opened. Great poets have sought out words to describe what they have inwardly experienced. Artists have aimed at something very different from sensuous pleasure in their creations. Musicians have tried to utter melodies addressed to their inner ear in a language which is not of this earth. Architects have built, as Simon Peter wished to do, little tabernacles, for they are nothing more, to inclose and perpetuate the heavenly truth revealed to them on some mount of vision. But all these, like the preacher, are obliged to appeal to human sensibility and understanding. No one can compel another to see beauty and wonder in anything, and in the end "no secret can be told to any who divined it not before."

I do not know how many of you feel about animals. I have a great respect for animals and I can find moral virtues in a good dog which I do not always observe in men and women. Some dogs are able to love a whole family, but there are others who live only for one person. They are the monotheists of the animal world. In the eyes of such a dog you may see a love which, with all his joy when you appear and his sorrow when he sees you about to depart, he can express only in his glance. He is always cheerful, vital and interested and therefore consoling. If you move, he is at your side, whether to protect you or for the mere pleasure of being near you. His eyes scan your face and he under-

stands and sympathizes with all your moods. Other persons he merely tolerates, but his heart beats for you alone. He would rather fast with you than feast by himself. It is nothing to him whether you are rich or poor, beautiful or ugly. No matter how cold and dark the night or how long the way, he joyfully attends you, and should your life be in jeopardy there is one ready at all times to lay down his life for yours. Such a dog has a god. He adores a spiritual being whom he loves and serves far more willingly and faithfully than we serve ours, and though no one has died for him, yet many a dog has died to save a man, a woman or a child. There is not a greater difference between such a noble being and a poor, masterless animal in fear of all things, than there is between a true, devoted Christian, whose eyes are always on his Lord, and an egotist who acknowledges no God.

Will you allow me to call your attention to a very strange fact? The word *religion*, which we find so indispensable, occurs in the Bible just three times. In the Old Testament no such word is used. In the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul is represented as saying, "After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." St. James employs the word twice; once when he says, "If any man among you seem to be religious and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." And again, immediately afterward, he gives his beautiful definition, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this — to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." As the Bible

is the highest revelation of God and the eternal source of religion to us, its avoidance of the word itself is most significant and contains a lesson of the greatest importance.

If we are thinking or writing of spiritual things at all, we constantly use the word religion, or religious, and we are at a loss to find a substitute for it. How did the writers of the Bible teach the greatest religious truths without mentioning the word? How did Jesus make His great revelation without, in His recorded words, employing it? Jesus did not speak of religion, He spoke of the Kingdom of God which to Him was a concrete, other-worldly, divine reality. His people, at the first, were not called Christians (which was a name given to them later in derision), they were called Saints. This did not mean the morally perfect, it meant the members of the Kingdom of God.

The word we call religion is an abstract word, while Jesus and the writers of the Bible had in mind concrete, definite experiences of God. Further than this, no one knows, linguistically, just what this word means. It is a purely Aryan word, while the Bible is Semitic. St. Augustine and other Fathers of the Church thought that religion comes from *ligare*, which means to bind, and it therefore designates the great bond between God and man. Cicero, on the other hand, believed that it is derived from the verb *legere*, which means to take up, to choose, hence religion means to take up again and again, to consider carefully, to have a reverent regard for. The specific meaning of the word is doubtful.

In the Old Testament I should say that the counter-

part of our word religion is the great Hebrew word, *Kadosh*, which means holy, the Holy One of Israel. This expression, however, means far more than the morally good. It describes the awe which was often mingled with terror, the reverence, the sense of mystery, of something new and strange breaking in on us, which man experiences in the felt presence of God. It is what Abraham felt in pleading with God for the men of Sodom, "Behold now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord who am but dust and ashes," the shuddering of the creature in the presence of the Creator. It is what Jacob felt when he woke from the dream of the ladder which reached unto Heaven, and he said, "Behold the Lord is in this place and I knew it not." "How dreadful is this place. Behold this is none other than the house of God and this is the Gate of Heaven." It is what Isaiah felt when he said, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." It was this which impelled Peter, much as he loved Jesus, to cry out, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." We may even reverently surmise that it was His overwhelming consciousness of God's immediate presence, rather than the fear of death which He had resolutely faced for weeks, which drew from Jesus' body the great drops of blood in Gethsemane.

This, I believe, and nothing else is the true cause and explanation of all that we rightly call religion —namely, the opening of the spiritual world to give to man a true experience of a divine presence. In a quiet, pleasant city

like Boston, with its streets and pavements and houses and buildings, all made by man and cutting off Nature and the horizon, these experiences of God, in the sense of overwhelming mystery, seldom occur; and yet far oftener than most persons imagine. It is for this reason that we cannot create or re-create strong religious feeling at all times for ourselves, but we live largely on the great experiences and revelations of the past and on the memory of the lesser, but perfectly real and valid realizations of God's presence which, from time to time, in one form or another, come to us when we are in greatest need, or our hearts are most open to spiritual influence. The best that Boston or New England has been able to do in creating a new form of religion is Christian Science. I call this the best because, for several decades, it has functioned as a religion in a fairly large group of our fellow citizens, while other dreams have perished at birth. I hope, however, that I may be forgiven for saying that in comparison with Christianity, fairly interpreted, I regard it as a poor, flat thing, totally lacking real inspiration. And yet even this ghost of a religion could not have come into being without the Bible, Plato, Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Quimby and others who little imagined to what use their doctrines would be put.

With us the rational, the material and mechanical aspects of life preponderate to such a degree as to obscure the spiritual, and I believe that man's destiny and the future of civilization depend largely on whether our spiritual life is to become strong enough to control the material and to express itself through the material, as

the soul expresses itself through the body, or whether the material will crush the spiritual, like a man who uses his mind only to feed and move about his body. For this reason I have never felt that city dwellers, persons who never leave cities, know much of the ways of God or the deeper meaning of life. To realize God it is necessary to behold the works of God and to fall under the spell of His spiritual presence in Nature, in beauty, in life in all its forms, in the splendor of the day and the glory of the night.

When our ancestors first beheld this continent as it came from the hands of God, with its vast lakes and mighty rivers, its lofty mountains, its dark and interminable forests, all mysterious, fresh and unknown, it produced a very different impression on their minds from that which the same country, shorn of most of its beauty and grandeur, produces on ours. From this contact with a marvelous and overpowering Nature sprang much of the Puritans' preoccupation with religion, their detachment and other-worldliness. They felt an awe, a reverence in the presence of mystery, and several of them, it is said, died of fear, not of wild beasts nor of the Indians, but of the land itself.

Why is it, with all our sophistication and science, that few of us can endure to enter far into a great forest alone, or to dwell alone in the face of Nature anywhere? It is not because of any danger. Apart from the possibility of being struck by lightning or by a falling tree, there is no safer home. And yet very few men survive being lost in the woods for more than a few days. Why do they die? Not of hunger or thirst, but of fear,

fear of the unknown and the invisible which may take visible form. They die of that strange affection which the Greeks called panic, or dread of the great god Pan. It is not for nothing that the Old Testament speaks so often of the fear of God. "I will send my fear before thee and will destroy all the people to whom thou shalt come." And Job says, "Let not his fear terrify me." "Let not thy dread make me afraid." And again, "In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before me, the hair of my flesh stood up. Then there was silence and I heard a voice saying, shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be purer than his Maker?"

In all this, as in all genuine religious experience, there is something non-rational, which profoundly affects us and which may even terrify us because it presents itself as something strange and other-worldly which we cannot co-ordinate with our other experience. All great music springs largely from the same source, as something which cannot be expressed in language or grasped by thought. Hence its extraordinary effect on us, as a voice from another world. It releases in us a blissful sense of joy or fills us with a divine melancholy. It lays bare the inmost recesses of memory, so that we are conscious of a movement in our souls, "a billowy agitation" which we call "a spell" or "enchantment," simply because we cannot express this emotion in terms of mind.

This is the substance of what we call religion and

the only true explanation of the origin of religion. In its substance and being it consists of something holy, spiritual, not of this world, which is revealed to us. It is our consciousness of something numinal, transcendent, divine, not ourselves, which at certain times and under certain circumstances makes its appearance in our souls. Only the recognition of this mighty factor can account for the universality, the enormous power and the deathless vitality of religion, which always renews itself from its eternal source. With all its charm and human interest, that is the defect of William James' "Varieties of Religious Experience," which recognizes no such divine presence outside ourselves, but interprets religious experience only in terms of our psychical processes.

The greatest architects have striven to perpetuate this sense of the holy and the mysterious in their temples and holy places. The Egyptians expressed the mystery of man's nature and his relation to Nature and to the animal in the Sphinx, their sense of immortality in the deathless pyramids, and their consciousness of the immensity of God in the vastness of their temples. The Babylonians, living on a level, alluvial plain, built mountains of bricks by which to rise to Heaven. The Greeks contented themselves with mere beauty and rational symmetry, without much sense of the mysterious. Of all forms of architecture, Gothic comes nearest to expressing what we feel in the presence of the divine. Its two great instrumentalities are silence and darkness — the semi-darkness which lingers in its vast heights and vaulted spaces, which produces upon the

mind almost the same effect of awe as does the primeval forest; the silence, as of the wilderness, which is eloquent of the voice of God.

So, in all true religion, even the most primitive, there is something given which we do not create, something which enters our consciousness from another world with overwhelming power, the sense of the holy, of something mysterious and tremendous to which we bow. This something transcends reason, though after it is given it becomes the highest preoccupation and problem of reason. The experience itself is probably much the same to all men who undergo it. The interpretations of this experience given by reason differ widely. Hence the variety of churches, religions and philosophies whose chief object is to explain to the mind an experience which transcends reason. No faculty or power of man compares with his power to perceive the divine, to be moved by the Spirit of God. "Blessed are the eyes which see the things which ye see and the ears which hear the things which ye hear. For I say unto you that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see the things which ye see and have not seen them, and to hear the things which ye hear and have not heard them." This is the end for which man was made — to know God and to enjoy Him eternally. Is science fatal to the fulfilment of this high destiny? We cannot affirm this in an age which has revealed wonders, proofs of power, intelligence and immensity in this universe which other ages have not dreamed of, in an age which has discovered depths in the human soul hitherto unknown.

THE APOSTLES' CREED*

WE ARE ACCUSTOMED to associate creeds only with the Christian religion, but in this we are in error. As we have learned more of the other higher religions of mankind we find that they all possess creeds in the sense of confessions of faith. Formerly it was the disposition of Christian writers to pour contempt on such utterances, but we have learned that we do not necessarily honor our father by dishonoring our grandfather. St. Paul, in his great sermon on Mars Hill, made use of the beautiful Stoic doctrine of the unity of God and the moral unity of the human race as the ground of his appeal for Christianity. St. Augustine laid down a maxim which the Church accepted and obeyed, and which we cannot improve upon: "Let every good Christian understand that truth, wherever he finds it, belongs to his Lord."

The creed of the Jew, brief as it is, summed up in clear, well-remembered words the faith which was ever on his lips, living or dying: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." This creed Mohammed adopted, though he added his own name to it: "There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet." Buddhism and Zoroastrianism possessed more elaborate formulas, which I shall not now recite.

To the Hebrew, God was transcendent, above the world, before the world, beyond the world. To the

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, April 22, 1923.

Greek, God was immanent, the indwelling Spirit, the source of all truth and beauty, and of all the good born in the heart of man, which man himself does not create. Both these legitimate and complementary conceptions were included in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, which was intended to express the transcendence of God, the immanence of God, together with man's indissoluble oneness with God as revealed in Jesus Christ, as to whom I offer this tentative formula for the consideration of the Church — *all of God which could be revealed in a human life*, an estimate which is historical, not metaphysical.

The world rejoices today as this great and ever mysterious Being expands and multiplies to us the proofs of His genuine humanity, and of His brotherly relations to us, and never again will it surrender His infinitely lovable, infinitely helpful, living personality to the dreary abstraction of late Greek speculation which works no miracle and which touches no heart.

In so conceiving of Jesus, we conceive Him as more divine in exact proportion as the creative acts of God are more divine than the speculations of men. It is not as if the doctrines of the Neo-Platonists and the theory of Emanations, on which so much of the early Christian theology was based, were the very processes of God in Heaven. We do not so esteem them, and we have no difficulty in identifying them wherever we find them.

The New Testament itself contains many expressions of faith which we may regard as little creeds. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the

dead, thou shalt be saved." "Wherefore, I give you to understand that no man speaking by the Holy Ghost calleth Jesus accursed, and that no man can say that Jesus is Lord but by the Holy Ghost." "He who was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached among the nations, believed on in the world, received up into glory." We have also the baptismal formula reported by St. Matthew: "Go ye, therefore, into all the world and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

Wherever men believe they will express their belief in words. Behind all worship there is a spiritual ideal, just as behind all moral conduct there is an ethical ideal. Science is quite as sensitive to heterodoxy as religion is. The word orthodox is not as black as it is painted. It means only what appears to be right or straight.

I cannot remember ever to have spoken to you about the history of the Apostles' Creed, and perhaps you will allow me to mention a few facts in regard to it as they occur to me. There is no reason to associate it with any of the Apostles, or with all the Apostles. It undoubtedly arose in Rome, or in the West, just as the Nicene Creed arose in the East. It can be traced back in a shorter, simpler form to the third century, and in the writings of Tertullian to the second century. The oldest form of it, known to us, runs about as follows:

"I believe in God Almighty;
And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord,
Who was born of the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary;
Crucified under Pontius Pilate and buried.

The third day he rose from the dead.
He ascended into heaven;
Sitteth at the right hand of the Father.
Thence he shall come to judge the living and the dead.
And in the Holy Ghost;
The Holy Church;
The forgiveness of sins;
The resurrection of the flesh."

Here it ends. There is no mistaking the fact that this is the form out of which our creed expanded. I do not wish to weary you with archeological observations, but there is one other fact in regard to our earliest creed, which has been little noticed, and to which I wish to call your attention. For what purpose were the creeds first formulated? They were not made to be recited in church, but to identify Christians. The same Tertullian who gives us our first form of the Apostles' Creed, in alluding to it, does not call it a creed at all, but "a token." What does this word mean? "A token" was a piece of earthenware or some other cooking utensil which two friends broke in order that they might commend a stranger to receive hospitality by giving him the broken piece to serve as a token of his identity, very much as we introduce our friends from abroad to our club, giving them a card by which we assume responsibility for their entertainment and for their conduct while there. In other words the first creeds were passports, not exhaustive statements, by which Christians in strange cities identified themselves in order to obtain admission to the sacrament, the Agape, or love feast, the labor guilds and the other privileges of the Church. For this purpose a complete statement of the Christian religion was not necessary, but only a summary of its

cardinal doctrines; and from the connection of the Creed with the baptismal formula it was evidently taught believers when they were baptized.

And so we do still. I have often wondered whether this is wise. As we go on in our Christian life, the Creed becomes dearer to us and more filled with meaning and sweet association. But I know from experience that to many persons, just feeling their way into the Christian life, the Creed is an obstacle which deters many from baptism and confirmation. It might be better to allow those who are seeking Christ simply to find Him and to trust to the Spirit to lead them gradually into all essential truth, rather than to insist on a definite confession of faith in regard to many things of which, at the time, they have had little experience. We might as well ask an emigrant, seeking our shores, to give a complete account of our institutions at the moment when he enters America.

As I have said, all the higher religions of mankind have formulated brief statements which are intended to express the faith of believers. Without some confession of this nature there is practically nothing to distinguish one religion from another, and no union of hearts and souls in the things of the Spirit. Christianity, in my opinion, is most happy to possess such a symbol as the Apostles' Creed — so short and simple, so free from philosophy and explanation, so old and venerable, so catholic and universal as to be accepted by nearly every part of the Christian Church. Suppose we decide we can no longer be bound by its tenets or recite it in our services, but that we must make a new creed to suit

ourselves and to express our personal convictions at the present time. How long would it take us to do it? If we seriously set out with that intention and agreed to remain together until we had attained it, this would not be an ordinary service. You would take no walk on the esplanade before dinner, nor would you eat any dinner. Night would come and would find us here, still discussing, arguing, debating, pleading. Day after day would pass until we should be found dead or we should give up the task in sheer exhaustion and desperation. Every one would have his dogma, his doctrine, his favorite idea which must be included, or his peculiar abhorrence which must be omitted. Insults and affronts would be freely offered, as in the old days when churches and councils tried to frame creeds.

Or suppose we entrusted this task to the General Convention. Our youngest child would not live long enough to see the first new clause formulated. We know how it is with the attempt to effect the simplest revision of the Prayer Book — whether a woman should be obliged to promise to obey her husband, whether she should be given away, like a piece of property, by her father, whether the bridegroom should vainly and fictitiously engage to endow his bride with all his worldly goods, whether we should read over our dead the terrible suggestion that the latter pangs of illness may have jeopardized their salvation. Yet even these mild and obviously desirable* changes never get through the General Convention, but are debated as if life itself depended on them, as long as the time holds out, and then

* At last accomplished, 1929.

they are referred back to the dioceses and to the next Convention for further consideration.

Or suppose that a small group of us should really accomplish this task, and that we succeeded in framing a creed which satisfied us in every particular. How many other persons would it satisfy? Could we induce our best friends, or even the members of our own families to subscribe to it? Not in Boston.

And if we put such a document away for five years and after that should re-examine it, would it satisfy us then, or should we find some things which we had admitted too hastily, and should we not wish to include other things which we had learned since? To me the task seems perfectly impossible, and I turn from it with a great sense of relief to a creed which has stood the test of time, which already is so widely accepted, and which was not formulated by a convention, bent on convicting its opponents of error, but which grew peacefully up out of the religious experience of many Christians.

In all this I do not pretend for a moment that the Apostles' Creed is the full and perfect epitome of the Christian religion. From the nature and purpose of the earliest creeds we should not expect this. It says nothing about the teaching of Jesus. The Sermon on the Mount, prayer, or the Lord's Prayer, or the Kingdom of God, are not even mentioned in it. It contains no allusion to baptism or to the Lord's Supper. It is concerned for the most part with establishing the human nature of Jesus, that he was truly born, lived, suffered, died and went to the world of spirits.

Admitting this, and professing the warmest affec-

tion for this venerable symbol, I affirm that it must be interpreted in terms of our modern knowledge if it is to have any real meaning for us. Let me remind you pointedly that this is a right which has always been claimed by the Church, and that in every generation the Creed has been interpreted and explained in accordance with the science and philosophy and the knowledge of the Bible at the command of the several generations of the past. So the Nicene Creed was actually formulated, with the help of Neo-Platonism and the doctrine of Emanation. It is its freedom from these philosophical preoccupations which causes us to prize the Apostles' Creed so highly. This science and philosophy have, for the most part, gone the way of all philosophies and science, and no longer represent truth or reality to us. But we have our own science, philosophy and criticism, and we are as much entitled as was any previous generation of men to apply all our knowledge and all our culture to the problems which determine our spiritual life.

There is nothing essentially sacred in the science and philosophy of the first three centuries, whether it be Stoicism or Neo-Platonism or the syncretistic philosophy of pre-existence and emanation, half Greek, half Oriental, or in the Ptolemaic astronomy, which is binding on the faith of Christians. The early Christians spoke in terms of these philosophies just as we speak in terms of evolution. When the Apostles' Creed was formulated this astronomy and the old Semitic cosmogony formed the background of all Christian thought. This world was conceived as the center of the universe

and the sun, moon and stars were regarded as its lights, fixed in the firmament of the heavens. The firmament itself, as the word implies, was a hollow dome of solid substance, resting on the great mountains which marked the end of a flat, disc-like earth.

Above it was the reservoir of heavenly waters, and through the windows of this firmament the rain, snow and hail fell upon the earth. Directly above the celestial reservoir was Heaven, the physical, localized abode of God, who maintained His court there, surrounded by servants and angel-messengers after the manner of an earthly potentate.

Beneath the earth was the dark abode of the dead whose merits did not entitle them to be conveyed at once to the celestial regions. When Dives died and was buried, he had only to travel a little further to reach hell. Lazarus was not able of himself to mount to Heaven, so he was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. This cosmography is the scientific background of the Creed. After Jesus' death the Creed says bluntly: "He descended into hell." His Ascension was considered a brief passage through space to the Heaven which is above the firmament. This was the science of those days, supported by the great names of Pythagoras, Ptolemy and the Book of Genesis; but it no longer represents reality to us, and we are no more bound by this science in religion than we are in our college textbooks.

To the ancient biology, a mother exercised no appreciable influence on the character of her child. The father was the only true parent of the child, while the mother, according to a famous aphorism of Aristotle,

was but the garden plot in which the seed was sown. To insure the perfect sinlessness of Jesus it was only considered necessary to deny to Him a human father, a proposition which the Roman Catholic Church found it necessary to reconsider in 1854, when the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was promulgated by Pope Pius the Ninth. Modern biology, however, judges differently, and assigns an even greater moral and spiritual influence to the mother than to the father.

In the Apostles' Creed we have one of the most ancient and one of the most precious documents of Christianity. For us it is deemed the sufficient statement of faith, nor is the Nicene Creed considered to add any essential doctrine to it which is binding on the consciences of Christians. Both in baptism and in the renewal of our vows in confirmation only the Apostles' Creed is alluded to. Like every other ancient writing, like the New Testament itself, the Creed is to be tested and interpreted according to our canons of truth and the explicit statements of the New Testament. Every age of the Church has claimed this privilege and has interpreted the Creed in the terms of its own science and philosophy. This precious right we must always jealously guard, or we shall be confronted by a choice between skepticism, ignorance or hypocrisy.

May I commend to your thoughtful consideration these noble words of Hilary of Poictiers, a bishop of the fourth century, highly praised by St. Augustine? "Faith gains strength by opposition. . . . Faithful souls would be contented with the word of God which bade us go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of

the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. But we are drawn by the faults of our heretical opponents to do things unlawful, to scale heights inaccessible, to speak out what is unspeakable, to presume where we ought not; and whereas it is by faith alone we should worship the Father and reverence the Son, and be filled with the Spirit, we are now obliged to strain our weak human speech in things which are beyond its scope, forced into this evil procedure by the evil procedure of our foes. Hence what should be the matter of silent religious meditation must now be imperilled by exposition in words."

This is the very thing we should guard against. The Christian religion does not consist in lofty words, nor in hair-splitting metaphysical subtleties, but in facts — in righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

* In the preparation of this sermon I have consulted the great work of Kattenbusch on The Apostles' Creed, also the Reverend Andrew E. Burns' Introduction to the Creeds and the Te Deum, and his article on Creeds in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

THE GLORIFICATION OF JESUS*

Now when Jesus came into the parts of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that the Son of man is?
— *St. Matthew 16:13.*

DURING the next few months or years we shall read and hear a great deal on the subject of Jesus Christ, His divinity, His humanity, His birth, His incarnation, His place in the Church and His relations to God and the world, and, if we are sincere, this will be a great blessing to us, provided we preach not Christ of contention.

It is significant of our times that these questions are largely historical, not metaphysical, questions of fact rather than questions of theology. I do not believe that this disposition of mind is permanent, or that it reflects much credit on us. The earliest ages of the Church, beginning with St. Paul, felt that the coming of Christ into this world was a challenge to the highest philosophy, a challenge which the greatest Christian teachers met by the application of the best and highest philosophy at their command, both Greek and Jewish.

This philosophy, we must confess, is largely outworn, and it no longer represents reality to us. But it is a reproach to us that we have as yet no philosophy of our own better able to deal with such problems, which can interpret in terms of thought what we feel and believe in regard to Christ.

It is for this reason that so many men today look wistfully back to the past and distrust the present, and

**Emmanuel Church, Boston, December 16, 1923.*

desperately try to revivify Neo-Platonism, the mystic cults of the Roman Empire and the great, shadowy doctrines of Philo the Jew.

My thought today is a humbler but a concrete one. It is to look back to the New Testament itself and to give a plain, uncontroversial statement of the various methods the Evangelists and St. Paul employed to express what they felt and believed in regard to Jesus Christ. And first I would call your attention to a very striking and significant fact. All these writers discover a transcendent and divine greatness in Jesus which did not fit into the general formula of human life, and hence we have no history of Jesus in the ordinary sense.

St. Mark, our oldest and most human source, opens with this significant preface: "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." He has no word to say of Jesus' birth, but with a brief allusion to John the Baptist he passes at once to the baptism of Jesus in the River Jordan. Then he describes the marvelous vision which came to Jesus at that time: "And straightway, coming out of the water, he saw the heavens rent asunder, and the Spirit as a dove descending upon him, and a voice came out of the heavens: 'Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased.' "

This, in St. Mark's opinion, was the great moment of revelation and consecration of Jesus' life, a revelation which changed the whole tenor of His existence, and which gave Him His consciousness of His divine Sonship and of His mission to the world. From this moment He ceased to be a private man and became the divine Teacher. After a brief period of retirement,

meditation and temptation in the wilderness, which was most natural, Jesus comes forth, sure of Himself both in regard to His teaching and as to His power to heal the sick and to cast out devils — and the acceptable year of the Lord begins. An old variant of St. Luke's Gospel, quoting the second psalm, represents the word from Heaven as: "Thou art my beloved son; this day have I begotten thee," and in this form the passage was read in the Greek Church down to the year 300, and in the Latin Church even longer. For this reason, for a long time in the Early Church the festival of Christ's birth was celebrated at the feast of the Epiphany (then regarded as the manifestation of God to Jesus), because the revelation which attended the baptism of Jesus was regarded as His true birth in the Spirit.

In commenting on this account, I shall merely say that whatever other supplementary explanations and hypotheses were put forward, this statement must be allowed to stand. It is contained in our oldest Gospel. It is psychologically and spiritually comprehensible and probable. It accounts in a satisfactory manner for the abrupt change in the life of Jesus and His new consciousness, and it can be compared with similar moments of revelation in the lives of other great religious teachers.

The second commentary on the Life and Mission of the Lord contained in the New Testament consists in the genealogies of Jesus, prefixed to the Gospels of Matthew and Luke. It is a humble attempt, in comparison with the marvelous stories of the Nativity and

the doctrine of the Word made flesh, but none the less these genealogies have been allowed to stand for nineteen Christian centuries in our Gospels and we cannot ignore them. Their object was a purely Jewish desire to prove that Jesus was a true scion of the house of David, from which, according to Jewish expectation, Messiah was to come. All the more certain then is their great antiquity, as this is a conception which would hardly interest Gentile Christians at all. The fact that these genealogies coincide in only a few names indicates that they were not taken from actual family records, but that they were drawn up with an ideal purpose. Both are plainly genealogies of Joseph, who, in the opinion of their authors, was the actual father of Jesus, as otherwise the descent of Jesus from David, through Joseph, would be meaningless and the genealogies vain. These genealogies certainly antedate the Birth Stories, for after the Birth Stories had been written and accepted the genealogies would have been only an offense. If the genealogists had been acquainted with the story of the miraculous birth, we may be sure that they would have given us the genealogy of Mary and not of Joseph. In both our Gospels we see the necessity of reconciling these two irreconcilable conceptions of the human birth of our Lord. St. Matthew says: "And Jacob begat Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus who was called Christ." St. Luke says: "And Jesus, himself, when he began to teach, was about thirty years old, being the son (as was supposed) of Joseph, the son of Heli."

This became plainer when, in the year 1892, the an-

cient Syriac palimpsest was discovered in the convent of St. Catherine, on Mt. Sinai, by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson. This version is generally admitted to have been made from a Greek text more ancient than any which we at present possess. This version of St. Matthew simply reads: "And Jacob begat Joseph, to whom was espoused Mary the Virgin, and Joseph begat Jesus who is called the Christ." In that version the angel announces to Joseph: "She shall bear to thee a son." And later it is stated: "And she bore to him a son."

My comment on this second attempt to glorify Jesus is that in the genealogies appended to St. Matthew and St. Luke we have a genuinely ancient Jewish attempt to establish the Messiahship of Jesus by tracing His descent through Joseph from David. These genealogies certainly antedate the stories of a miraculous birth and are at variance with them. It is, in fact, strange that these irreconcilable statements should have been allowed to stand in the same Gospels, though the final editor of both these Gospels did something to soften the contradictions. In the opinion of both these genealogists, Jesus was the son of Joseph and through him a descendant of David, and therefore in the line through which Messiah should come, the Jews having never entertained the idea that Messiah should be born by other than natural means.

The third attempt in the New Testament, perhaps the first in point of time, to glorify Christ and to give Him an eternal place in the universe of God, is philosophical, and it can be understood only through philosophy. Those theologians who are well read in the his-

tory of philosophy know how to estimate it, but to men unlearned in philosophy it is all a mystery and a subject of debate without end. It is that element of the New Testament represented by St. Paul and other writers, who concern themselves very little with the actual life, teaching and deeds of Jesus, considered as an historical person, but who regard Him as a pre-existent, heavenly being, who, for a little while, became man, but whose real life and ministry are elsewhere. It is this speculative view of the person and mission of Christ which has played so great a part in the history of theology and dogma, and which has given rise to so many controversies. It was this which made St. Paul so indifferent to the life and teaching and healing ministry of Jesus that he seldom alludes to them and which led him to say: "Yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more."

We may cordially accept this philosophy, or we may reject it, but if we wish to understand the religious discussions of the present day we must know something about it. The very introduction to St. John's Gospel, "In the beginning was the Logos," must remain a hopeless enigma to the man who knows nothing of Greek speculation.

In this brief study I can do no justice either to the qualified statements of St. Paul, or to the philosophy in question; but a few remarks on the development of these ideas may do something to clarify our thought. This tendency, like almost every other idealistic tendency in thought, goes back to Plato. Plato regarded this world of the senses as but the shadow, the imperfect

expression of a higher, holier, more permanent world of ideas, of which material things are but faint copies.

The Stoics laid hold of this doctrine and they gave to this rational principle in nature the great name Logos, which means at the same time both Word and Reason, Greeks arguing correctly that without speech there is no reason.

Shortly before the time of Christ, this lofty and ever fascinating manner of philosophizing blossomed forth anew in the school of the Neo-Platonists, and especially in the writings of the great Philo, the Jew, of Alexandria, who was born before Jesus and who lived after Him.

To the Neo-Platonists God was so infinitely removed from this world that He Himself could no wise enter it, for that would contaminate Him. A large part of this philosophy, therefore, devoted itself to the creation of secondary beings coming forth from God, who were able to descend and to bear witness to His uncreated and incommunicable glory to men on earth.

Plato had never personified his world of ideas. With the Neo-Platonists, and especially with Philo, the pre-existing ideas of Plato became merged chiefly into one heavenly being, the first-born of God, the supreme Logos, a conception which we also find in the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament. This Logos is the mediator between God and the world. He is with God from eternity, but he is also in the world, in a sense the creator of the world, the source of all spiritual life and light. He is our intercessor and high priest and our mediator with God. Though he is the chief and highest

manifestation of God, yet beneath him are other similar heavenly presences and emanations, which Paul defines as angels, principalities, powers and dominions.

Philo never dreamt of identifying his Word with any human being. But this is what St. John unhesitatingly did, though Paul also claimed this place in the celestial and eternal world for Jesus. And so entered into the Christian religion the conception of Christ's pre-existence and of His eternal reign with God. St. Paul, it is true, never went so far as to name the word Logos. That was reserved for John, in the majestic prelude of his Gospel. But the general development in the New Testament of the idea of pre-existent, heavenly beings was largely the work of Paul.

This is the true doctrine of the Incarnation — namely, the entrance of such a pre-existent, heavenly Being into this material world, not merely as a spiritual presence or a divine apparition, but in the form of a genuine man, of flesh and blood, possessing a human soul, a true human personality. Into the innumerable problems, difficulties, controversies into which this doctrine has plunged the Church and with which the Church has wrestled with all its strength, I shall not attempt to go.

My comment on this attempt is that it was a true and genuine effort, made with exalted faith, to honor Jesus by making Him one with God and equal with God, and to give Him His place among the eternities. Many of the difficulties the Church experienced, in formulating and applying this doctrine, lay in the fact that it arose from two remote and unassociated sources

— Greek speculative philosophy and Christian faith in Jesus Christ. Its weakness lay in its tendency to turn more and more to metaphysical subtleties, to hopeless psychological enigmas, and to lose sight of the ethical, social and spiritual teaching of Jesus, and, above all, to lose the dear companionship of His personality.

On many of the subjects discussed by the Early Church, modern philosophy is agnostic, on the ground that in this field reason has nothing to work on.

In all this I offer no criticism of the doctrine of Christ's oneness with God, or that in Christ God was truly incarnate. My criticism is only directed against the extravagance and the shadowy character of the Neo-Platonic philosophy. And yet, until we have a philosophy of our own which better represents what we feel and believe in regard to the divine greatness of Jesus, we should not criticize too severely a philosophy which is noble and spiritual in itself, and which lent itself well as a background to the sublime musings of Paul and John.

I reiterate that the entrance of a pre-existent, heavenly Being into the world as a perfect man, and not the doctrine of the Virgin birth, is the true doctrine of the Incarnation. In this the Bishops' Pastoral has erred, and the proof of this is that the source from which we derive this doctrine, the two Christian teachers, who, more than all others, have given the doctrine of the Incarnation to the Church, have nothing to say of a Virgin birth. "Born of the seed of David, according to the flesh," says St. Paul, thereby agreeing with our genealogies. "Born of a woman, born under the Law," either

the law under which all pious Israelites were born, or under the law which is common to man.

St. John, who holds the highest view of the divinity of Christ and the Incarnation and who most absolutely identifies Him with the divine Word, alludes in his Gospel twice to the birth of Jesus — once when Philip says: "We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph," and again when the people say: "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know?"

The fourth attempt to account for Jesus and to glorify Him is St. Paul's divine, typical and archetypal man, the Second Adam and the goal of creation, a conception which lends itself more easily to our philosophy and to a belief in Evolution.

The fifth attempt is the doctrine of the Virgin birth, contained in the two divine preludes of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, an article of belief which is attracting so much attention today. This subject is too important and too intricate to be dealt with summarily, and I shall therefore reserve it for another study.

LOVE AND DEATH*

We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love. — *I John 3, part of verse 14.*

THIS IS CERTAINLY a very wonderful saying, and if we heard it today for the first time it would give us something to think about. St. John adds, it is true, "the brethren," but the object of love is not the important thing; it is love itself which is amazing. There are some things we encounter in life which we fancy we understand simply because we are familiar with their action, but as to which — like the breath of the Spirit — we know not whence they come and whither they go. The greatest of these presences are Love and Death, the twin mysteries of life, which so many mythologies have represented as the two faces of the same deity. What is love? What is death? If we could give a perfect answer to these questions we should comprehend all that is essential of the riddle of life. Or, if we knew what one of them is, we should probably know the other also.

"These two figures, Love and Death," as Edward Carpenter says, "move through the world like the closest friends, indeed never far separate and together dominating it, and yet like the bitterest enemies, each dogging the footsteps of the other, each undoing the work of the other, as they fight for the souls and bodies of men."

All religions of mankind have set themselves to explain the mystery of death, but only the Christian re-

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, October 14, 1923.

ligion has undertaken to solve the meaning of love. Science thinks it has done its duty in explaining love merely as Nature's provision for the creation of new life, and in laying down its wholesome precepts of eugenics, which God knows we need. But children, though the crown and blessing of love, are not its sole source and object, nor does even so wonderful a thing as the creation of new life exhaust love's meaning and wonder. There is also something in love for the lover, apart from its value to the next generation. In spiritualizing love man has made his greatest moral advance and has laid the foundation of all his future greatness. He has invested love with revery, and he dreams of making it eternal. He does not limit it to one function, and that function attained, it does not cease. From henceforth it becomes the most important part of his life. Love that looks forward to its own end and which does not believe itself to be eternal is a blasphemy.

From this consciousness springs the major part of our most imperishable literature. Love and Death are the themes of our greatest dramas, our tenderest lyrics, our most moving romances, our most intimate art and of the music which speaks to the heart. It would seem that here we touch another world, perhaps the very source of life itself, a world to us otherwise unknown, where all is exalted and poignant, where joy is unearthly and ineffable, and where doubt and sorrow are a thousand times more dreadful, a world which most men and women enter once in their lives, but which something — the weakness of their mortal nature, selfishness, blindness, lack of faith, lack of forgiveness — prevents

them from making their permanent and everlasting home. So the glory fades into the light of common day, and the blossoms of that incomparable springtide wither. So the gates of that celestial paradise close, and cherubim and the flaming sword bar the way to our return, and we find ourselves again in this finite world which we account real, simply because it is so dull and unmiraculous. This is the great tragedy of life — our brief contact with reality, which we call "illusion," followed by disillusion — the return to the commonplace. Love reveals in men qualities, the noblest and the best, the strangest and the most primitive which, without love, they would never know they possessed. This is not something man has created, but which, in all the reaches of his emotional and spiritual life, has created him. Here he unconsciously came into contact with some invisible power which has profoundly altered his whole life. Can anyone imagine what a desert this world would be without it? We need not trouble ourselves to picture the torments of an inferno. To live without love were hell enough.

This creative breath goes forth, the breath which has not yet created, and all sentient beings thrill and are transformed as it breathes on them. Fishes paint themselves with wondrous colors, and put on their glorious nuptial dress. Salmon hear the distinct call in their safe home in the depths of the sea, and with incomprehensible instinct, they set forth on their long journey, beset with a thousand dangers, to the upper reaches of the very river in which they themselves were born, and where they, in turn, would deposit their eggs

and where they begin a longer fast than either Christians or Mohammedans ever practice. Insects fly in the sunlight and are endowed with premonitions of coming changes and metamorphoses which pass our comprehension. The lark, filling the air with glorious song, mounts to Heaven. The hidden nightingale, beneath the moon, pours forth his soul in an ode to passion and to death. Great stags and bulls, clad in new armor made for the occasion, and which after these great weeks they soon lay aside, lose their habitual caution, forsake their secure solitude and wander far and wide. Of their psychology, of the profound inward and spiritual changes which are the causes of all these immense outward changes, we know next to nothing. Their poetry, except perhaps that of the birds, is written in an unknown language. But one thing we see: for the time being individual life is swallowed up in something we must still call love, and to accomplish the act of creation innumerable of these mysterious creatures lay life down without hesitation and, as far as we can apprehend, without regret.

One feels that here one is groping amid mighty mysteries, which far transcend reason and description, uttering words which may or may not mean anything to the hearers, according to what they themselves have felt or experienced.

"Nay, be assured no secret can be told
To any who divined it not before."

When St. Paul was caught up to the third heaven he was content to say he had seen things which could

not be uttered, but when he wrote his great Hymn to Love his whole soul became vocal and lyrical.

Love comes to man and transforms him, so that for the time being, at least, all the rest of the world appears to him unreal and unimportant. But this is the constantly recurring phenomenon we observe in all great awakenings of the soul, when a new light dawns so dazzling as to obscure all lesser lights, a new reality is presented so overpoweringly as to cause that we had accounted reality to seem unreal. Death also comes to man and transforms him, transforms him so profoundly that for him this physical and material life no longer exists at all; and at present we are related to one of these mysteries much as we are to the other. To me, man's survival of bodily death is practically a certainty, but what the life after death is we have, really, no knowledge at all.

So, in love we come into the presence of another mighty, transforming reality, call it a spiritual, cosmic energy, the face of Deity, the image of the Godhead, what you will—a power which contains within itself many elements, some old, some new, some spiritual, some physical, some purely divine, others very human, some creative and looking to the future, others redemptive and glorifying the present; a force which entered the world perhaps in the soul of a mother, and which finds its perfect form and expression only in Jesus Christ, who alone dared to trust love utterly, and to use this mightiest of all redemptive forces as the moving spring of His religion. It was He who took from love its weaker, darker elements, its jealousy and ferocity,

its too great dependence on the senses, its transitoriness, its selfishness, sadness and disillusion; and He invested it with the quality of sanctity and immortality by identifying it with the life of God, and by assuring us that somewhere there exists the perfect love, the perfection for which we strive.

That is the real meaning of Christ's great call to the slumbering souls of men: "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." This great word Repentance, *Metanoia*, does not mean primarily compunction, or sorrow for sin. It means a change of disposition in regard to the two great realities with which we are forever confronted — God and our soul.

The God whom the Hebrews had conceived as jealous, revengeful, begrudging man knowledge and immortality, and partial only to the Jews, Jesus conceives as the one universal Father who makes His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sends His refreshing rain to the just and to the unjust, whose eternal nature is to give, and whose attributes are love, light, peace, reason.

Instead of regarding man as a being essentially evil and deeply fallen from God, Jesus conceives of him as a child, it is true with a child's blemishes and imperfections and immaturity, but as the true, legitimate and genuine child of God, filled with the divine nature. If man were essentially evil there would be no such thing as sin. In doing wrong man would be only expressing himself. The whole sinfulness of sin lies in the fact that man is essentially good. Hence it is that Jesus regarded evil as an adventitious thing, as a kind of sickness of the

soul which needs healing, not condemnation and punishment, whose only atonement is to do better.

Instead of conceiving the human race to be deeply and permanently divided by descent, by color, by nationality and caste and education, Jesus conceived of all men as essentially one, by virtue of their common relation to a single Father and their consequent human qualities and characteristics. Far as we are from realizing this superb and unsurpassable conception, we are yet obliged to admit that there is no other power strong enough to deliver us from the hideous exigencies of war and from the dissolution of society by egotism and legalized theft than the sense of a common brotherhood. Without this inward change of thought and disposition which Jesus insisted on, the Kingdom of God in any real and valuable sense can never come. All our efforts to attain salvation through economic and industrial readjustments, without inward renewal and the spirit of Christ, are only shuffling and cutting the old pack we have played with so long, and making a new deal, with the certainty that if some hold good hands, others must hold bad. I think particularly of the ruin of the spiritual classes and also that at the present time nine European states are in the hands of Dictators.

What we need today is something new, since every one who has eyes to see understands that the old is about worn out, and the new experiment, the greatest ever offered to man, is the faithful, practical application of the Religion of Jesus Christ. This opportunity will not be offered to us always. If we reject this, our next choice will be worse.

The world's greatest menace and horror, its moral evil, before which moralists stand aghast and over which Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus lifted their pure voices, like angels weeping over the damned, never disturbed the serenity of Jesus' soul, or put Him out of countenance. He had a natural liking and affection for those whom we politely call "sinners," and He found, even in the lowest of them, some soul of goodness on which He could act. He taught, as His supreme lesson to man, a new reverence, reverence for that which is beneath us — "Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." Not that those things we account evil are holy, admirable or even respectable in themselves, but that in healing the sick, converting the sinner, consoling the sorrowful, drying up some pools of this ocean of tears, man appears in his divinest light and most truly as the child of God; and, moreover, it is only by such selfless and devoted effort that the evil and sorrow of this world will ever be overcome.

So Jesus conceived of love. And if there be any to whom this great mystery of revelation and contact with the divine appears alluring, if there are any to whom this material world and this mundane life without a spiritual interpretation and meaning seem unreal, uninteresting and hopeless, if there are any who are disappointed in themselves and in their relations with other men, let me advise such to renew the sources of their being, and, even though old, to be born again, by making trial of this great mystery of Jesus Christ, and renewing their lives through love.

In Love we transcend this phenomenal, transitory world and come into contact with a higher and more vital form of reality. On this adamantine axle the whole world revolves. The deepest and the greatest thing in love is that which, according to our material way of looking at things, does not exist at all. If you are tired of this finite world, there is an infinite world not far from you, to which you can escape. If people weary you and bore you, it is because you have never penetrated to the wonderful soul they so carefully conceal. What Shakespeare, Goethe and Balzac saw in men and women really exists, but they saw only a little way in comparison with what Jesus Christ saw. If men or women wound you or offend you, forgive them and love them still. Hatred darkens our eyes and gives us nothing but sorrow. The only real harm in hatred is to the hater. If you would find life absorbingly interesting, use it in the service of your fellow men and you will not find it too long. And when the end comes, and the last great revelation is made, perhaps we shall find that the old mythologists were right and that Death is but the hand which withdraws the veil from the face of Love, and admits us to the very presence of God.

“We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love.”

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD*

I am the light of the world.— *St. John 8:12.*

How I FEEL my own nothingness in the presence of such a text as this! Who among us is worthy to comment on these words, let alone to utter them of himself? Which is more wonderful, that Jesus' great disciple, John, represents Him as speaking them, or that we, in Boston, after nineteen hundred years, must admit that they are true?

By calling Himself the Light of the World Jesus identifies Himself and His religion with the purest, most beneficent phenomenon of Nature. He places Himself on the side of all that is revealing, rational and ideal. The eye is a purer organ than the hand. It surveys all and injures nothing. Light, with all its marvelous power of revelation, is incapable of defilement. Whether it is shining on frozen seas, or illuminating the stainless peaks of mountains, or falling pityingly or accusingly on fields of battle or abodes of shame, it suffers no contamination. Although the cause of all life on earth, it itself is not of the earth, but comes to us on its swift wings from the abysses of heaven.

The thought carries us at once out into the world and beyond the world to those illimitable spaces between the stars on whose dizzy paths only light passes. We think of God's sun rising in the morning to awaken and vivify a sleeping world, of the moon shedding her

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, December 19, 1926.

pale glory over the earth, of the stars breaking out, one by one, until the empty heavens are populous and glorious, of leaping tongues of red fire, of the gorgeous or delicate tints of ten thousand flowers, the painted wing of a butterfly or a bird, the solemn white light of dawn and the colored lights of sunset, the brilliant fires of the diamond, the ruby, the emerald and the soft lustre of the pearl — all various aspects of the marvelous fact of light.

Then turn from the outer world to the inner, to the light which shines in the mind and soul of man, the true Shechina of God. Think how that light, small and fitful as it appears to be, reveals a world more wonderful than that the sun reveals. Think from what slight hints man has grasped the whole incalculable problem of Nature and of life, and that, however vast be the abysmal domain of ignorance, mystery and darkness, there is still the charmed circle of light and of knowledge which is ever expanding, ever growing. Think of those illuminating intelligences which are altogether on the side of light, those calm and strong souls who can be deceived by no popular fanaticism and adore only truth, and rejoice that your religion identifies itself wholly with light and that its only mission to darkness is to overcome it and to transform it.

Then turn to the conscience of the just and consider the way of the upright, and see that what distinguishes him from the sinner is that he walks in the light in ways which need not be concealed, on straight paths on which the light leads him. The principles of his life reveal themselves. He acts as he would have all man-

kind act and so that the rule of his life may serve as a universal principle of conduct. So Confucius said: "How can a man be concealed?"

The extraordinary thing is not merely that Jesus, according to St. John, should have said: "I am the Light of the World," but that through the intervening ages He has made that statement good. Few indeed have been the geniuses who were not nurtured and developed by the Church and the Bible. Except for a brief period among the Arabs, where else than in Christendom has the light of reason shone, or have science and philosophy maintained themselves? What other people than Christian people have attained liberty? Christianity found our own forefathers nomadic barbarians, and she has trained them into the great nations which dominate the earth.

In saying this I intend no insult to the earlier religious teachers of mankind. They have made the night beautiful, but they could not make the day. So Mohammed chose as the symbol of Islam the crescent moon, little reflecting that as the moon waxes she also wanes, while Christians from the earliest times have hailed Jesus as the "Sun of Righteousness."

Thousands know not what they have to thank Him for and therefore thank Him not. Yet take out of the world all the light of love and truth and goodness and beauty which Christ and His Saints, the Church and the Bible have added to human life, and our vaunted civilization would not maintain itself for a century, but would succumb to sheer sorrow and crime and disgust of life, and go the way the world was going when Jesus

was born into it. The plain fact is that the world cannot exist without Jesus, for He has revealed to us what God is and what man's life may be by faith in God; and this He did largely by showing us how a whole, perfect and divine life can be led on this earth.

"Ah!" you say, "there is the difficulty. If only I could conceive of God as Jesus conceived of Him; if, in the face of all the sorrow and the cruelty and the wickedness of the world, I could believe in a God of love! If Jesus were alive today and were acquainted with all the hard facts which our study of Nature and of war has brought to light, would He believe as He once believed? Would He tell us that the hairs of our head are all numbered and that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father? I can feel and adore the goodness of Jesus. I would regulate my life by His law of love. Would that I could feel so toward the Being who is ultimately responsible for the evil and sorrow of the world."

And yet Jesus, who came from God and went to God, and who knew God as no one else has known Him, so believed and from this belief He derived His very life. As this world exists in time, it is subject to the vicissitudes of time. As it exists through universal laws which are wholly beneficent, it is impossible that those laws should not sometimes bear heavily on individuals. You may regard death as the greatest evil. I do not regard death as the greatest evil, nor as any evil at all. As the world is undergoing a slow process of development, no one but a simpleton would expect to find it perfect or the conditions of life perfect. Except in mo-

ments of deep sorrow and discouragement, we can take pride and pleasure in the thought that we are God's builders and workmen whom the great Architect has placed here to build His great house of life and, if we and our fathers had built better, we should not have so much to find fault with in this world now.

A generation ago the universe suddenly became so great that man seemed to be nothing at all, a thing of nought and of no importance. Today astronomers seriously doubt if among all the heavenly bodies there is another planet whose conditions would permit the rise and development of such a race of rational and spiritual beings as man. It may be that we alone of finite beings have apprehended the universe, that in us it first woke to consciousness and that we are fighting the battle of light against darkness for all worlds. Up to this moment only once has perfection appeared on this earth, in Jesus Christ. Yet from His perfection it ought to be possible for us to believe in the perfection of the infinite God. Within my lifetime the discovery has been made that a fixed relation exists between the chemical composition of a body and the light which that body emits. The light of the most distant star, passing through a spectrum, reveals the nature of that star and we know the substances of which it is composed as well as if we held them in our hand. So, there must be a relation between God and the light which comes from God. We cannot think of Jesus as apart from God, for His whole life was in God. He was God incarnate in this world. We cannot think of Jesus as different from God or as better than God, for His whole desire was to identify

Himself with God and to do the will of God, and He Himself said: "There is none good but One, that is God." We can only think that Jesus knew God as we do not know Him. Modesty should prevent us from denying this proposition. Our greatest reason for believing in the love and goodness of God will always be Jesus Christ. Much of the light which falls on us from God we quench by unbelief and inattention and by the opacity of our minds, and what we do not quench we bend and distort to our own self-interest. Through the crystal purity of Jesus' soul, the light of God shone as it came from the Father of Lights, whole, white, perfect and entire, and revealed itself as goodness, truth and beauty. Hence the apostle James was able to say: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of Lights in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

How Christians wrong themselves and their religion when they fear the light and seek to quench the light and imagine in their faithlessness that truth proceeds from any other source than God, or that any fact in this universe is inconsistent with any other fact! What a wave of reaction and obscurantism, not to say fanaticism has passed over this country during the past eight or ten years! I ascribe this partly to the mob thinking and mob psychology which is always engendered by war, partly to the fact that by reason of great fortunes made during the War, a class of men has emerged in America to whom science, philosophy and criticism are new arts which they do not as yet understand. For many centuries religion has been engaged in establish-

ing its great thesis. For the past hundred and fifty years science has been at work on its antithesis. The time is now at hand for humanity to take a gigantic step forward by uniting this thesis and antithesis in a higher synthesis which shall include both.

We do not yet see these two greatest creations of the human soul rising like twin harmonious spires above the temple of humanity. Rather I conceive our situation to be this: There is a wide and deep gulf, a profound abyss before us which it is necessary for us to cross, if human evolution is to continue upward, beyond which lie the fertile fields, the new and richer and greater life humanity shall inherit. On either side of this abyss, two groups of engineers and workmen have long been at work independently, trying to span with a bridge this obstacle to humanity's progress. One of those camps works in the name of religion, the other in the name of science, and, after many efforts, it seems to be evident that neither alone is able to construct that bridge of the soul across which mankind can pass to new life. If these two groups continue to regard each other with enmity and if one rejects the labors of the other, both their bridges will end in a broken arch in mid-air over which no one can pass. If they regard each other with bare tolerance, they may build so that their works will abut on each other, but their bridges will have no continuity nor permanent strength.

A voice tells me that the progress of mankind will not be held in check much longer by these absurd bickerings and misunderstandings, but that science and religion will unite to build this bridge and to render a

service to mankind which neither is able to perform alone. That bridge, when it is built, will close the gulf which yawns between the noblest parts of human nature, the mind and the soul. As long as it exists man will be a crippled, an inharmonious and unhappy being. When those great powers are integrated a new day will dawn. We shall no longer have men who think and who know finite things, but do not believe divine things, and men who believe, but neither think nor know. Materialism, the denial of the spiritual, will cease, and we shall see that just as the soul expresses itself through the body, which is a wonderful mechanism, so the Spirit of God expresses itself through the universe, which is a more wonderful mechanism. In this thought there is a place for both science and religion. "They that worship the Father," said Jesus, "shall worship him in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

As we look out into the heavens on a clear night, by far the greater part is black. Only here and there do you see points of light. The stars shine and the moon sheds her radiance, but the great heavens themselves through which millions of light waves are streaming are as black as ink. Only where those waves encounter a body able to reflect them do they reveal themselves as light. And so the spiritual energy of God may thrill through all this universe and only where it encounters a soul capable of comprehending and reflecting it does it reveal itself as beauty, truth and goodness. What if infinite wisdom planned this universe and holds the stars together and allots to them their unspeakable destinies,

only a seeing eye, only a feeling heart knows it. For God to reveal Himself He must encounter some being made in His image and filled with His love, which can comprehend His thought. Is it not just this, the fact that all light comes from above and reveals God, which gives to every discovery and to every great thought its romantic charm and interest? It is God alone whom we really desire to know.

Jesus claims all — the intellect, the heart, the will, without the sacrifice of one to the other. Beauty, truth and goodness, these are the component parts of His religion. There is only one Father of Lights. Today we are preparing ourselves once more to welcome Him in all the humility and heavenly purity of His birth as a human child. We rejoice in all the kindness and good will, the generosity and love which wake spontaneously in our hearts at this time. But there is something more, a desire and a longing to enter this holy mystery ourselves. The tender remembrance of other days of Christmas past and of vanished faces and of our dear parents awakens a sweet melancholy in many gentle hearts. Something mysterious, holy, elusive, greatly to be desired, hovers just beyond our reach. Perhaps it is the half consciousness of heavenly spirits who descend now to bless us and to charm away the grief of earth. Perhaps it is the vanished paradise of our childhood's joy and innocence to which we long to return. May something of these holy mysteries take possession of us. May we find what we desire and enter into the joy of our Lord.

“Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
Be He not born in me, my heart is all forlorn.”

— *Martin Luther.*

O heart, why fare to foreign land
His lowly cradle to adore,
Or, in rapt wonderment to stand
By grave which holds thy Lord no more?
That He in thee has had His birth,
And that thou diest unto earth,
And liv’st to Him, — these only are
Thy Bethlehem and Golgotha.

— *Rueckert.*

JACOB AND THE ANGEL*

And Jacob was left alone and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. — *Genesis 32:24.*

THESE WORDS recall one of the most mysterious stories of the olden time. Jacob, after his long absence, was on his way home. Forced to fly from Esau's anger, he had betaken himself to Laban in Haran, where he had turned his keen wits to such good account that he had acquired Laban's two daughters and most of his sheep. He had crossed Jordan with his staff in his hand, and he returned with two bands. But persons with such a highly developed faculty of acquisitiveness seldom find it desirable to remain in one place, and Jacob, having got all he could out of Laban, began to think of his old home and to turn his steps thither. But now the day of reckoning is at hand. There are no persons whom we ought to choose with greater care than our enemies, for we never know when we may be in their power. (Oscar Wilde.) As Jacob neared the confines of Canaan, he suddenly remembered his brother and the ancient wrong he had done him. He realized that he had come to a crisis in his life and, like most men under such circumstances, he desired to be alone. He sent his wives, his children and his flocks across the brook Jabbok, and he himself remained behind on the farther side, and darkness fell.

I wonder if any of you have spent a night alone in the wilderness with a heavy, troubled heart? If so, you

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, Trinity Sunday, 1920.

will understand the horror of thick darkness which fell upon Jacob. The vast solitude of Nature, the silence and the voices of the night, the mysterious, intangible fear of the unknown still cause the human spirit to quail and shudder; and our night thoughts are so different from our day thoughts that it seems as if another spirit wakes within us.

It seemed to Jacob that God was against him, and that a being in the similitude of God wrestled with him, threatening to destroy him. And still he did not flinch, but wrestled with a man's strength. And the being said: "Let me go for the day breaketh." And he said: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And he said: "What is thy name?" And he said: "Jacob." And he said: "Thy name shall no more be called Jacob (the supplanter) but Israel (perseverer with God), for as a prince thou hast power with God and man and hast prevailed."

These are two scenes in the life of this man which reveal a nature at variance with his usual cupidity and cunning—his wrestling with God and his dream of the ladder set up between Heaven and earth, which he did not attempt to mount. The whole tenor of his life reveals him as the true father of the Jews, a being of contradictions, a combination of the sordid and the sublime. The Jews produced an incomparable race of prophets who always reproached them for their hardness of heart and incredulity. The Jews converted the world to monogamy without themselves ever condemning polygamy. They gave the world its Messiah and crucified Him. The world has believed in an eternal life

for man on the word of the Jews who, themselves, have never half believed it.

But these contradictions are contained in human nature itself, for man is above all things a composite being. Everything connects him closely with the animal world. We see in him not merely the same bodily frame and organs, but the same animal nature and instincts — the burden of the creature. And yet, at man's first appearance in history, he had already passed beyond the confines of the animal kingdom. He belongs to it, yet does not belong to it. He experiences emotions, thinks thoughts and does deeds which no animal has thought, experienced or attempted. By standing erect on his feet and by turning his face toward Heaven, he has liberated his hands to work for him. By depending on his wits, rather than on his strength, he has begun to develop an intellect to think for him; and who can say to what height it will exalt him? By his capacity for permanent affection he has founded the family, and has begun to lead a moral life in the sense of accepting responsibility for his acts. While still a member of the animal kingdom, it is evident that he has passed beyond it; for, while other species remain stationary, he progresses. Human society is formed and the laws which govern human society, and at once it begins to make war on his animal nature, to impose many burdensome and severe restraints on his old tendencies. Of the writings of one of the old Greek sophists, but a single line has come down to us: "Law is the tyrant of man, for it frequently compels him to forego his natural inclinations."

This second stage of development we may call the age of humanity, for the differences which separate him from the animal kingdom are already greater and more striking than the ties which unite him to it. But is this the end or the way to the end? He has subjected the animal without him. Can he transform the animal within him? Is this all he is capable of becoming, a citizen of this world, an animal which thinks, capable only of extending, solidifying, refining his social relationships? What prevents us from believing this is the rudiment which we already discover of new spiritual faculties, the faint perception of a relationship with an unseen world. He begins to commune with the invisible and to judge his life in the light of an ideal, and when stricken to earth he lifts his eyes to Heaven. Just as his intelligence was grafted on to his animality and began at once to redeem it, so is his spiritual faculty grafted on to both his animality and his intellect, and it begins a new work of redemption.

At first this faculty is very rudimentary, and its creations seem to us so bizarre and irrational that they look like aberrations — an element of insanity and superstition, rather than the revelation of a new world and the winning of a soul. And so they would be if these spiritual faculties remained stationary while the rest of our nature developed. But they do not. They are like the first glimmerings of reason, faint and weak, but of infinite promise for the future. They reveal to man the moral law to which his conscience bows in reverence. They offer him the only thing on earth of value for its own sake — the life of the soul. They open to

him the infinite and eternal world of the spirit. They add a new cubit to his stature, a new charm to his intelligence. They set up new ideals of goodness which, without them, he would never attain. They incarnate themselves in the greatest geniuses of our race. From henceforth we may say: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

These, then, are the three elements of human nature — the divine triad repeated in man — animality, humanity, spirituality. Man as an animal, man as a social being, man as a divine being. These, very simply stated, are the components of our human nature, and whatever we are capable of being or becoming results from the interplay of these forces. Because they are different in their nature, their appeal and their effects, there results, from their mingling in one being, all the strangeness of human life, its lack of harmony and its possibility of progress, the inconsistency of our conduct, the swift fluctuations of our feelings as we yield to one or another of our instincts, the pain of struggle and of self-reproach, the sense of being drawn in opposite directions, the longing for peace, the amazing differences which exist between men, in short, the whole tragedy and the comedy of human life. People speak confidently of hypocrisy. In my experience I have rarely, if ever, encountered a conscious hypocrite. What we do constantly meet with is men and women whose conduct is inconsistent with itself, as now one and now another antagonistic element of their natures expresses itself, without reference to a higher controlling thought or purpose. This is what Plato referred to in his ad-

mirable parable of the charioteer. What makes man the most suffering of all creatures is that he has one foot on the finite and the other on the infinite, and is torn asunder, not between two wild horses but between two worlds.

The task to be performed is the harmonizing of these three elements. That is the solution of the problem of human life and there is no other solution. Many persons have judged otherwise. They have sought not to develop and to harmonize, but to crush and to kill. Some have aimed at the annihilation of the body, which they have represented as the source of all evil and have overwhelmed with infamy. Others have sought to humiliate and trammel the intellect. Others have tried to extirpate the spiritual. But these attempts have never succeeded, and if they should succeed they would only dwarf and mutilate human nature. The law of life and peace and harmony and progress is that the lower should serve the higher. Animality must be subject to reason. Animality and reason must be directed by goodness. As the intellect, which belongs to earth and is concerned only with finite things, was given to transform our earthly condition and to make us rational beings, so spirituality was given to transform us more profoundly, to lift us above the things of time, and to make us citizens of an eternal world.

This is not a work which can be done in a day. Already we see man subjected to a certain extent to this spiritualizing process, but at war with his intellect and bound by instincts and appetites inherited from an illimitable past. His animality demands one form of ex-

pression. Social laws and requirements insist on modifying it, and demand at least a certain outward conformity and standard of conduct. Spirituality demands a profounder and a more inward change, that the whole man, in his inmost thought and heart's desire, be brought into conformity with the highest ideal of goodness. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time — but I say unto you" — such is its injunction.

So begins the great struggle of life in which he who subjects the spiritual to the animal is defeated, and he who subjects the physical to the spiritual gains the victory. Intellect without spirituality is but a monster which may at any time annihilate progress. Intellect at war with spirituality is dissociation of our highest faculties — which paralyzes us and works fearful havoc. We have witnessed the greatest example of this which the world has ever seen in the war. In one of his most philosophical books, "The Magic Skin,"* Balzac draws for us a sombre picture of the conflict of the different elements of our nature. He represents Raphael, as Goethe represented Faust, as a man of the highest intellect in order to show that intellect, in itself, is no safeguard against the temptations of our lower nature any more than it is a safeguard against suicide, but that men of intellect are peculiarly exposed to such temptations, and that intellect and egotism form a particularly dangerous combination.

Raphael, after years of poverty and hardship, honorably borne, is famishing for pleasure. He finds his op-

* See Gestefeld, "The Metaphysics of Balzac," from which this statement is taken.

portunity in the gift of the Magic Skin from the old antiquary, which has power to grant his every wish, but, with each gratification, the skin shrinks and the end of the skin is the end of his life. No sooner is he in possession of this talisman than he dares not use it, for to such a man death is the worst of evils. Having power to gratify every desire he loses all capacity for enjoyment. He cannot even afford the luxury of a good action, for this, too, causes the skin to contract. Do we not see that the wages of sin is death? He was conqueror only as far as he was able to repress every desire, good as well as bad, for every desire yielded to brought him nearer death. His futile attempts to get rid of the skin, to lose it, to expand it again by the aid of the greatest men of science, only show that the laws of cause and effect cannot be broken. At last love, in its purest, loveliest form, is offered to him, but it comes too late. When he loves Pauline for her sake the skin does not contract and deliriously he thinks he is saved. But as soon as, in accordance with his nature, he loves her for his own sake, and as the minister of his pleasure, death is at the door.

This, in the opinion of two such observers as Goethe and Balzac, is what it is to lose our soul. It is to subject it to the senses until the spiritual gives up the struggle and ceases to exist for us. The essence of pleasure lies in receiving, not in giving, while the life of the soul lies in action and in service. Therein lies woman's great superiority to man. Woman's power is spirituality. She is more directly in contact with the divine and we must receive this gift from her, and she

spiritualizes all she gives us. She knows the blessedness of giving for its own sake, and we must learn the lesson of purity, unselfishness and love from her and through her. What a man is able to discern in woman and to appropriate from her is the highest test of his spirituality, and I sometimes think with Renan that the final judgment we shall all undergo in the great valley of Jehoshaphat will be but the echo of the judgment pronounced on us in silence by the women who have loved us.

“All things temporal
Are but as symbols sent.
Earth’s insufficiency
Here draws to event
The indescribable,
Here it is done.
The woman soul leadeth us
Upward and on.”

These are the last words of Goethe’s wisdom.

THE WISE MEN AND THE STAR*

For we have seen his star in the East and are come to worship him.—*St. Matthew 2:2.*

I DO NOT INTEND to preach a sermon today. From time to time, when I am able to throw some new light on the life of the Lord, or to corroborate the truth of an important passage of Scripture, I like to think that you are sufficiently interested in the sacred sources of our religion to be glad to listen to a truthful, carefully considered statement on the subject.

Year by year we celebrate the coming of the Wise Men. Among the strange figures which surround the cradle of Jesus, they and their star are the most picturesque and their story is the most beautiful. The Church has consecrated a whole season to their memory, the pleasant season of Epiphany, with its dawning lights and lengthening days. And this season is one of the oldest which Christianity possesses; centuries before the birth of Jesus was celebrated on Christmas day, Epiphany, the feast of Lights and of the descent of the Spirit on Jesus at His baptism, was religiously observed throughout Christendom.

The sudden appearance of the Magi, representatives of an older culture and devotees of an ancient science, their faith, their rare and exotic gifts, their wonderful guiding star, Jesus' life star, has touched the imagination of the whole world. Perhaps no more beau-

**Emmanuel Church, Boston, the Sunday after Epiphany, 1927.*

tiful poetic narrative exists. The question which presents itself to us is this — is the wonderful story of the faith of the Wise Men of the heathen world pure poetry? Did their beloved star ever shine in heaven, or only in the inspired pages of some ancient prophet or reflective seer?

You will remember well the superb poetical parable of Balaam recorded in the Book of Numbers:

“I shall see him, but not now.
I shall behold him, but not nigh.
There shall come forth a star out of Jacob,
And a sceptre shall arise out of Israel.”

This passage, on account of the mystery of its words and the high destiny it promised to Israel, was regarded as Messianic. An ancient Syriac text, translated by William Wright, which is believed to go back to the Church historian Eusebius, in the fourth century, states that these words of Balaam were preserved among the Moabites and Ammonites, and finally were deposited in the fortress of Ecbatana in Persia, so that they became famous throughout the East. It is this Star, in the opinion of many scholars, which reappears in St. Matthew’s story of the Magi. It introduces an idea not found elsewhere in the Bible, but old as man’s study of the heavens, namely that man’s destiny is influenced by the position of the planets at the time of his birth, and that when a great human life begins a new star, its life star, rises in heaven — a thought dear to Napoleon Bonaparte and which William Wordsworth elaborated in his most magical poem, “*Intimations of Immortality*.”

So the Wise Men from the East appear in Jerusalem with this question: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star at its rising (not 'in the East'), and are come to worship him." To these bright figures and to this bright faith, the first fruits as it were of the Gentile world, the aged and gloomy figure of the murderous Herod stands in dark contrast. St. Matthew, it is true, here quotes no prophecies, but instructed by him in the earlier parts of his work, we can easily think of others. In addition to Balaam's star we remember Isaiah's wonderful Sixtieth Chapter, "Arise, shine, for thy light hath come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee . . . And nations shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness of thy rising . . . They shall bring gold and frankincense" (only the bitter myrrh is here omitted). So, for these reasons — the evident influence of ancient prophecy to which St. Matthew attached so much importance, and the part played by astrology, which is an offense to the learned today — this lovely Christmas story has been relegated by the majority of scholars to the realm of myth and imagination.

Will you allow me, however, to present to you a few facts, not long known, which may cause us to think differently? But first we must go back to earlier days. More than three hundred years ago, to be exact, on December 17, 1603, the devout and illustrious astronomer, Kepler, looking through his telescope at Prague, in Bohemia, witnessed a rare spectacle, namely a conjunction of the great planets Jupiter, Saturn and Mars in the constellation Pisces. Struck by the sublime

thought that this brilliant spectacle which dominated the heavens might be the Star of the Wise Men, Kepler undertook a laborious mathematical calculation, as the result of which he believed he had proved that a similar conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn had occurred shortly before the birth of Jesus, about June 22, 7 B. C., and that from February to May in the year 6 B. C. (less than two years before the birth of Christ), the planet Mars was in conjunction with the other two planets.

Since I have mentioned this remarkable man, let me tell you through what difficulties he passed to greatness. He was a premature and puny child. His father deserted his family when Kepler was a boy, leaving them in deep poverty. Later in his life his mother was imprisoned as a witch and was threatened with torture. At the age of four Kepler had such an attack of smallpox as to cripple his hands and permanently injure his eyesight, so that when he grew up his mother, thinking that he was good for nothing else, wished him to enter the Church. Yet this crippled and half-blind boy lived to behold and record the glory of God and to mark an epoch in the history of science. How much of the world's best work has been done by invalids! If man, in the name of Eugenics, had taken it upon himself to decide who should survive and who should die, how many great and precious lives would have been lost to the world.

For a long time this striking statement of Kepler's bore no fruit. It was mentioned in every work on the New Testament and on the birth of the Lord, but as far as I know no other astronomer verified his calcula-

tions. At last, in our own day, a strange and unexpected corroboration of Kepler's calculations has come to us from eyewitnesses. Among the amazing documents of man's past achievements which have been recovered from Egypt an astronomical papyrus was discovered early in this century which gives the position of the planets by observation from the year 17 B. C. to the year 10 A. D. This contemporary chart records the conjunction of Jupiter with Saturn in Aries and it also states that several other such conjunctions took place in Aries, interrupted by one conjunction in Pisces, and that one of these periods began on the fifteenth of April, 6 B. C., and that Jupiter became stationary and stood in Aries on the twenty-seventh of December in the same year.

Without following these astronomical observations further, we must admit that we have here evidence for the Star of the Wise Men we little imagined would ever be given us. Herod, as is well known, died in Jerusalem shortly before Easter in the year 4 B. C. If he were alive when Jesus was born, it is certain that the Christian Era, which was determined centuries later without much historical knowledge, began at least four years too late, in the year of the founding of Rome 753, not 749 B. C., a fact which is rendered probable by other considerations than St. Matthew's statement. In these Egyptian star tables we appear to have good evidence that shortly before the time set by St. Matthew for Jesus' birth, during the life of King Herod, rare and remarkable celestial phenomena were actually visible, which, in the opinion of astrologers, must portend un-

usual events, such as the birth of an extraordinary person.

You will ask, of course, how such a phenomenon in the heavens, witnessed in Chaldea or in Arabia, became associated in the minds of observers with Palestine, and led the Magi to go to Jerusalem to inquire as to one born King of the Jews. An answer is forthcoming: We know from cuneiform inscriptions found in Babylonia that the Chaldean astrologers were in the habit of predicting the effect of planetary conditions on Martu, their name for Syria, and that, a little later, Tiridates, accompanied by Magi, actually went to Rome, to prostrate themselves before Nero, whom they adored as a god.

I am making no argument in favor of astrology. I am only pointing out what may be urged in support of one of the most beautiful of our Christmas stories. And I shall add another point in its favor. The two great Roman historians of that age, Tacitus and Suetonius, state independently that at this time a belief was widely disseminated through the East that men from Judea were about to become masters of the world. A little earlier the delicate and clairvoyant soul of Virgil, in his Fourth Eclogue, had broken into rapturous praise of a divine child about to be born who should bring peace and happiness to the world. The explanation of this strange expectation is very simple. It arose from the Messianic dreams and hopes of a large part of the Jewish people, which, during the century of misfortune and oppression preceding the birth of Jesus, had burst forth into new life and had expressed itself in many mystical

and passionate compositions, found in the extracanonical books of the Old Testament. This expectation of a divine deliverer had been carried by the Jews of the dispersion to every part of the known world.

The appearance of the Magi therefore seems to rest on something more than a desire to fulfil Balaam's prophecy of a star and Isaiah's allusion to the coming of Kings with gifts of gold and frankincense. At all events, the general background of the story seems to have good support in celestial events and in the widespread belief in the birth of a coming Saviour from among the Jews. Originally the Magi (the word indicates Magic) formed the learned priestly caste of Persia. Daniel represents them as part of the regular entourage of Persian Kings. He enumerates several classes of these soothsayers and early psychoanalysts as magicians, enchanters, sorcerers and Chaldeans. In the Acts of the Apostles these Asiatic magicians are still termed sorcerers. St. Matthew's Wise Men, however, are not to be placed in the same category with vulgar mercenaries like Simon Magus and Elymas the sorcerer. They are men of honorable estate and of disinterested views, the astronomers of the ancient world, who, like all astronomers down to recent times, were mystics, that is to say, astrologers. Neither their number nor their nationality is indicated, but we naturally think of Chaldea where the science of observing the stars and magic originated, or of Arabia, the land of gold and of perfumes. The old Church father, Justin Martyr, speaks so frequently and with so much confidence of Arabia that he seems to have had some early source of information in regard to

the Magi, lost to us. He states that the Magi arrived in Jerusalem immediately after the birth of Jesus, whereas St. Matthew from his report of Herod's careful calculation appears to represent their arrival at least a year after Jesus was born. "And he sent forth and slew all the children which were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the Wise Men." This vile act, which really "out-Herods Herod," is not alluded to by Josephus nor elsewhere in the New Testament.

The question the Magi asked Herod: "Where is he that was born King of the Jews?" was such an extraordinary query to propound to a reigning sovereign, as the newborn child was not his child, that the whole story has been rejected by many on the ground that the situation is impossible. This judgment rests on a misunderstanding. If the Magi had merely asked: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Herod, no doubt, would have regarded them simply as fools, but when they added: "We have seen his star at its rising and are come to worship him," the question at once commanded his intense and suspicious interest. Herod was no legitimate King of Israel. He was not even a Jew by birth, but an Idumean usurper, placed on the throne by the Romans and who by his crimes and murders had forfeited the friendship and worn out the patience of Augustus. The Jews hated him and again and again they had tried to throw off his detested yoke. Such a man might well take alarm at the birth of a child which the people might regard as royal on account of his de-

scent from David, especially as we know how frequently during the half century preceding Jesus' birth a legitimate descendant of the Maccabees had been able to rally multitudes about him in his pretensions to the throne.

So Herod convokes the Sanhedrin, that is to say, as many of them as he had not murdered. The great English Talmudist, Lightfoot, describes the scene as if he had been present. Hillel presided, Shammai was the vice-president, and in reply to Herod's question where Christ should be born, they unanimously designate the ancient city of David, Bethlehem, in accordance with the striking prophecy of Micah: "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come forth a governor which shall rule my people Israel," apparently a paraphrase or free rendering of the Septuagint.

You will probably ask, Have we any other independent witness of the star of Bethlehem? As far as I am aware, no pagan historian has recorded the rare conjunction of planets to which I have alluded. Yet in our early Christian writers several confirming statements occur which do not appear to have been taken wholly from St. Matthew's Gospel. The very first allusion to the Virgin birth of Jesus which we possess, outside of our two Gospels, is that of Ignatius in his Epistle to the Ephesians, written in the latter part of the reign of Trajan, perhaps 120 A. D., which I am sure you will be glad to hear: "Hidden from the princes of this world were the virginity of Mary, her child-bearing and likewise also the death of the Lord, three mysteries to be

shouted (cried aloud). How then were they manifest to the ages? A star shone in heaven above all other stars and its light was unspeakable and its newness brought amazement, and all the rest of the stars, together with the sun and the moon, became a chorus to this star, but its light was transcendent and above them all." The alignment of three of the greatest planets, in the clear sky of the Eastern desert, must have been a spectacle of indescribable brilliancy and beauty, and the expression "its newness brought amazement" well describes the effect on the eye of such an occurrence. People without scientific training would not understand the cause of such an unexpected phenomenon. They could only imagine that a new and immensely brighter star had been added to the holy wanderers of the night. You will notice that here St. Ignatius says nothing about the Wise Men, but he alludes to a great and wonderful star which appeared at the time of Jesus' birth as a well-known fact.

Perhaps the most popular and admired of all the extracanonical Gospels is the brilliant and poetical Protevangelium ascribed to the Apostle James, from which the great painters of Europe have taken so many of their subjects and ideas. In this very ancient Gospel, in reply to the question of Herod, the Wise Men say: "We saw an extraordinary large star, shining among the stars of heaven, and it so outshined all the other stars that they became invisible, and we knew thereby that a great one was born in Israel, and therefore are we come to worship him." In this passage the great size and brilliancy of the star, of which St. Matthew says

nothing, are commented on. This may not be the language which astronomers would use in describing the conjunction of two or three great planets, but this would be the impression on the eye — that a new star so bright as to obscure all other stars had suddenly appeared. The very fact recorded by St. Matthew, that the new star the Magi had witnessed at its rising disappeared and was seen again only after they had reached Jerusalem, corresponds perfectly to the discontinuity of the phenomenon. According to the calculations of Kepler and the statement of the Egyptian observers, this conjunction was interrupted several times. When the alignment ceased, nothing would be seen but the old planets in their places. When it was renewed the miraculous star reappeared and the Wise Men might well "rejoice with exceeding great joy."

I have taken the liberty of presenting these facts, at present known to few, in the hope of strengthening the credibility of one of the most beautiful of the narratives which cluster about the cradle of our Redeemer.

THE LOST CHILD*

Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. — *St. Luke 2: part of 48.*

IN THE PROFOUND OBSCURITY which veils the early life of the Lord, of which we can read a few details in the consciousness of the full-grown man, the curtain is lifted only once, in St. Luke's gracious story of the visit to the temple. This is literally the only anecdote of Jesus' childhood in which we can place any confidence. Few great men, not even Shakespeare, have been so reserved in regard to their personal experiences and their own past as was Jesus. Many men love to revert to their childhood, to tell how and when great ideas came to them, to trace the course of their early development, to muse on past events and on departed friends. On all such matters, in the authentic traditions which have come down to us, He was silent.

We can see in His joyous outlook on life, in His trust in life and in men, the reflection of His childhood's Heaven. His keen power of observation, His deep love of Nature, His poetic gift of expressing moral and spiritual truth in noble, concrete images taken from our common life, are all inheritances from His childhood's days. His perfect understanding of the Scriptures also betokens diligence and deep reflective power in His early years, when He went to the little Bible school in Nazareth. Such and similar facts we can deduce from the consciousness of the man, but no more is given.

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, February 17, 1924.

This great lacuna in our knowledge the Apocryphal Gospels have attempted to fill; but with how little success! They all seek to display the very opposite of the natural human development which St. Luke so beautifully describes, with the result that they give us an abnormal child, a kind of divine prodigy which is revolting to all sound human feeling. The child is already a self-conscious man, devoid of all childish reserve and modesty. From the biting demoniac, Judas Iscariot, He drives out a devil in the form of a dog. In anticipation of His own parable, He reaps a thousand bushels from one grain of wheat. He fights with the son of Annas, the high priest, and in a manner ushers in the final struggle with His deadly foe. From His fourth year onward He raises the dead. He enters the lions' den in Jericho. The lions fawn on Him, and in their company He crosses the Jordan, which dries up to let Him pass. When, at the age of five, He was making clay sparrows with other children, Jesus' little birds took life, spread their wings and flew away, while Father Joseph reads Him a lecture on working in clay on the Sabbath.

Still worse are the judgments dealt out by Him in wrathful anger, in laming people's hands and slaying men, or in changing all His playmates into leaping, horned, four-footed beasts, so that their very mothers refused to recognize them. Under these trials even patient Joseph grows restive and he says to Mary: "Know, that my soul is troubled even unto death by reason of this boy, for I believe that some one will kill him." "Believe not, man of God," says Mary sweetly, "that that were possible. But believe rather that He

who sent him will preserve him from such malice."

Naturally His teachers have the hardest time. When the boy was only five Joseph takes Him to school. But when the teacher tries to teach Him His alphabet, Jesus interrupts him by crying out: "Thou who knowest not the nature of A, how dost thou presume to teach B to others? Thou hypocrite, first teach A when thou knowest it, and then will we believe thee in regard to B." Now anger seized the teacher and he smote Him on the head, but he instantly sank to the ground, as dead, beneath Jesus' curse.*

In all this we see no human history, but a crude desire for supernaturalism which makes havoc both of history and of childhood. Very different from this is the single exquisite incident preserved for us by St. Luke, with all its touching human traits. Every year, he tells us, the parents of Jesus went to keep the feast of the Passover in Jerusalem. Jesus was first permitted to accompany them as He was approaching the year of maturity, the thirteenth year of His age, when He would become a Son of the Law. This was the great event of every Jewish boy's life — the delightful caravan journey through the open country, sleeping out of doors, beside a camp fire, the strange places and towns they passed through, the approach to the Holy City, the Mount of Olives, and on its opposite hill glorious outspread Jerusalem, with its glistening white temple crowning the height like a mountain of snow, the sight of famous men and of a mode of life utterly unknown to Galilee, were all experiences no boy could ever forget.

* See Keim's "Jesus of Nazara," Vol. II. Years of Pupilage.

For a week this great panorama unrolled itself. Then, their duty accomplished, the parents turned their faces homeward. It seems a little strange that they would have departed from the city without Jesus, but St. Luke excuses this by saying that they supposed Him to be with some of their acquaintances in the long Galilean caravan. Night fell and they halted, perhaps at Sichem, or maybe at Shiloh, when they began to look for Jesus. We can imagine the feelings of Joseph and Mary when all the children were gathered in and they saw that Jesus was not among them.

Have you ever lost a child even for a few hours? If so, you can understand their anxiety. Among the hundreds of thousands who were now streaming away from Jerusalem in every direction to their distant homes, what chance to find their lost child? Perhaps He had met with some accident, perhaps He had been stolen, perhaps He had been overlooked and had been left behind alone. Surely, He would never have left them of His own accord. So, with heavy hearts, they turned back and set their faces once more toward Jerusalem, and there in the great, strange, populous city they began their search anew and began to ask everyone they met if he had seen Jesus.

But among the thousands of young lads in Jerusalem, how could they describe their lost boy so that others would identify Him or remember to have seen Him? We know how difficult this always is. At last, after three days, without help from anyone, they found Him themselves — not on the street, nor in one of the open courts of the temple, but in a most unlikely place,

in a small hall which was used by the Scribes and doctors of the law as a kind of synagogue of the temple, sitting in the midst of the aged doctors, as Hoffman has beautifully painted Him, both hearing them and asking them questions.

We wish that Luke had supplied us here with a few particulars as to these questions. We should also like to know where Jesus had slept and eaten during those days and nights, at the end of which He appeared perfectly well and happy. Some woman, we may be sure, had taken good care of Him. As long as maternal hearts beat in women's breasts, beautiful lost boys will not go shelterless or supperless.

We should like to know what had led Jesus to run away from His parents — whether He had merely strayed into this hall and, fascinated by the talk and the discussions of learned men whom He encountered here for the first time in His life, He had simply remained oblivious of the lapse of time, or if He had thought of His parents at all or of the sorrow He was causing them.

All Mary's pent-up emotion found expression in her gently chiding question, which Goodspeed translates: "My child, why did you treat us like this? Here your father and I have been looking for you and have been very anxious." Jesus' answer is exquisitely childlike, and yet it contains the gleaming dawn of future knowledge, the bud of a rich future fruit. Carried away by His intense preoccupation He had not thought of His parents at all, and He is even surprised that they had been anxious about Him: "Why did you seek for me?

Did you not know that I must be in my Father's possessions, or about my Father's business?"

In this pregnant word there lay an inkling of the priority of God above all human ties and relationships which afterward He recognized as absolute. But at the same time, in the thought that this claim made it necessary for Him to leave His parents in the greatest anxiety, while He lingered among the doctors, we see plainly the reasoning of a child's mind. At all events, the great word "My Father" had been spoken and the pre-eminence of the Father's business had been declared, to which, in time, if not quite then, all human ties had to be sacrificed.

"Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." How these pathetic words have echoed down the ages! To me, the saddest paragraphs of our great daily papers—after the final chapter in the history of the lost which describes their suicide, that great tragic poem of our modern life — are those which bear the names of the lost, of the disappeared, mourned and sought by parents and friends, frequently of persons very young, sometimes mere children who have vanished from their homes and cannot be found, but are swallowed up in the life or death of a great city. Those who have had no experience of such a thing cannot know, cannot imagine what it means so to lose a child. To be afraid to pick up a paper lest one should learn that the child has been found dead or insane, to hope against hope, to go on day after day bearing this heavy burden and at night to go to bed, but not to rest, with the secret still unsolved, is a sorrow which crushes the heart.

I remember one such instance when a child on the edge of a great wilderness had wandered away and lost itself in the trackless forest. All day long the distracted father and mother and others had desperately sought, losing themselves several times, until night fell and the search was about to be given up, when suddenly among them appeared an ancient, sagacious hound, as if he knew he was wanted, and being allowed to sniff a pair of the child's little shoes, with his God-given faculty of scent and memory, he so helpful when we were so helpless, he so sure of himself where we educated men and women were totally bewildered and without resource, took up the trail and followed it without hesitation for more than a mile to a spot where he found the child safe and sleeping beneath a tree; and the hound, who knew perfectly what he had done, was as proud and happy as the others.

But there are worse places to be lost in than the woods, and there are other reasons for being lost than merely straying away from home. If I cannot speak from my experience, what can I speak from? I am thinking of the boys and also of girls who, during the past twenty years, have left their father's house, leaving no trace behind, because they did not wish to be found, because crushing sorrow, or the call of a life they did not wish their fathers and mothers to know about, a life they could not live in a quiet and orderly family, drew them away.

The other day at one of our meetings the question was asked, what the Social Service of this church attempts to do. I will tell you of one thing which it has

not only attempted, but which in many, many cases it has done, as persons sitting here this morning could testify if that were proper. It has sought the lost child, whether at the ends of this country or in Canada or in Mexico made no difference, and it has found these boys, these young men, not where Mary and Joseph found Jesus, sitting in the temple among the doctors, but in places I do not care to describe. But if our faithful workers did not find these lads in the house of God they have brought some of them, at least, back to that house, where not merely on Sundays, but on any day of the week, or in the night, they may be found when they are wanted, waiting to seek others who are lost, as they were lost, and to try by every generous, kindly means to save others from the life from which they themselves were saved. So long and so patiently has this work been done that today it would be impossible to collect five hundred men in this city of Boston, from the highest to the lowest, without finding at least two or three who owe either their very life or their happiness and position to the tireless effort that has proceeded from this church. Last Sunday Archdeacon Spurr thrilled us by stories of men he had prepared for the gallows. Believe me, not less thrilling are the stories of men saved from death and shame to noble unselfish living. But on this subject my lips are sealed.

After all, these are the exceptions, but today the words, "Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," have a wider connotation which applies to all fathers and mothers. Will you allow me to read you a few sentences of a remarkable letter I received last

week from a young graduate of our University, who went to France long before America entered the war and who remained there to the end? "What have they to comfort them, this country's youth? As they pass from their carefree years, these boys find themselves in the midst of the tumult this world is undergoing. They are ignorant of days more tranquil than these. Unlike their elders, they have no background of gentle quietness, no memories of peaceful, happy early manhood. Plunged at an early age into the frightful maelstrom of war, and either crushed and broken, or hardened in every fibre of their being, they now confront a world in chaos, a world they cannot understand. They hardly know now why they fought, or what the world has gained by their sacrifice. Yet in a few years it is they who must control every department of thought and activity in America.

"Preceding generations have never had to face so great an overthrow, and we look in vain for the plans on which the new world is to be built. To us, all our institutions — churches, schools, arts, sciences — seem either dumb or in hopeless confusion as to what is to be done. Both old and young, as far as they are capable of thought, are aware of this disorder. But the old are sustained and steadied by their memories of happier times. The young have no such memories. To them all things are in a state of flux and chaos. So much has perished, we know not what of the ancient heritage of mankind really remains. On only one point are we agreed. Nothing shall remain which cannot prove its right in truth, in beauty or in human service. God, Christ, prayer, the

Church, marriage, the school, the college, must all be retested, re-examined, that we may know if they contain elements of truth and value for our great need. It is useless to appeal to us through tradition. Contemporary youth cannot return to a past it has never known."

One of the sad facts of life always is the gulf which lies between the generations, over which no bridge enables us to carry to our children the lessons of wisdom and experience which life has taught us. But that gulf was never as broad or as deep as it is today. If we chance to hear our grown children talking without constraint to their contemporaries, we are apt to be startled. However broad our comprehension and our sympathies, they speak a language in regard to love and life and religion it is hard for us to understand, and we feel almost as if we had lost them, so far do their convictions and opinions appear to differ from ours.

Here let us turn once more to the youth of Jesus. He, too, lived in a critical age, an age of transition. But He did not wait for churches and universities and men of science to show Him the way. He found that way Himself and compelled mankind to bend to His reading of its destiny. He, too, was lost to His parents because of ideas they could not accept or understand. They had to seek Him even as we, by the sacrifice of our age, our pride and many of our preconceptions, have to seek our children. But they found Him at last in the temple of God, making the beginning in His childish way of the thought which was to change the world.

Let us not forget that it was these same young men and women who were the world's hope and salvation

when we could do but little. As youth saved the world, so, in a few brief years the same youth will control and govern the world, from which we must recede more and more. Let no man then despise your youth, you who carry in your hands the keys of future knowledge and of future power. But whatever the world that is to be will bring forth, faith and spirituality and refinement of manners and constancy in love, and kindly, helpful human service will not be lacking in it. "Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, an humble and a contrite heart." If these our children, through the harsh necessities of war, lacked many of the sweet ministries of life, the gentle, gracious, noble influences on which our youth was nourished, is it not all the more incumbent on us to supply this lack, and to surround them with these gracious influences, eliminating from our homes and from our public entertainments all vulgarity and debauchery, which will not serve the next generation any better than they have served the generations of the past? Good manners, that second religion of an educated man, can never be eliminated from a civilized world. As for the great things of life—faith in the spiritual and the eternal—I have no fear and no doubt as to the future. If a new world is to rise, it can have no other foundation. As God has revealed Himself to us in the past, so He will reveal Himself to our children, only more convincingly, more gloriously. Never was religion of more vital interest to mankind than it is at this hour.

Let us hear the conclusion. "And he went down to Nazareth and was subject unto them." Very likely Nazareth seemed tame and dull after Jerusalem. Very

likely Joseph and Mary seemed simple and commonplace after the doctors of the temple. *But they loved Him as their child.* So, young people, remember that in your home there is something you will find nowhere else, no matter how dazzling your lot in life may be — a father's and a mother's love, which has no counterpart upon this earth.

“Jesus,” we read, “increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.” May God, in His goodness, grant the same lot to our beloved children, and, above all, the knowledge of Christ.

And, lastly, there are the lost children whom we shall never find here because they are safe forever in the Father's house in Heaven, sitting happily, I have no doubt, among the doctors and learning from them wisdom and heavenly truths which they had neither the time nor the opportunity to learn here. The great poet Rueckert lost two such little ones, to whom he composed more than sixty poems. One of these Songs to the Dead Children represents the living members of the family gathering to greet their mother on her birthday. She looks at them sadly and says, “Ah yes, four, but last year six.” Then the two dead children are represented as entering also, and embracing their mother, they say: “We, too, who were born to you are not lost to you, and as your children we thank you for the gift of life. The others for time, we for eternity. They must still endure the dreadful struggle of life, while we are safe forever in the Father's house from which we look down on you and bless all that you do.” The child who is in the Father's house is never lost.

WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET*

Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands and that he was come from God and went to God, he riseth from supper and laid aside his garments and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel where-with he was girded. — *St. John 13:3-5.*

I ASK YOU to consider with me for a little while this touching episode in Jesus' life which I have never heard seriously discussed in Church. This scene is introduced by St. John in his account of the Last Supper. In all the old Synoptic Gospels the chief event of the Last Supper was the institution of Christ's Sacrament. As St. John had represented this sacred rite as established in the feeding of the Five Thousand, where Jesus speaks plainly to the people of giving them His flesh to eat and His blood to drink, He makes no mention of the Eucharist in describing the Lord's last supper on earth. In the Synoptic Gospels the peace of these last hours had been disturbed by the disciples' unfortunate controversy as to which should be the first in the kingdom, and Jesus had urged on them the need of humility of soul and He had pointed them to His own example, "He who would be the greatest among you, let him be the servant of all, even as the Son of Man is come not to be ministered unto, but to minister. For which is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? But I am among you as he that serveth."

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, November 14, 1926.

In St. John's Gospel these great words are displayed in the form of action, in one of the most touching scenes which religion possesses, the washing of the disciples' feet. This was a truly servile act, so low that we hardly like to hear about it. It was an act of courtesy to guests performed by slaves, or, in houses in which hired servants were employed, by such domestics. St. Paul in Philippians, commenting on the glory and the humiliation of Jesus, had said: "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant." St. Matthew had represented Jesus, after His resurrection, as saying: "All power is given unto me in Heaven and on earth."

So, mindful of these great passages, John here declares: "Knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came from God and went to God," Jesus gives this startling example of how He regarded such sublime privilege. "He riseth from supper and laid aside his outer garment," that He might appear in true slave's livery, "and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin and began to wash his disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded."

Oh, crushing blow to human pride, especially in its basest form of sacerdotal pride and arrogance! This is a lesson which should be read and honestly commented on at the consecration of every bishop and the ordination of every priest, for here we are told for what purpose we are set apart from other men — not for our own glory, nor that we should exercise lordship over

them, but that we may have the inestimable privilege of serving without reward and that we may regard no service as humble which is performed in the name of Jesus Christ.

So Jesus understood His office. "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."

The discussion of the disciples in the Synoptics had been as to which is greatest. St. John, in this passage, appears to decide this question against Peter. He is not the first whom the Lord so honors. Only after other disciples, beginning with him who leaned on Jesus' breast, had been served, the Lord cometh to Simon, and at once Peter's impetuous chivalry and his deep sense of tenderness for Jesus rise in protest, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" Jesus answers mysteriously, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." What that was Peter was soon to learn when he had need of a new purification and Jesus' forgiveness after his shameful denial. And we begin to see that this act of Jesus is not merely a humiliation and an example of lowly service. It has also a deeper, more mystical meaning and is a kind of sacrament, and we remember that in this Gospel it takes the place of the Eucharist. It is a kind of mystical washing, like a lesser baptism for the remission of sins. For when Peter declares, "Thou shalt never wash my feet," Jesus replies: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part in me." What does this mean? Jesus had already said to His disciples: "Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken to you." There are certain things in life, the awakening of

our faith in Christ, the surrender of our heart to God, which can come but once. Yet as every Christian goes through this world which contains so much evil and so many temptations, he suffers contaminations and has great need of purification and forgiveness.

As soon as Peter understands the meaning of Jesus' act, he cries: "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." Not only have my feet wandered from Thee, but with my head have I meditated evil and with my hands have I committed it.

Jesus' answer to this appeal is often ridiculously misunderstood. His saying, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet and is clean every whit," has been falsely interpreted as a strange indifference on Jesus' part to real cleanliness. But what the words mean is that he who has just taken a bath needs only to wash his feet before eating, which was a universal Eastern custom. Nor is Jesus speaking here of physical hygiene. His meaning is that there are some things in the spiritual life which happen only once. Our acceptance by God, the general purification of our life symbolized by the waters of baptism need not and cannot be repeated. And yet the Christian must have renewed contact with his Master and purification from the stains which he receives from his daily walk through this world so full of temptation. So St. Paul said of Jesus: "Who hath loved us and washed us."

I have lingered over this exquisite story, which was the subject of John Bunyan's last sermon. Among the innumerable commentators on the life and mind of Jesus the first place for philosophic boldness and depth and

for fineness of perception must always be assigned to him whom we know as St. John, and perhaps nowhere in his Gospel are the two sides of Jesus' nature, sublimity and service, so perfectly displayed as in these words: "Jesus . . . knowing that he was come from God and went to God, riseth from supper and laid aside his garments and took a towel and girded himself."

In any other connection how strange and absurd such a concatenation of ideas would be. Here this amazing paradox perfectly expresses one of the greatest moral and social thoughts of which we have knowledge. It is in the light of this scene that the meaning of the word *pride* and the meaning of the word *service* is most perfectly revealed, and we see the littleness of the one and the greatness of the other. Well did St. John say: "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end," for to love, no service is menial.

Of all forms of pride, ecclesiastical and sacerdotal pride is the most objectionable and absurd, because it is in such grotesque opposition to the spirit and example of Him whose servants and successors we profess to be. We love to admire our heroes and to give them banquets at which we extol their virtues. In this banquet, the Last Supper, Jesus gave us an example of the sense in which He understood His greatness by appearing as the servant of His disciples.

In every age the Church has been loved precisely for the sincerity and the value of its service to mankind, and it has been hated for its pride and arrogance and for

the seas of blood it has shed. The Apostles, whose motto, by the mouth of St. Peter, was "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have (healing and salvation) give I unto thee," are its corner stones, and in every age their successors in the true Apostolic Succession have been those who understood the meaning of the great word service and who lived accordingly. The true Elite of humanity have been, not ancient aristocrats, nor selfish people of the world whose chief business in life is to consume and to enjoy, but the servants of mankind.

This word offended the proud, half-demented Nietzsche and he spoke disparagingly of Christ's "slave morality" and converted a large part of Germany to his philosophy of ruthlessness and power, and these two ideals, service and domination, descended like gladiators into the arena to decide which was stronger.

Strange to say, the most honorable title humanity is able to bestow on its greatest men and women is that of servant. We call the army and the navy the service and in so doing we think not of the pomp and circumstance of war and of men in shining plumage, but of men in plain uniforms suited to their tasks, who place the performance of duty before the preservation of life or the thought of self. The greatness of the ministry, of the medical profession, of nursing, of every disinterested calling rests wholly on its opportunities for service. The proud, the selfish, strut for a little while before high heaven and are forgotten. The one claim to humanity's gratitude and remembrance is a claim that is never urged, the claim of loving, faithful, unselfish service.

And to the true servant no task, however humble,

the relief of hunger or thirst, the drying of a child's tears, the ministry to the sick, the wearisome routine of the duties which make the home, seems servile or beneath our poor dignity. If Jesus, knowing that He came from God and went to God, voluntarily assumed the role and livery of a servant in His last night on earth, we may be sure that true service of any kind is not beneath us. That is one of the great lessons which war teaches man, but which unfortunately seldom survives in times of peace. If we are not the servants of God and the servants of Christ, what are we?

Undoubtedly in Christ's act there was an intentional humiliation, necessary to teach us the great lesson Jesus would inculcate in His people forever. Many persons bitterly dislike the very sound of this word because they associate with it a false appearance, a melancholy subdued manner or crafty hypocrisy — the very things which Jesus disliked in it. But the word humble or humility means, primarily, near the ground, supporting, sustaining, upholding, not oppressing, and it was in this sense that Jesus understood it.

When I was about ten years old my father gave me a definition of a gentleman which I have never forgotten. He said: "A gentleman is a man who treats everybody well," a statement which, because it is positive, I prefer to Cardinal Newman's famous definition — "a gentleman is one who inflicts no pain." How often we belittle ourselves and wrong our true characters by our artificial distinctions in treating men and women according to their social status and rank in life, giving ourselves freely to some, making ourselves automata, if

not mummies, in the presence of others. It is one of the privileges of good men to be loved by their servants. "My father," said the servant of Naaman. Why do you suppose this sentence of the old Roman playwright Terence is the most famous of all his writings: "I am a man and I deem nothing human unlike myself." When we see men like Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt who are at home in every company and who can give themselves unreservedly to all, how we cherish and idolize them. "The best part of a good education," said the great sage Pythagoras, "is to be able to dispense with education in others." Persons who are sure of themselves, sure of their position in life, sure of their knowledge, of their purposes and intentions, do not fear to be compromised by their actions. It is those who are not sure of themselves who feel the need of external supports and props, of convention and form. Men and women of the world frequently err in assuming that persons without good manners are devoid of good sense. When Paul preached his noble sermon in Athens the philosophers mocked at him because he could not command an Attic diction and an Attic accent. Nevertheless, Paul's words were perhaps the most important which Athens had heard since the death of Socrates, and the word spoken by that despised Jew closed their universities and abolished their professorships about four hundred seventy-five years after Paul stood and preached on Mars Hill.

What I am pleading for is the liberation of our minds from the petty trammels of social convention and the enlargement of our sympathies. If only we were always

and to all what we are sometimes to some. To me few things are sadder than these limitations of noble men and women. They are generous in spots, sympathetic in spots and hard and unsympathetic in other spots, so that at times they seem to contradict and deny their best and true self, the self for which they will always be admired and loved. But how much better they are than those who are hard and unsympathetic all the way through!

Jesus condemned the pride of Christians when He girded Himself with a towel and washed His disciples' feet. Because He came from God and went to God, He did not deem this act derogatory to His dignity. And just in proportion as we have the consciousness of God in our hearts shall we find every service which we are privileged to render natural and becoming.

NO CONDEMNATION IN CHRIST JESUS*

There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. — *Romans 8:1.*

IN THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS, which is full of the frankest confessions, St. Paul propounded one of the most daring and original views of sin which has been conceived by man. Looking at his own life and character in the light of Jesus Christ, Paul was conscious of a deep duality which seemed to run to the depths of his nature and which broke his heart. No one has conceived of the perfection of Jesus Christ more loftily than Paul. No one has given himself with more whole-hearted devotion either to the fulfillment of Christ's righteousness or to the service of His cause; and yet Paul found himself constantly frustrated, in his attempt to lead the divine life, by the imperfection of his nature. He speaks to us mysteriously of a thorn in his flesh, of a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him, which his praying failed to remove. He tells us that he established the Church in Corinth during a period of great depression and fear, when he thought and spoke of nothing except Christ crucified. But most of all, when Paul compared the weakness and sinfulness of his own soul with the law of God's righteousness, his heart failed him. Of this problem he must find some solution which would preserve his faith and courage. The way of perfection in which Jesus walked he had tried, and he had failed. He was

**Emmanuel Church, Boston, November 30, 1919.*

too great a man either to acknowledge defeat or to waste his life in sorrow. He was too good a man to juggle with the pure vision of goodness revealed to him by Jesus, and to adapt Christ's inexorable demands to his own weakness. So he propounded a theory of man's responsibility for evil which is at once the most original and the most consoling which we possess, and which, if we can grasp it, will save us many a heartache and many a weary, wasted year.

"We know that the law is holy and that the commandments are holy and just and good, and we know that the law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold unto sin. For that which I do, I allow not, for that which I would, I do not, but that which I hate, that do I." Was there ever a more manly confession? He goes on: "If then I do what I would not" (I interpolate: I do not identify my whole being with the evil to which I yield myself, for there is one part of me, the highest part, which does not yield, but which resists and judges), "I consent unto the law which is good" (I adore a righteousness which I cannot attain). Then Paul draws this immense inference: It is not I that sins. "Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that worketh in me. For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not, for the good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not, that I do. For I delight in the law after the inner man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. Oh! wretched man that I

am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Great was the consolation of Paul's mind when he wrote these infinitely touching words, and startling is his conclusion. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with my mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh (I serve) the law of sin."

As far as we concern ourself with our inward life, as far as we are conscious of the gulf which yawns between desire and fulfillment, between ideal and reality, we must echo St. Paul's confession of his inability to attain. Better than he, in some senses, do we know its causes. Better than he who wrote the words do we know the meaning of "the law of our members warring against the law of our minds." For since those words were penned, the natural history of man upon this earth has been written. We know his long struggle for spirituality. We see him emerging from the animal forms of the past and patiently striving to lay off his own animality, which runs not like a golden thread, but like a sensitive nerve, through his entire evolution from the earliest times until now. We are aware of a lapse of time of which St. Paul was ignorant. We see the divine part of human nature struggling, oh, so painfully, and apparently with so little success, to transform man's animalism into divinity, his cruelty and selfishness into love and purity. And instead of mocking at his being haunted by chimeras and cursed by his own imagination, and failing to attain the infinite ideal of goodness he has mysteriously divined, we thankfully hail every approximation to it, and every effort on his part to transform the animal man into the divine man;

and however much individual men and women may fail or single generations may lapse, the process itself does not fail, and the approximation rises higher and higher.

And for ourselves, can we do better than to accept Paul's happy conclusion? "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." For there is one of our race who did not fail, not merely to perform what God has commanded, but to realize divinity and the perfect ideal of goodness. If God can reveal Himself in a human life, He revealed Himself in Jesus Christ. The humanity to which we belong includes Him, and in as far as we take Him for our example, and endeavor to time our feeble human steps to His gigantic march, we need not despair that ultimately we shall be like Him, when we see Him not through the mists and veils of human tradition, but as He is. Why the Church should have surrounded the coming of Christ and the Advent season with thoughts of terror I have never been able to understand. Other religions are full of condemnation, of taboos and prohibitions and judgments, while Christ's religion is the religion of the spirit, of hope and love and joy. Other religions have proceeded on the supposition that God begrudges man happiness, but Christ taught us that God's face is set eternally in the direction of the highest happiness of all his children. Wisely and well did St. Paul declare that God looks upon the desire of the heart, that is, upon the human, the permanent and real part of us, rather than upon our animal vestigia, our temporary lapses and childish transgressions. "He knoweth whereof we are made. He remembereth that

we are but dust." "When the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, then shall every man have praise of God."

And we should do well to judge ourselves in the same way. It is weakening and belittling to us to identify ourselves with the evil we have committed. It is better to regard it as an adventitious and foreign substance, which we wash off and forget as soon as possible. Do you suppose that a soul made in the image of God, and strong enough to live eternally, can be destroyed by a few years of base earthly experience? We know the contrary, and that souls which have failed to redeem themselves here begin to redeem themselves there; and in this world I have seen too many splendid rallies, too many wonderful recoveries on the part of men and women, who have risen from defeat to victory, to admit such a thing for a moment. On the contrary, I believe that we wound God more by our remorse, by our melancholy and depression in regard to ourselves, than we wounded Him by our sins, for then we become useless to God and man and hateful to ourselves. If there were not this everlasting germ of goodness in us, which time and experience and a better environment can bring to maturity, God would not have given another life to man.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." How often, in our gloom and despondency, has this assurance been given us, and Christ has spoken to us. We have expected the just reward of our evil deeds — rejection and punishment, and we have looked into eyes filled with love and forgiveness. We have been unable to help ourselves, and

the knowledge has come to us that we have helped others. We have trembled before some renunciation, and having made it, we have found, not bitterness of spirit and the dust of death, but new peace and the joy of new strength. Or we have tried and failed, and that failure which threw us back upon ourselves, and caused us to touch reality, has given us strength for all the coming years.

There are many selves within us, though we be the children of only two parents and they virtuous. There is a descent through Cain as well as through the righteous Abel. There is a Tempter who never ceases to blow upon the coals of passion, and there courses in our veins the rebellious blood of many of those wretches who manage to insinuate themselves, from time to time, into the best families, and to play strange pranks on their descendants. And in our minds we all bear the remains of the superstitions, the abysmal fears, the dark proclivities of an immemorial past. If you doubt this, think of the crimes which you commit with the utmost complacency in your dreams.

If we are wise enough to judge thus of ourselves, we ought to observe the same measure in judging our friends. "With what measure ye mete," said Jesus, "it shall be measured to you again." There are two ways of judging men and women, to look for the best that is in them, or to look for the worst; or to state it in other words, to regard them in the light of what they may become, or to judge them realistically and relentlessly for what they are. There is no doubt that the persons who pursue the latter plan are the more interesting

talkers. Nothing amuses us so much as to exploit the weaknesses of our friends. But you may be sure that when two or three are gathered for such a purpose, Christ is not in the midst of them, and they inspire neither love nor confidence, for we do not entertain the illusion that, when we depart, our reputation will fare any better at their hands. And do these persons, with all their cleverness, their sly observations and shrewd analysis and wicked tongues, often arrive at the truth? Do these petty weaknesses and faults, which loom so large in their judgments, really represent the true man or woman as God sees them? When I meet with a person who can discern excellence in others, I naturally look for excellence in him. The greatest benefit we derive from association with the good and great is the new perception of our own possibilities we derive from them. Who but Jesus Christ would have discovered the capacity for pure love and devotion buried in the heart of Mary Magdalene, or would have seen a rock on which to build a Church in Simon Peter? But the strange thing is, Jesus was not in error in regard to these persons. Mary stood unafraid and unashamed beneath His cross and looked into His dying eyes with love, when the disciples were totally invisible. She saw Him in the garden, and today the world's faith rests, in part, on her great woman's affirmation, "He is risen!" And Peter in time earned the name of the Rock, and on him the Church did rise. The other day a strange man came to the church. He was somewhat wild-looking, and some of my faithful helpers conceived the idea that he was a Bolshevik, and wished to remain near to help

me in case of need. When the man, who was a pious Scotch Highlander, entered my room, he said, "Sir, I hear that you are a man of prayer and I came in to have a mouthful of prayer with you." Our friends possess many divine qualities which, if we can see and appropriate, will bless us infinitely. It all depends whether our minds are set on condemnation or on faith, hope and charity, whether we look to the past or to the future, whether the real nature of man is shown in the things which bind him to the animal kingdom, or in the things which bind him to the divine kingdom.

In dealing with our children, which is better — to keep the thought of fault uppermost, to make all our counsels prohibitions and threats, and to give our children a sense of fear and sin, or to minimize the evil and to keep before them constantly an example and an ideal of love and goodness? Employ the first means and, if the child has a strong nature, you will be fortunate if, when it comes to maturity, it does not fear and hate you and desire to avoid you; and, if it has a weak nature, you may fix on it a sense of sin and inferiority which may follow it all its days. And, on the other hand, what garden in the world is as beautiful as the garden of the child's innocent soul? What pleasure so great as to discover the early blossoms of talent, generosity and goodness in our children, who are nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than we are?

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Think of that when you judge yourself and when you think despondingly of your life. Think of it when you judge your friends, and remember

that your base estimate of them is only due to your failure to perceive and to appreciate the divine in them. Remember it in your dealings with your children and in your thought of your country. These negative condemnatory judgments are useful to nobody, and Christ wholly abstained from them. He said of Himself: "I judge no man," and He laid down the astonishing maxim: "Resist not evil," a text which no living preacher is great enough to preach on. His thought in regard to life is altogether hopeful, positive, constructive. With St. Paul, let us believe in a divine something within us which in all our defeats is not defeated, in all our sorrows does not grieve, and in all our sins is still true to the law of God.

WHAT DO PEOPLE THINK ABOUT IN CHURCH?*

Keep thy foot when thou goest into the house of God and be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools, for God is in Heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few.

Ecclesiastes 5, part of 1 and 2

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED what people think about in church. With the best will in the world it is hardly possible for anyone to keep his attention fixed on every detail and expression of our long liturgy, nor do I believe that this effort of concentration is by any means the only benefit we receive from our church services.

In these wonderful days of invention when the inmost depth of solid substances has become visible, when the faces of distant friends smile on us and the very silence of the night is filled with voices, it does not seem impossible that an instrument may be devised to detect and record thought and the citadel of our life be robbed of its last privacy. This would be the greatest of all inventions. If men and women could read one another's thoughts, every relation in life would be altered, all estimates of men and women would be revised and human nature would have to purify itself and become more charitable, or social relations would cease. People would no longer look forward to the Day of Judgment, for the Day of Judgment would be here.

To a clergyman conducting a service or preaching a sermon nothing is more impressive than the silence, the

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, April 22, 1928.

unspoken thoughts, the unuttered judgments of a congregation, and perhaps the highest function of our worship is to turn our thoughts for a time into higher channels. To take advantage of this opportunity we must open our minds sufficiently to be receptive to that which is offered to us. I do not think that I am different from other men in this respect, but in all the thousands of services I have performed or attended something always finds me. Some word of Scripture, some verse of a psalm, some noble organ composition or a lovely hymn suggests new thought, sets chords of memory or emotion or aspiration vibrating in my heart, and few indeed have been the sermons I have listened to from which I did not derive something. I believe it was Phillips Brooks' custom to receive the theme of his next Sunday's sermon on Monday, when he was still under the inspiration of his Sunday services.

To receive the great and valuable help the services of the Church are able to give us, some co-operation on our part, some hospitality to truth and peace are necessary. If we supply these, the whole service becomes interesting and vital to us. If we withhold them, it is wearisome and tedious, because we experience nothing, we feel nothing and we receive nothing. I heard of a lady a little while ago who said, "I like to go to church and I like a good long sermon, for it gives me time to arrange my social engagements for the week and to plan all my dinners." "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." Not very much, but enough to satisfy Lilliputian minds.

Strangely, we know what Jesus' thoughts were in

church on more than one occasion. Once when, offended and wounded to the core of His heart by the shameless trafficking and money-changing in the courts of the temple, He said, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." The Church, like any other institution which renders services to men, requires financial support and cannot exist without it. Yet money and wealth are not the objects for which the Church exists and they should be made as inconspicuous as possible. I do not know which extreme presents the religion of Christ in a more odious light, whether churches which gloat over their abundant wealth, or churches which are obliged to live by beggary from unwilling givers. "Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me."

Jesus had another thought on leaving church. "And as they came out some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts." His disciples looked back with admiration to the temple they were leaving. They pointed out to Him, for He did not seem to notice them, the gates, the porches, the pillars, with their splendid ornamentation, the temple itself, rising like a mountain of snow and gold a hundred and fifty feet above its lofty site, the stones, thirty or forty feet long, rising one on another, like a mighty fortress. He looked back to His closed ministry and to the futility of His effort, but He looked forward, too, to the resurrection of His cause, and He said, with solemn, fearful brevity, "See ye not all this? Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another which shall not be thrown down."

This prophecy of Jesus is more easily challenged than discredited. The very fact that it was not literally fulfilled, as the temple, after all, was burned by the Romans, not demolished, and a good many of its stones stand in their places to this day just as Jesus saw them, speaks for its truth. Something of Jesus' saying is lost from the Synoptics which only John supplies, namely, "In three days I will build it again." This was the saying which the witnesses in His trial, who are called "false witnesses" though they appear to have spoken the truth, used to procure His condemnation. It was cast in His teeth on the cross — "Ah, thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself and come down"; and it was the repetition of these words, with their terrible connotation of coming ruin, which caused the martyrdom of St. Stephen. It is a thought which the Church in any age may well fear — namely, that when the Church resists the will of God and rejects and persecutes the messengers of truth which are sent unto her, her blind leaders of the blind will, by God's will, lead their blind followers into the ditch, and that truth so crushed to earth will rise again in judgment of the Church.

In any noble and uplifting spectacle or performance it is not the text, or the theme, or the intent of the author which produces the greatest effect. Such works are interpreted by the hearts and intellects of those who are moved by them. No thoughtful, powerful, carefully constructed sermon means to the hearer what it means to its author, nor does it mean the same thing to any two hearers. In listening to music few of us com-

prehend the actual thought of the composer. What we are conscious of is a stirring in our souls, the revival of vague and sweet memories, or of a joy and exaltation which overflow our hearts and reveal to us our own dreams and ideals. This, it seems to me, is one of the chief benefits which we derive from a noble church service which is partly music, partly drama or spectacle, partly thought; and this effect is largely subconscious. As soon as we leave church we appear to lose it, but it remains buried in our hearts. To gain the desired result it is not necessary to follow every word. If we will yield ourselves sympathetically to the general movement of the service, it insensibly carries our souls into the regions of the spiritual. There is something profoundly stimulating, as well as calming and refreshing, in this atmosphere and in our escape from mundane cares. Keble, the author of "The Christian Year," speaks of the "soothing quality of our liturgy." There is a church in New York which bears the almost too suggestive title of "The Church of the Heavenly Rest," and sometimes these soothing influences induce actual slumbers. When I was a young minister it used to grieve me to see men and women asleep in church and I invented a formula which usually had the effect of waking them up. I would turn toward them, if I saw them sleeping during the sermon, and sadly cry: "Sleep on, men; sleep on, sinners. Sleep on and die in your sins." Now I can look at them without sorrow and hope that they are receiving benefit from their repose.

Thoughts which come to us in church not infrequently are of great value to us. One day, toward the

end of the sixteenth century, the great Galileo was assisting at Mass in the Cathedral of Pisa in Italy when his attention was drawn to a swinging lamp suspended from the lofty roof of the temple. By timing its movement by his pulse beats, Galileo found that this lamp completed its oscillations in the same time, whether the arc it described were of greater or less amplitude, and that its movement was accelerated as it approached the lowest point of its vibration. From this observation he deduced his law of falling bodies, the most important advance physics had made since the days of Archimedes. A century later Sir Isaac Newton made use of Galileo's discovery to establish his great law of gravitation. Moreover, Galileo's observation of the regularity of our pulse beats is believed by some to have anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, the greatest discovery of physiology, and the swinging lamp suggested to him the swinging pendulum of the clock. This was a thought which occurred to Galileo in church. (See Michael Pupin's "The New Reformation," p. 33.)

About nine years ago a deaf woman came to Boston to see if I could supply or suggest to her any means of recovering her hearing. I sent her to a good aurist who informed me that, through catarrhal deafness of the middle ear, one of her ears was practically useless and the other was less than fifty per cent efficient. Although she could not hear the service nor the sermon, she liked to come to church, and one Sunday afternoon she was sitting here when Dr. Kammerer was preaching a very spirited sermon. At a certain point of his address, which

I well remember, Dr. Kammerer drew himself to his full height, looked and pointed upward and cried in solemn tones, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." At that moment this woman saw a noble, white-clad figure standing just above the preacher's head. That, you naturally suppose, was a mere hallucination, but the strange thing about this hallucination was that at this moment the lady realized, "I am hearing." She heard the remainder of the sermon and the recessional hymn even after the choir had passed through the church door. After listening to this narrative I sent the lady back to the physician, who informed me that he found a marked improvement in both her ears, which he could not ascribe to any treatment he had given her. He added that the only similar recovery he had observed had come as the result of a psychic experience. What is important in this experience is that this woman's hearing has continued for nine years.

This brings me to the thought toward which I have been working. What is the atmosphere which the Church tries to create? As to that we have two definite, almost mutually exclusive ideals and practices. The first I shall mention is the great social ideal presented by most of the Protestant Churches, except the Friends and the Swedenborgians. It is embodied in the word "Meeting House." In these communions the church is primarily a place of Christian fellowship and association. The sense of awe, restraint, and what we regard as reverence is altogether lacking.

It would ill become me, speaking in New England where this type of worship has borne such great fruits,

to presume to criticize it. It has given to our country much of its social solidarity and its popularity is proved by its millions of adherents. Nevertheless this is not our way. We regard the church primarily not as a meeting place for men, but as the house of God. What our churches try to instil is beauty, peace and the sense of the holy, which are attained partly by art, partly by the behavior of our people. It is hard to see how these two ideals, valuable as they both are, can be combined. The sense of reverence, which to us is second nature, demands silence and the outward forms of devotion. Cheerful salutations, laughter, familiar conversation jar on our sense of propriety, because they are inconsistent with our consciousness of a divine presence.

In this connection you may be interested to hear a few sentences of a very precious document, which has recently come into my hands, the first instruction issued to the congregation of Emmanuel Church, by Dr. Huntington, when it became a parish. "Worshippers in this church are respectfully reminded that certain rules of reverence and uniformity are observed here. . . . Among these are the following: to refrain from conversation, whispering, and all unnecessary noise, not only during the service, but before and after. . . . For every man, woman and child to join heartily with a full, clear voice in the prescribed responses and at each Amen. . . . To bow at the name of Jesus Christ our Lord in the Creed, according to ancient and common usage and diocesan example. . . . Members of the parish are invited to treat all strangers of whatever condition with hospitable attention."

The Roman Catholic Church with its usual tact in dealing with people has combined these two ideals, the social and the reverential, better than any other Church; only its social life is with the dead. No doubt its reservation of the sacrament, with its eternal light, induces people to frequent the church for private devotions, but even more attractive to ordinary persons is the social atmosphere created by innumerable portraits and statues of men and women. The art is poor, but people enjoy the society of the Saints and love to be near them; and since we have had our chapel, with its lovely human forms, people visit it in the same way, all day long, every day.

Of all impressions the Church is able to create, the greatest is that of the presence of God and of Christ and of the nearness of the spiritual world. Jesus Himself communed with His great predecessors, Moses and Elias, and He declared, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." True religion knows no absolute separation between the dead and the living. The great St. Jerome, who made the translation of the Vulgate, saluted his departed disciple, Paula, in these words: "Farewell, Paula, come now and then to help by your prayers and presence your old friend who respects you." After the death of his mother, the beloved Monica, St. Augustine prayed this touching prayer: "I implore Thee, O Lord, to grant her pardon for her sins, for the love of that great Healer of our wounds who was nailed to the cross. If, during the years she lived after her baptism,

she fell into sin, forgive her and do not show Thyself to her a harsh Judge." I like to think of the saintly characters our parish has nourished in the past, who preferred the church to their own homes. I believe that they are still often with us and I should be sorry to pain or grieve them in any way. Many of the good thoughts and holy feelings which come to us here I believe are directly inspired by the pure spirits who have loved us in the past, who continue to worship with us, at least from time to time, and who await as eagerly as we our happy reunion.

OUR LIFE IN GOD*

And when he had sent them away, he departed into a mountain to pray. — *St. Mark 6: 46.*

I SHOULD NEVER APOLOGIZE for speaking about prayer to any man. I do not think we speak too much about prayer in church, but far too little. Of all ways of helping men, the way of teaching them to seek the help of God is by far the best. In my conversations with all manner of men I find that a surprising proportion of them pray habitually. In the case of the few, mostly students, not men engaged in the actual affairs of life, who regard prayer as mere superstition or delusion, I find that such persons have no idea of what prayer really is, and never pray. Their opinion therefore does not affect me in the least. I should not judge the value of an automobile by the opinion of a man who never rode in one.

On the other hand, the greatest men of our race, whether Christian or pagan, have been men of prayer, and would not have been what they were without prayer. Socrates commended the Spartans for not praying for particular things, but for what is beautiful and good. His own prayer was: "Grant me to be noble of heart." Pindar prayed: "May I walk, O God, in innocence and leave a fair name to my children." Plato: "O Zeus, grant us what is good, whether we pray for it or not, and withhold from us the evil, even though we

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, November 20, 1921.

pray for it." Epictetus: "Do with me as thou wilt. Thy will is my will." Again: "Lead thou, I follow." Washington was sustained by prayer during the sad winter of Valley Forge. Lincoln drew his strength from God when the crushing burden of a divine vocation became too heavy for him. Marshal Foch, amid all the overwhelming duties which devolved on him, found time to pray an hour a day. Our Saviour prayed habitually, and left for us the one perfect model of all prayer in His "Our Father."

Many of the experiences of our lives seem to us, as we look back to them, of questionable value. Many of the things for which we have toiled and striven bring small reward in proportion to our effort. I have heard persons question whether all the services they had attended, all the sermons they had listened to, all the problems they had heard discussed, had, in the last analysis, made much difference in the sum total of the good or evil, the happiness or unhappiness of their lives. But I have never heard a person speak so of his moments of real communion with God. I have indeed heard men say: "I have lost my God and all power or wish to pray to Him," and I have wondered what kind of a God they had Who could so easily be lost, and if that loss were not a necessary step in their spiritual progress. The true God cannot be lost, neither can He lose us.

Many a thing in which man puts his trust deceives him. There is a deceitfulness in riches, as many of us know very well. They have a very deceitful way of taking wings unto themselves and flying away, leaving us looking sadly after them. There is a deceit in their

promise of happiness and content if we possess them, and all men who put their trust in riches are grossly deceived. There is an awful deceitfulness in our thought that they really and permanently belong to us, seeing that we must leave them behind forever when we depart hence. Look around at your most cherished possessions, not merely at the trumpery gew-gaws, but at your rugs, your true objects of art, the lovely things you have acquired one by one, and to which you are attached by long use and association. Does it not seem incredible and deplorable that you cannot take even one of them with you?

As long as we attach absolute value and reality to material things we shall be mocked by their evanescence, and we shall live in sorrow and fear of loss. The things of the spirit — love, faith, our great outlook on God, life beyond death, are our truest friends, the only absolute realities. Who knows what this material universe is? It seems to be resolving itself into nothing but motion. God alone never deceives us.

St. Paul advised us to pray without ceasing. If prayer were a hard, tiresome, unpleasant, unprofitable exercise, he would not have advised it. Persons who never pray or who have never learned to pray aright, so regard it. But those of us who have had the experience of true communion with God know that the happiest, the purest, the most romantic and the greatest moments of our lives have been the moments when we came most near to realizing God. If prayer were a mere affair of words, such an exercise as Christ commands would be unspeakably tedious. Prayer is the release and un-

locking of some of the deepest and most wonderful elements of our nature. Prayer is the solution of doubt, the attainment of peace and courage. Above all it is a psychical process, involving perfect concentration. Prayer is the intense realization of God and forgetfulness of all that is not God.

All true prayer begins with a true entrance into God's presence. This means that by one clear realization of God as the source of our life, our thought, our power, we should unite ourselves wholly to Him, and that by one honest and resolute act of our will we should refuse to identify ourselves with anything that is not God and that cannot become part of our life in God. That is what Christ meant when He said: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me." This does not mean that we should not do anything we wish to do, but that we should deny and refuse to recognize in ourselves anything that cannot become part of our life in God.

That recognition of ourselves and of other men as parts of God's very being is true, unbroken prayer, and as long as we truly hold it we are happy, we are free, we are lifted beyond the power of evil, and almost of temptation. For a little while we have to be on our guard lest the precious seed of Christ be taken from us. Our old enemies will threaten us. Evil thoughts will intrude. Fear and anger, hours of lassitude and carelessness, or of incredulity and mockery will come, but they can all be banished in a moment by our return to our immeasurable refuge in God. After we have had but a little experience of the joy of living in God, that bond

is not easily broken, nor is a man easily ruined in whose palm the imprint of Christ's hand lingers. Evil thoughts are repelled automatically before they have hardly time to appear in consciousness. The mind recognizes in them something uncongenial, from which it instinctively turns away. We experience such a heightening of all our faculties, such a sense of peace, so much joy in a life which was mostly sorrow, that nothing on earth would induce us to break our relation with the divine and go back to our old naked mortality.

I do not mean that by living in God and by trying to do all things with reference to Him, prayer in the old sense becomes unnecessary; it is only more frequent, more helpful and delightful. Constantly as Jesus lived in God, He had His regular seasons of prayer, rising sometimes a great while before it was day and climbing a mountain to be alone with His Heavenly Father. "When thou prayest," said He, "enter into thy closet," enter the sanctuary of thy spirit, "and shut the door" of thy heart to every other thought.

Prayer will never be a simple, commonplace thing, for in it we are dealing with the deepest elements of our nature. But the plainer we can make its methods, and the more confidently we can point to its results, the more willingly men will practice it. We ought to begin, I believe, by placing ourselves calmly and confidently before God's presence. We might, especially at night, let our thoughts wander out into the infinite heavens, filled with greater worlds than ours, pursuing their peaceful courses and fulfilling their unspeakable destinies, and thus catch a glimpse of God's immensity. So Immanuel

Kant found it useful to do, and so Job found his deepest inspiration. Or we may say: "The highest thought obtains the best result, and the highest thought we are capable of thinking is of the love of God." So, then, think of God as love and power, and of yourself as His child, yes, as a very part of His being, blessed by His love, sustained by His power, and just in proportion as you are able to think this thought, every feeling of alienation and unworthiness and of weakness will leave you.

I believe, even in the presence of God, it is better not to think much of our shortcomings, our maladies, or our limitations. By fixing our attention on our lower self we only confirm it. Here, before God, if nowhere else, let us think of ourselves as God thinks of us — as on the way to all goodness and to all peace. If we concentrate our thought on pain, even in prayer, we are apt to increase it. If for a few minutes we lose ourselves in the thought that in God there is no pain, no suffering, no weakness, in that moment we lose our pain.

And as we pray for ourselves, so we should pray for others. Indeed, the unselfish pray far more for others than for themselves. Let us, in interceding for those we love, not dwell on their faults, their unkindnesses, nor their vices, which only antagonize us, but ask that for them, too, God's good purpose may be fulfilled. Let us form of them the brightest image we can form, well knowing that this image is by no means so bright as the image of God they actually carry, though concealed, within them — the image of Himself in which God created them. However faulty they are, let us think of them as faultless, thereby helping them and beseeching

God to help them become that which He designs them to be. If we were admitted into the studio of a great sculptor to see a statue he had just begun, we should not criticize the crudity and imperfections of unfinished parts, well knowing that the sculptor has means to remove these blemishes, and that the perfect image, as it exists in his mind, is neither crude nor imperfect. In the formation of character also the time element is necessary. If we would regard the crudities and imperfections of our friends in the same light, and realize that these are no parts of the ultimate man or of the ultimate woman, but obstacles in the way of their development which they must overcome by the sharp chiseling of pain and experience, they would cease to offend us and we should feel only sympathy. By thinking of them as God thinks of them we are helping them on their way, the way we all are travelling, from imperfection toward perfection.

“God is light and in Him there is no darkness at all.” God is love, and without hatred. God is peace, untroubled by passion. God is reason, unclouded by insanity, and in as far as we are partakers of His Spirit we are like Him, and not like what He is not. Nor need our prayers be confined to a few minutes in the morning or in the evening. Whenever we have a few minutes to spare, we must think of something. Believe me, we can think of nothing better than God. If, whenever we are weary or heavy-hearted, or defeated, we think for a moment of God as love and power, love and power will overflow our hearts and give energy to our fainting frames. Try to do everything by prayer, and though

you sometimes fail, you will accomplish a hundred times as much as you would if you tried to do everything without prayer.

“We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle — face it — 'tis God's gift.”

So said Goethe. Difficulties prove men. The higher your ideal of yourself, the more rapid your spiritual growth. Regard yourself now as ideally and potentially divine and you will become so.

High as was the value Jesus attached to prayer, He looked forward to the time when our unbroken relation to God shall be the one important thing, and we shall be content to know that God is leading us. “In that day ye shall ask me nothing.” But for us now prayer is our very life. I have showed you a way by which life can be purified at its very sources and its fruitage enormously increased. God grant that the seed may find lodgment in some waiting heart.

JOHN THE BAPTIST*

And he said unto him, art thou he that should come, or look we for another? — *St. Matthew 11:3.*

WE ARE CELEBRATING again today our splendid, dramatic Advent Sunday. My love and admiration for John the Baptist, the hero of the Advent season, are so great that I should never like this time to pass without one sermon devoted to him, who, in our regard, is second only to Jesus Himself. John the Baptist was one of the great religious personalities of all time and it is an eternal loss to religion that we know so little of him. In an age when spiritual religion was almost dead and the voice of prophecy had long been stilled, John came forth from the desert, depending only on himself and on the word of God he had heard in the silent places, to begin one of the greatest religious movements of all time. When a man is praised it makes some difference who praises him. John had the eternal glory to be praised by Jesus Christ, Who declared that a greater man had not been born of a woman. Even more important is the fact that Jesus Himself was baptized by John's hands, and was led to begin His ministry by John's glorious example.

As the rite of baptism, inaugurated by John, has played so great a part as the sacrament of initiation and the gift of the Spirit in Christianity, I may be permitted to say a few words in regard to it. Baptism is a perma-

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, November 27, 1927.

nent witness to the birth of Christianity out of Judaism. With the Jews the bathing of the whole body in pure, cold water, if possible in a running stream, was a recognized means of purification from ceremonial uncleanness, and when the Jews began to make converts among the heathen they baptized their proselytes on the ground that their whole former life had been unclean.

The highly interesting brotherhood of the Essenes, which flourished at the time of John around the Dead Sea, attached a religious and symbolical meaning to their frequent lustrations in pure water, and Josephus tells us that his old teacher, Banus, who lived in the desert, clothed himself with leaves, ate only fruit and bathed frequently by night and day for religious purification. As John, according to our Gospels, grew up and exercised his ministry near the places frequented by the Essenes, and as several of his practices correspond with theirs, it is hard not to suppose that John was acquainted with this mystic brotherhood and that he was to a certain extent influenced by them. Those who go further than this, however, are in error. John the Baptist was no Essene. They dwelt together in their community houses, and their whole life was based on communal practices, while John stood alone and was, as he said of himself, a voice, a solitary voice crying in the wilderness.

John, therefore, in his baptism took an old rite and invested it with a new meaning. He did not regard baptism as a ceremonial purification, to be practiced from time to time, but as a sign of repentance and a new life of righteousness, performed only once and never re-

peated. It was in this sense that it entered into Christianity, and the disciples of Jesus continued to baptize men and women, though, as the Fourth Gospel expressly tells us, Jesus Himself baptized not.

John was a man of very simple mind. He trusted God so fully as to have no fear of man. He knew himself to be directly inspired by the Almighty, a very mouth-piece of God, but he had very little knowledge of human nature. When, at last, the people believed his wonderful preaching of the imminence of God's judgment, and repented and asked of John what they should do next to prepare themselves for the great and terrible Day of the Lord, apparently he had no further thought or plan than the petty injunctions to the publicans not to extort too high taxes, to the soldiers not to be violent and to be content with their wages, and to the man who owned two shirts to give one away. The future and the things of God John saw with extraordinary clearness. The present and the things of this life he hardly saw at all. According to our oldest Gospels, he did not even recognize Jesus, nor distinguish Him from the multitude of sinners who thronged to his baptism.

It is hard for us to realize that in his lifetime John was better known to the nation than Jesus, and that his preaching had a greater immediate effect. Josephus tells us that the whole nation flocked to his baptism and that thousands, including the two most despised professions, the publicans and the harlots, pressed forward, accepted John's rebukes and tried to lead a pure life. He conceived of God as righteous and as demanding righteousness of man. It was his great act of originality to

compel the Kingdom of God, which had hovered before the minds of men for ages, to come by raising up on earth a generation of men who were worthy of it, and it was this which won the deep admiration of Jesus, Who said, "Before John the prophets only prophesied, but since John the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent lay hold of it." He conceived of God as holy, but the God of love and pity he knew not. To him God was always an avenging God, whose only disposition toward sinners was to punish them. John describes Him as the grim woodsman whose axe is already lying at the root of the tree, ready to hew it down, as the great harvester whose fan is in his hand to winnow the good from the evil, and to burn up those whom he describes as chaff with fire unquenchable. He offered the people only the alternative of repentance or wrath to come. We see in him no recognition of God's unchanging love to man, even to the unthankful and the evil; no progressive, constructive thought which will accompany man through the ages; above all, no consciousness of the Fatherhood of God or of a paternal and filial relation between God and man which God cannot abrogate without denying Himself. Hence Jesus, while bestowing His immense praise, was constrained to add, "Nevertheless he that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he."

What would we not give to know what John really thought of Jesus? It is always notoriously difficult for a famous man, especially for a famous teacher, to see himself superseded, set aside, thrust into the background by a more famous disciple. Of this infirmity of mind we

may surely exculpate this noble, disinterested man. If Socrates felt no jealousy of Plato and Plato very little jealousy of Aristotle, it would be gratuitous to assume that John was jealous of Jesus. What was trying was that John appears to have known very little of Jesus and it was therefore hard for him to decide whether Jesus was the one designated by God to continue the great work of redemption and to bring it to perfection.

Apparently only a few weeks after Jesus had returned from the wilderness to begin His ministry, John had been shut up in prison, in the gloomy fortress of Machaerus on the Dead Sea, from which only his bleeding head was destined to emerge, and from this time on he was dependent on brief scraps of information brought to him by his disciples on their hurried visits to their master in prison. Some of these reports must have pleased John and have given him confidence. Other things he heard must have puzzled and displeased him. From the voice of Jesus John heard no rolling thunders of approaching doom, no threats, no denunciation of sinners. Instead of multitudes of despairing penitents he heard of a few young, happy fishermen, a number of sick folk, mothers with their children, thronging around the youthful preacher of Galilee. Instead of fierce announcements of God's wrath, he heard of words of consolation, blessings, not curses, lovely parables of the springtide and of hope.

At last this honest man decided to put his doubts to an end by a plain, straightforward question to which Jesus could not refuse to give a plain and honest answer. Accordingly, the imprisoned prophet sends two of his

disciples to the Lord to make the inquiry which would set his heart at rest, and which he could not present in person, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?"

It seems a little strange that He who attached so much importance to visiting prisoners in prison did not go back with John's disciples to visit the man to whom He owed His baptism and the first impulse to His ministry, to answer John's questions by word of mouth and to give to John the consolation of His presence. Yet in our ignorance of all conditions and circumstances we can attempt no explanation.

Let us proceed then to the question itself — "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" What do you think this means? As to that, you say there can be no doubt. John is represented in our Gospels as seeing in Jesus the Messiah, the Christ of God, but some things which he had heard in regard to Jesus had disquieted him and he desired reassurance. So most persons think and so this great passage is almost always interpreted by preachers. In this, however, they are certainly wrong. The expression "he that should come" did not mean the Christ, the Messiah, nor did the Jews ever think of Messiah as a living man, leading a human life on earth. Such a thought would be to them mere blasphemy, the blasphemy of which, at the last, Jesus was accused when His Messianic secret had been betrayed by Judas Iscariot. By "he that should come" was understood not Messiah, but the old prophet Elijah who passed from the earth on his chariot of fire, and who was expected to return to usher in the end of the

world, according to the great prophecy of Malachi with which our Old Testament ends — “Behold I send unto you the prophet Elias (Elijah) before the coming of the great and terrible day of the Lord.”

The question, therefore, which John propounded to Jesus was a false question, to which Jesus would not answer yes or no. Jesus did not regard Himself as a forerunner, but as Messiah, or, rather, He regarded Himself as Him whom God had designated to be Messiah, the King of the Kingdom when the Kingdom should come. The tragedy of Jesus’ life lay in the fact that He, the King, came, but the Kingdom of God, in the sense in which He understood it, came not. And, as He regarded Himself as Messiah, so He regarded John the Baptist as His forerunner, as him who came in the spirit and power of Elias.

This conception of his office, apparently, John did not share. “And this is the record of John when the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, who art thou? and he confessed and denied not, but confessed, I am not the Christ. And they said, what then, art thou Elias? and he said, I am not. Art thou that prophet? and he answered, no.” So, at all events, we are informed by the Fourth Gospel. Jesus, however, judged differently. John’s clock is slow. The time is further advanced than he supposed. So He answers John in words which seem to be equivocal, but which are perfectly plain to one who knows the real situation. “Go and shew John again the things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear.

The dead are raised up and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Then, realizing the importance of the moment, with intense feeling He added this appeal to John not to misunderstand Him, not to resist what God was doing through Him — "And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." More He would not say, for the secret of His Messiahship He had not yet announced to His most intimate disciples, and He knew that the enunciation of His secret meant death. Yet, if John understood what He meant, His answer was sufficient. Such deeds as these, than which there can be none greater, are not the deeds of a forerunner. These mighty works of the Spirit, to him who can understand, are sufficient proofs of what I am.

This is more plainly brought out a little later when the disciples ask Him, "How say the scribes that Elias must first come and restore all things?" And Jesus answered unto them, "I say unto you that Elias is come already and they have done unto him what they listed."

How we wish we knew what effect this answer of Jesus produced on John's mind. Did he understand what Jesus meant by it? Did this program of healing the sick, which had not played the slightest part in John's ministry, seem to him a mere fantasy, a fanaticism, a waste of time and the neglect of more important duties? Did he believe that in any sense he was Elias? Did he die in despair of the great cause he had so nobly served? Or was it given him to see that all that was best in his thought and preaching and his righteous life was safe in the hands of Jesus and would be carried on by Him to a fruition of which John had never dreamed?

How strange a thing is human life! How past all finding out are the ways of God! What more crushing denial of John's great contention of God's righteousness could be conceived than that the mighty prophet's work should be cut short by the vexation of an impure woman, and that his noble head should fall on the block and be served on a platter to gratify the caprice of a dancing girl? And yet he still lives and will be remembered while time runs, as the pure morning star which ushered in the new day.

I cannot speak of this episode of the Lord's life without expressing my reverence for the things which Jesus considered worth while. To me these acts of healing and restoration, whether of the soul or of the body, are not incredible. With more reason than the denials of most doubters, I believe that these acts really took place much as they are related in our Synoptic Gospels. I do not regard them as miracles in the sense of violation of the laws of Nature, but as manifestations of spiritual power, and as wrought through knowledge of spiritual laws in the obscure domain where soul impinges on body.

Almost as important as their truth is the disposition of Jesus revealed in them. No one expected such acts of a religious teacher then any more than people expect it now. John the Baptist, we are expressly told, wrought no miracle. St. Paul's interest in this sphere of religious activity was very lukewarm. When Jesus discovered that He possessed such power we do not know, but He knew it well and trusted it implicitly from the beginning of His ministry. To Him this service was natural

and spontaneous, and He allowed nothing to interfere with its free exercise. That is the wonder of it. Who would imagine that with such infinite tasks devolving on Him in the short day of His earthly life, He would be willing to surround Himself with sick, sorrowing, suffering, demented and semi-demented men and women, and that He should give Himself to them as if He had nothing else to live for? And yet these poor people, after the Apostles, formed the first congregation of believers, and this example has perhaps done more to change the world for the better than any other single influence we can point to; and today the world possesses no memory so touching, so gracious, or so useful as the memory of Jesus Christ surrounded by the miserable, forever opposing His strength to our weakness, His hope to our despair.

ST. LUKE*

Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which have been fulfilled among us, it has seemed good to me also to write unto thee, most excellent Theophilus. — *St. Luke 1, parts of 1-4.*

YESTERDAY WE CELEBRATED the festival of St. Luke, and I venture to think that we are sufficiently interested in the Bible to enjoy a study of one of the most charming and lovable personalities of the New Testament.

The historical information we possess in regard to the life, labors and death of this man is bare and meagre enough. Three times Luke's name is mentioned by St. Paul in Epistles dating from the end of Paul's life, and beyond this, silence. In Paul's delightful little personal letter to Philemon, in regard to a runaway slave, he mentions Luke, along with others, as his "fellow laborer." In Colossians, written and despatched at the same time, he says: "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas greet you." This letter was written from Paul's prison in Rome, and we can imagine how much Luke's warm, bright nature and his medical skill and care meant to Paul during these last lonely, cheerless years of his life. In his second Epistle to Timothy he says: "Only Luke is with me," and he describes himself as forsaken by all others.

These brief allusions tell us merely that toward the end of Paul's life Luke was his constant companion, equally devoted to his person and to the cause of

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, October 19, 1924.

Christ, but nothing more. How does it happen then that Luke has not shared the oblivion which descended upon all Paul's other companions as soon as they strayed away from the bright circle of light which radiated from him and his writings? It is because Luke is the reputed author of two of the most important books of the New Testament — the Gospel which bears his name and the Acts of the Apostles. Into the question of the authenticity of these writings, the correctness of this tradition, I shall not attempt to go, except to say that whoever wrote one of these works unquestionably wrote the other also, as the style, the language, the fundamental conceptions and the forms of expression are the same in both. Luke's authorship of both these masterpieces of brilliant historical writing has never seriously been questioned and, since Harnack's painstaking and thoroughgoing study, it may be considered as established, in the sense that in all probability it was he who gathered from earlier sources the facts presented in these histories and who gave to them their final form.

In the introduction to his Gospel — "forasmuch as many have undertaken to set forth in an orderly manner a declaration of those things which are most firmly believed among us" — he tells us plainly that he himself was not an eyewitness of the Lord's life and death, that at the time when he wrote several attempts had been made to write in order the traditions preserved of Jesus' life and teachings, and that he had made use of these earlier works in the preparation of his Gospel. The Acts of the Apostles which was, as Luke himself

says, written later, is also a composite book, for whose earlier parts, at least, Luke was dependent on the traditions and writings of those who had preceded him. At a certain point in this narrative the manner of presentation abruptly changes. Luke begins to speak in the first person and to describe, with minute care, events and scenes of which he himself was a spectator. As the *Acts of the Apostles* was certainly written some years after St. Paul's death, some unknown circumstance, of which we shall always be ignorant, arrested Luke's hand and prevented him from writing the great final chapter of his history which undoubtedly would have contained the story of Paul's and Peter's deaths. Owing to this deplorable interruption of his work, the fate of the two greatest personalities in the history of our religion has always been unknown to us. If, as is probable, both Paul and Peter perished in Nero's persecution, perhaps St. Luke, with his strong predilection for the heathen and for Rome, could not bring himself to record so disgraceful an act. Perhaps under the terrible blow struck by Nero, from which the infant Church was reeling, the fate of individuals, even of great apostles, seemed unimportant. "

Before I speak of the characteristics of St. Luke's Gospel, will you allow me to say a few words about the Gospels in general, the most precious treasure that religion possesses? The only literary works in the world which even remotely resemble our Gospels are the Buddhist Gospels which relate the life, sayings and sufferings of Gotama, and these resemble ours only insofar as both are inspired by boundless faith and love and are

saturated by a tender poetry. As for our canonical Gospels, some unique moment in time's interminable succession gave them birth. Some breath of inspiration which never blew again upon this earth created them, for in all the vast body of Christian literature there is nothing like them, so light, so little fatiguing to the mind, so sure in touch, so inexhaustible in their appeal, so eternal in interest. Some of this power is due to the childlike simplicity of the style and language in which they are couched. They are the first books written in the Greek of everyday life. Their great glory, however, is that in some magical way they depict Jesus as a living person, a thing that no one else, poet, philosopher, historian, man of letters, has been able to do. In them His voice speaks, His spirit lives and breathes. At the moment when the traditions embodied in our Gospels crystallized and took form, His marvelous personality, the poetry of His nature still haunted the souls of believers as a living presence. A generation later such works became impossible. Without these Gospels we should know very little of Jesus Christ.

Among the previous attempts to write a Gospel, of which he speaks, Luke certainly had before him our splendid and solid Mark, which he faithfully followed and which gave form and substance to his whole Gospel. He also had access to some collection of the sayings and teachings of Jesus similar to that from which St. Matthew drew, but it is regarded as practically certain that Luke was not acquainted with St. Matthew's Gospel in the form in which it has come down to us. Had he known our Matthew, his innu-

merable changes and departures from it, even in small and unimportant particulars, would be unthinkable, and it is significant that the places where Luke agrees perfectly with Matthew are the places where Matthew agrees perfectly with Mark.

Most interesting is the fact that Luke had access to another cycle of Jesus' words and teachings, unknown to any other evangelist, from which he derived some of the greatest of Jesus' sayings, such as the story of Dives and Lazarus, the parable of the Good Samaritan, of the Prodigal Son, the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, the Penitent Thief, all those amazing stories of the love of God and of God's everlasting willingness to forgive. Two great preoccupations run through this Gospel, profound sympathy for the poor, the glorification of poverty and the condemnation of wealth and luxury. The second great motive is Luke's conception of Christianity as a world religion and that it belongs to the great pagan world even more than to the Jews. In this he shows himself the true disciple of Paul, fighting Paul's battle against the narrow-minded Jewish faction of the Church, which doubted whether the heathen should be admitted to the religion at all, or, if admitted, only by making humiliating concessions to ancient Jewish customs like circumcision. Instead of merely tracing Jesus' descent back to Abraham, he traces it to Adam, the father of all mankind. He represents the Lord as selecting seventy disciples, in addition to the Twelve, and as sending them out to preach the Gospel in his lifetime. Although he does not go as far as the Epistle of Barnabas in representing Jesus as selecting His dis-

ciples from the most abandoned sinners, he tells many a story which depicts the Twelve in a very unfavorable light — the ambition of James and John to sit beside Him in His kingdom, their bloodthirsty desire to call down fire from heaven on the villages which had rejected Him, the denial of Peter, the disciples forbidding a man to cast out devils in Jesus' name because he was not one of them, their covetous dispute as to who should be first in the kingdom when Jesus was on the very way to His death, the fact that Peter fell asleep when the Lord was transfigured and that he talked in his sleep. He represents the Jewish people as the unfruitful fig tree which God's providence will spare only a few years longer unless it begins to bear better fruit. Jerusalem he calls the murderer of prophets so that Jesus declares a prophet can hardly die anywhere else. To the Jews alone belongs the infamy of crucifying the Lord when the heathen Pilate wished to acquit Him. What Jesus communicates to His disciples in the presence of Jews is spoken in darkness, but they shall tell it in light to people who are worthy of it. The Prodigal Son is the image of the heathen world which has sinned and lost itself but which is capable of repentance and a return to God, while the envious elder brother who is annoyed by the prodigal's return is a symbol of the jealous Jews who wish to keep all God's mercies for themselves and who almost feel that they own God. In Luke the Lord's parting command is that the Gospel shall be preached to all nations, beginning from Jerusalem. It is Luke who conceives of Jesus as one who is come to seek and to save the lost. In his Gospel we read:

"They shall come from the East and West and from the North and South and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." He tells us in his touching story of the woman who washed Jesus' feet with her tears that all is forgiven love. He omits Matthew's "Go not into the way of the Gentiles and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not," and also the harsh saying to the Syrian woman: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs." He gives us the exquisite story of the birth of Jesus, with his angels and shepherds and Heaven descending to earth with songs of peace and good will, of the old man Simeon, worthy personification of ancient Israel, whose part on earth is finished but who has been spared to behold the Lord's Christ and the light revealed to all nations, and of the aged Anna who dies consoled for the long years of her widowhood. He has given us all those gentle canticles of the New Testament, Magnificat, Gloria in Excelsis, Benedictus, Nunc Dimitis, the beginnings of a new liturgy. All these things have assuaged somewhat of the sorrow of human life and have invested motherhood and childhood with a new sanctity.

It is worth remembering that the man who did these things, this pure and shining soul, the creator of so much goodness and beauty, was, according to the standards of his day, a cultivated and highly educated Greek physician. Among the great services medical men have rendered the world, it would be hard to point to a greater than that of St. Luke, who did so much to perpetuate the knowledge and the love of Jesus Christ. No other work written by a physician can compare for

a moment in its effects with his Gospel. A tradition dating from the sixth century affirms that in addition to his other accomplishments Luke was a painter and executed several portraits of the Virgin Mary. However this may be, he has painted for us with his pen a matchless picture of her Son, our Saviour, which all the churches have framed in gold. Nothing is said of Luke's ability to work miracles, but it is noticeable that Paul in the period of his numerous illnesses contrived to have Luke near him, and he seems to have preferred Luke's gentle ministrations to the miracle-working powers of some of the Apostles.

Luke is the type of physician we greatly need today — a physician who is also a philosopher and a man of faith. For a time our craze for specializing and the purely materialistic training of our physicians will continue, but the waning faith of patients and the determined revolt of millions against every school of medicine will place a limit to the tendency to regard men and women merely as diseased organisms. Among the secondary figures of our religion, among those who without being great originators have served the cause of Christ with talent, sweetness, love and devotion, a high place will always belong to St. Luke. No saint of the New Testament is more congenial to me than he or better represents my ideals of Christian service. Among his virtues I mention the following: refinement, gentleness and good taste; a profound and passionate love for the human personality of Jesus Christ, together with a deep desire to make Christ known and loved by all the world, a powerful sense of Christianity as the world religion,

the clear perception that Christianity is an historical religion and a deep interest in the historical facts of its origin; recognition of both soul and body as integral parts of human nature and faithful service to both, without magic, chicanery or fanaticism; lastly, the blending of science and religion in his own person, the ennobling of science by religion and the application of science to the whole domain of religion. All honor to the Beloved Physician and to all beloved physicians who have won the love and gratitude of men and women by recognizing them as moral and spiritual beings and who have been friends and physicians of the whole man, the soul as well as the body.

ST. PAUL*

And he, trembling and astonished, said: Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? — *Acts 9:6.*

DURING THE FIRST CENTURY thousands of Jews were converted to the Christian religion. All these conversions together were not worth as much to the cause of Christ as the change of heart of a single man, whose birth into the Kingdom of God we celebrate this week. This conversion gave a new impulse and direction to the whole destiny of Christianity. Formerly a persecutor and a hater of Christ and His cause, Paul was able to place his name beside the oldest and most faithful followers of the Lord as one converted and sent by Jesus Himself, while by his brilliancy, his dauntless courage, his undying devotion and his superb imagination, he surpassed them all.

The beginnings of great religious movements, like the beginnings of great religious lives, are often matters of days and hours. Faith that changes life forever sometimes dawns on our souls, like a flash of light, giving us an indelible consciousness of the presence and peace of God.

In this great sense conversion is a miracle, contact with another world, the irruption in us of a new force and energy which does not spring from our old lassitude, incredulity and vices, but is directed against them. It carries with it the evidences of its divine

**Emmanuel Church, Boston, January 21, 1923.*

origin. Hence, no man can describe another man's conversion. Even the subject of it has little knowledge of a process which is altogether subconscious and mystical. Luke may tell us of the journey to Damascus, of the overpowering, glittering light from Heaven, perhaps of a voice. But what took place in St. Paul's heart at that moment, what sudden inward change transformed him to the depths of his being, Luke cannot tell us, for he did not know.

Nor can Paul himself describe it much better. Three times he alludes to his conversion, always in brief, guarded, enigmatic language. He tells the Galatians of the Gospel he preached: "I neither received it of man, nor was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Unfortunately, he does not tell them how he became a Christian, but how he became an Apostle. There was no period of doubt and hesitation on Paul's part, such as Renan feels it necessary to predicate, but conversion overtook him in the very act of persecution. In the Epistle to the Philippians, he justifies himself to his Jewish detractors by showing that in no respect is he behind the best of them, but that by birth and education he had enjoyed every advantage a Jew could possess. "Circumcised on the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the aristocratic tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, touching the Law, a Pharisee, concerning zeal, persecuting the Church. As regards the righteousness demanded by the Law, blameless." But in all these things in which he formerly gloried, he found nothing to boast of. All that had been his pride and his confidence had fallen from him

in his surrender to Jesus. "What things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ."

The third allusion is in his First Epistle to the Corinthians: "Am I not an Apostle?" he asks. "Have I not seen Jesus Christ, our Lord?" And a little later, in recounting the resurrection appearances of the Lord, he mentions his own vision of Jesus as fully equal in historical value to any of the others. "Last of all, as to an untimely birth, he appeared to me also."

Many critical scholars have wished to throw this statement out, on the ground that Paul, having received Christ after the other Apostles, could not speak of his conversion as an untimely birth. But see what his words really mean. All the others to whom Jesus showed Himself after His death became what they were through their long association with Him. They had been trained and taught by Christ Himself. But he is an untimely birth because no such period of growth and education had been granted him, but to him Christ had appeared suddenly and unexpectedly while he was a persecutor. What followed is more wonderful still: "I labored more than they all."

In all these passages there is the same thought — the sudden, sharp contrast between his former life and his latter life, between his persecution and his Apostleship. It must be remembered that all this was written years afterward, when the essential truth was well remembered, but when many a minor detail may have been forgotten. I have heard men speak of such an experience, and years afterward I have heard them speak again in such different language that one would hardly

suppose the two statements referred to the same event. The more our minds are filled with our present ideas and beliefs, the harder it is for us to remember what we once were and how we felt when our whole thought and life were different.

Paul's experience is the only example of immediate and complete conversion recorded in the New Testament. It was not merely his intellectual convictions which were profoundly altered. All the ferocity, all the malignity of his disposition was burned out of his soul at that moment. The man who had consented to the stoning of Stephen and who was in the act of haling innocent men and women to prison and death, was he who wrote the amazing Hymn to Love. As soon as his disposition to Christ changed, everything in his nature changed with it. Neither was Paul a man who was saved from sensuality and moral weakness like St. Augustine. He was not an unbeliever or an atheist on whom the light of God suddenly dawned. We know from his own writings of his ardent faith in the God of his fathers and his long struggle for righteousness. His only change was that he had found Christ and that in Christ he found the means to attain the divine ideal which the Law had never given him. As the offering of the Gospel to the heathen, for which he had hated Stephen, had been the great stumbling block that made Paul despise Christianity, so the preaching of Christ to the heathen became the great passion of Paul's life, for which he asked neither the advice nor the permission of the Church at large nor of any of the Apostles. That was a matter between himself and Christ.

One other fact of the greatest importance ought not to escape us. Paul had not known Jesus during Christ's life on earth. As far as we are informed he had never seen nor heard Him. He had not listened to Christ's gracious and wonderful teachings. He had not witnessed His mighty works, and it was not the knowledge of any of these things which converted him. So we look in vain in St. Paul's writings for any general knowledge of Jesus as a religious teacher, or for any historical statement of Jesus' personality as a man. Few are the words of Christ which fall from Paul's lips. He does not even mention the Sermon on the Mount, or the Lord's Prayer. Hardly does he allude to Jesus' miracles. He could even bring himself to say: "Yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more." The divine drama of suffering, death and resurrection constituted in Paul's mind nearly the whole of the Christian religion. This is certainly the strangest fact in his strange career. It can be accounted for only by recognizing that Paul's personal and mystical relation to Jesus satisfied him perfectly, and that he did not care for anything else. It was this which gave him his great sense of oneness with Christ and of independence of all the world.

Otherwise, his first act would have been to return to Jerusalem, to report the joyful fact of his conversion to the Church, and to learn about Jesus from those who were able to teach him, and to receive from them authority to preach the Gospel. But he did nothing of the kind. "Immediately," he says, "I conferred not with flesh and blood, neither went I up to Jerusalem

to them that had been Apostles before me." Instead, he betook himself to Arabia, where he remained for several years; and as to what he did there he never gave the least hint. But he declares that for many years he did not know the Apostles by sight, nor they him.

Many scholars, therefore, today believe that before his conversion Paul's mind was filled with the Mystery religions of the heathen world which centered on the death and resurrection of the young Spring god, and that he only transferred these fantasies to Christ. As to this, in Paul's account of his early education, and in his authentic writings, there is no hint of such influences and dreams. But if we reject this explanation, which would reduce the whole drama of Christ's life as it was conceived by Paul to a nature myth, then we are thrown back more than ever on the overwhelming power of Christ's personal revelation of Himself to Paul, in a vision; and those persons who make light of such experiences have nothing to offer but the miserable alternative of Mithra or Adonis, which I unhesitatingly reject. Not by the cults of the heathen world on which Paul looked with horror; not by the social teachings of Jesus; not by contact with the organization of the Church, but by a direct revelation of Christ's person to him was won the greatest laborer who ever worked in the Lord's vineyard.

Paul does not tell us, himself, that at this moment Jesus even spoke to him. He says: "Am I not an Apostle? Have I not seen the Lord?" Why does he not add: "Did not Jesus Himself call me His Apostle?" Probably because he could not say so.

It was this certainty, which no persecution or skepticism of man could shake, that gave Paul all his confidence. From this momentous experience his whole life flowed like a river, abundantly watered from heaven. Henceforth, no effort was too great, no danger too appalling to deter him from carrying this message to the end of the world. In Christ he had found a peace, an energy and an inspiration which he had been totally unable to find in his struggle for righteousness under the Law. Hence he resisted to the uttermost the reintroduction of the Law as an element of salvation. The first words ascribed to him after his revelation reveal the character of the man: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I have been permitted to witness a good many wonderful spiritual experiences, and also to observe their effect upon the lives of men and women afterward. In some cases the result has been sad and disappointing. In some minds once filled with heavenly love and divine light, the light has faded, the love has grown cold. The only exceptions I know are in the cases of those noble, glorious men and women who from that time on have lived to shed their light and to lavish their love on darkened, sorrowful, unspiritual lives. Saved themselves, their first thought was to save others. So they have kept their great gift and have shared it with hundreds.

So it was with Paul. He seems to have felt that all he could do was but a partial expiation for his former hatred of Jesus. His life was far greater, richer in experience and suffering, than the Acts of the Apostles gives us any account of. In the Epistle to the Romans

he announces his intention of entering Spain. In the second Epistle to the Corinthians he relates hardships and adventures of which we have no other record. Where else are we told of a shipwreck when for a night and a day he was in the deep? Where do we read of his perils on rivers and by robbers, and in the wilderness, or of the five times when he received forty stripes, save one, from the Jews, or the once when he was beaten with rods? If it were not for First Corinthians we should not know of his gladiatorial combat with wild beasts at Ephesus, or of the trial which beset him in Asia Minor when he was nearly crushed to death.

For the next seventeen years Paul's life was almost synonymous with the spread of Christianity. The countries of Asia Minor, little towns like Lystra and Derbe, whole regions of Macedonia and Achaia, Cyprus and Crete, great cities like Ephesus, Damascus, Smyrna, Miletus, Athens, Corinth and, at last, Rome, through him heard the Gospel. Everywhere small but solid and enduring churches were established which Paul governed when absent and carried in his heart. Long, painful journeys were made on foot, and perilous voyages on miserable trading boats, by water. And always opposition and persecution, strife and debate, hatred, abuse, suffering and loneliness, the pain of always parting from friends and going to strangers, discouragements to daunt the stoutest heart, met with a gaiety and faith that are incomprehensible; blows, stripes, imprisonments enough to wreck the strongest constitution, from which Paul's frail physique invariably reacted and rebounded: "As dying, and behold

we live." Such labors and trials as no other man has performed before or since. And yet over all rose the indomitable energy of his faith and the face of Jesus as he once saw it, the determination to make up whatever might be wanting in the sufferings of Christ, fortitude, flaming zeal maintained by constant communion with the unseen, thoughts by which man has approached God for nineteen hundred years, the Hymn of Charity and the Psalm of Victory over Death, still faith's chief bulwark; in short a worthy foundation of faith and sacrifice, in length, breadth and depth, to sustain the gigantic structure of Christianity forever.

We see in Paul not the fullness of divinity, not the plenitude of power, nor the perfection of Jesus Christ. But all that the noblest mind, the most loyal and devoted heart can offer we find in him. Let those who mock at visions and revelations, as means of changing and renewing life, consider this man. Changed in a moment of time, stricken to the earth by a blinding inward light, and transformed in the depths of his being, henceforth the slave of Christ. An invalid in health and mysteriously troubled in mind, he crowded into one life the deeds, achievements and sufferings of generations of articulate-speaking men, as he bore about in his wounded body the image of Jesus crucified. In nineteen hundred years he has had no successor. In these millenniums Christianity has had other saints and heroes, saints, perhaps more saintly, heroes of the flesh and of the spirit, but only one St. Paul, only one man who could say:

"To me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

SIMON OF CYRENE*

And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name. Him they compelled to bear his cross.—*St. Matthew 27:32.*

ONE OF THE AMAZING ASPECTS of the life of Jesus, especially as it neared the end, is the strange things which contact with Him brought to light in the lives of many men and women. Had Peter never met Jesus he would have continued his pleasant life on the sea of Galilee, writing his name on the water, his highest ambition a net full of fishes, his end an unknown grave in the soil of Galilee. He would not have been crucified, but he would not have been an Apostle, a cornerstone of humanity, or a Rock on which Christ built His Church. Had Judas Iscariot never heard the name Jesus pronounced, nor been intrusted with the great Messianic secret, he might have lived and died a petty scoundrel, but he would not have gained his hideous immortality. The gracious woman who brought her box of precious spikenard to anoint the Saviour's feet, has been commemorated, as He promised, wherever His Gospel has been preached throughout the world. How little did Pontius Pilate imagine, when he went out of his house on Good Friday morning, that the cowardly act he was to perform that day would cause his name to be publicly recited in reprobation every day thereafter, in every city of the world, by the adorers of his Victim.

“And I believe on Him who died,
By Pontius Pilate crucified.”

**Emmanuel Church, Boston, Good Friday, 1920.*

It is not merely that these persons, by crossing the path of Jesus, inherited the immortality that attached itself to His every act. The day they came to Jesus was to them a day of destiny, and the attitude they assumed toward Him revealed the secret of their hearts and tested what was in them, so determining their life and fate, little as they suspected it. Nor is it otherwise now. The day we come to Jesus, and the response or the refusal we make to His call, determine our moral value and the whole tenor of our lives. The fate of Christ's seed in a man is the fate of the man himself. By our very acceptance of Christ, and by calling ourselves Christians, we acquire a power to help or to hurt His cause we should not otherwise possess.

One of these strange experiences was that of the man of whom I wish to speak this morning. Simon had come up from his distant home in Africa, like any other pious Jew, to keep the feast. We hear of him here for the first time, and probably he had never heard of Jesus before that day. The part he played in the crucifixion of Christ is a certain proof that Jesus, at this solemn hour, was forsaken by all His disciples. We are so accustomed to this melancholy story of human cowardice and infidelity that we do not remember that hardly a robber chief has been so infamously betrayed and deserted in his hour of need. Simon was not one of those Galileans who had cried Hosanna and had strewn palm branches before the Lord. He was not present at the secret session of the Sanhedrin. He had not seen that travesty of justice in the judgment hall of Pilate, nor had he witnessed that miserable man striving to cleanse his hands

of the blood that all the perverse, critical ingenuity of the nineteenth century was unable to wash away.

It was after all these things had taken place that he first saw Jesus. The great gates of the fortress Antonia swung open, and there He stood — His seamless coat dyed with the blood that still welled from the wounds and gashes of the scourge; His face defiled with spitting and bruised by blows; on His head the crown of thorns. A man walked before Him, carrying a white tablet on which was rudely scrawled in three languages, "The King of the Jews"; on his shoulder the heavy beam of the cross. Two thieves, sworn enemies of the human race, also bearing crosses, stood beside Him. The procession of death formed. The centurion mounted his horse. The callous Roman soldiers began to urge their prisoners forward.

Simon beheld all this with the same kind of awed fascination with which we witness some horrible street scene, from which, though it wounds us, we cannot turn our eyes. Then a company of women appeared, weeping and smiting their breasts. Jesus turned to them and said: "Women of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and your children. For if these things are done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry?" Having said these words, He sank beneath His burden. He who was bearing the sin of the world was not strong enough to bear the transverse beam of olive wood. Probably without enacting one of those scenes of cruel torture, with which Roman Catholics love to decorate the walls of their churches, the centurion perceived that the fainting frame of

Jesus was no longer able to sustain its burden. No disciple was at hand to take the cross from Jesus, to take with Him His last steps on earth, or to show Him one friendly, faithful face on which He could look with pride. The Roman soldiers, scorning to touch the accursed instrument of death, laid hold of the first man they met, an absolute stranger. "When they came forth they met a man of Cyrene, Simon by name. Him they compelled to bear the cross."

At first this must have seemed to Simon a hard and cruel misfortune. It exposed him to the coarse jokes of the rabble, who followed mocking, as the vulgar always mock at the sorrows of a noble heart. The wood was heavy and the way to Skull Hill was long and steep. The cross, in his eyes, was a polluting and loathsome object, and the whole situation must have been painful and revolting to the last degree. He would just as lief have carried the cross of one of the two thieves, for he saw no difference between them. He thought of the beautiful day he had come so far to spend in Jerusalem, the quiet day of preparation for the Passover, and his heart burned with indignation against the insolent soldiers, and very likely against the innocent cause of his mortification.

But what if, as the sad procession wound its way through the streets of Jerusalem, some sense of the meaning of this scene began to dawn on Simon? What if with one of His profound glances, one of His penetrating words Jesus bound to Himself the heart of this Cyrenian as He had bound the heart of many another? What if some intimation of the nature of the awful

sacrifice, about to be offered on Calvary, began to rise in Simon's soul? Would not the heavy burden grow lighter? Would not the shame and ignominy of bearing the cross for Jesus disappear? Might he not even feel it a blessing and a privilege to be alone with Jesus at this hour?

All this, I hasten to say, is more than a supposition. Simon's conversion was probably one of those unrecorded miracles of Jesus, of which St. John says: "And there are also many other things which He did which are not written in this book." Thirty or forty years later, when the Gospels were composed, Simon's name was still remembered. St. Mark speaks of his sons, Alexander and Rufus, as Christians well known to the Church. In all probability it was on that walk from Antonia to Golgotha that Simon's heart opened to Jesus Christ. He took the cross from Jesus' shoulder that morning, and walked with Jesus to His death. But who knows what cross Jesus took from Simon, or what sustenance Jesus gave him when Simon's eyes were closing in death? In after days, when the disciples met to rehearse the death of the Lord, must it not have been Simon's gladdest memory to relate how that day he had carried the cross on which Jesus hung, and to repeat every utterance that fell from Jesus' lips? And if we remember how absolutely alone Jesus was in this solemn moment of His life, we shall see it is distinctly possible that today the world owes its knowledge of the incomparable last words of Christ to the man who, by the strange decree of God, "was compelled to bear His Cross."

At some time of our lives this story contains a touching lesson for us all. How many of us are bearing our cross in life sullenly, angrily, unwillingly, for one whom we do not know. Of how many of us can be said just this and no more: "Him they compelled to bear His cross." And, ah me, how such a cross cuts into our flesh, bows our backs and breaks our hearts! How we long to lay our hands upon it and cast it from us! We do not comprehend its mystery, we do not taste its sweetness. It is to us only what it was at first to Simon — a bar of wood, a heavy clog upon our lives. We have had ambitions. We have heard the imperious voices of intellect calling us, promising us a life of splendid usefulness, of reciprocated love, of brilliant fame. But we have not been free even to sacrifice ourselves to our chosen profession. Some obligation to others we dared not dishonor bound us to a life of petty and wearisome routine. Oh, the bitterness of seeing our bright ideals fading, the good years passing, devoured by the canker worm and the caterpillar!

But now suppose that we begin to learn the lesson God sent adversity to teach us. Suppose we begin to comprehend that all great souls are sent into this world not to be ministered unto but to minister. Shall we not begin to regard the opportunities of our lives with different eyes? And if, after the lesson has been learned, God, as so often happens, takes the old disabilities away, shall we not always thankfully look back to those fruitful years of privation, when we stood face to face with Him? Will not a man be a greater and more helpful preacher, a wiser and tenderer physician, a pro-

founder writer, for that glance into the solemn heart of things which we gain only through suffering? If Abraham Lincoln had been reared as one of our gilded youth, would he have learned his divine wisdom or have attained his divine manhood? If Balzac had not been bound down by his burden of debt, would he have written more than one hundred novels? Charles Dickens never liked to think of his youth. It seemed to him cruel that a lad of such sensitiveness and of such high genius should be the drudge of a blacking factory, and run errands to the gaol. And yet while pasting on his labels, and dodging in and out of the doors of the Marshalsea, he was receiving his great education in human nature which no university could have given him.

“Who ne’er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne’er the lonely midnight hours
Weeping, upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.”

Oscar Wilde tells us that his mother brought him these sacred lines of Goethe’s, translated by Thomas Carlyle and written in a book by Carlyle’s own hand, and she asked him to consider them. Wilde replied that he saw nothing in them at all and that it was his intention to walk through life on the sunny side of the street. “To learn that lesson,” said the crushed and broken man, later in life, “I had to go to prison, but it was worth going to prison to learn it.”

Or consider the lot of a woman, obliged to abdicate her beautiful throne by reason of a permanent illness. She is forced to deny herself the society of friends. One

by one she must relinquish her old sweet labors of love. In all the rich and varied organ-play of human life, only one key is left for her, that over which is written in black letters, Renunciation. Ah, but that is a key which requires a master hand, and which can form masters; a keynote of a depth and sweetness no other can attain! Our friend begins to be like Christ, and to regard the cross as her vocation, and in place of her old ministries a new and more wonderful ministry is given her. Have we never known a home sanctified and blest by the cheerful light shed from the chamber of such a patient sufferer? So it happens that this invalid is able to strengthen others more robust than herself, that she, though cast down, continues to be the stay and support of those who stand erect, that this sufferer is ever the best and tenderest of consolers. In no earthly experiences do we draw nearer Christ than in our sufferings. To see His life cut short when it had just begun, to plant His feet resolutely in the way of death, to make His supreme submission to the will of God, is not this the one perfect example of obedience and courage? Can any of us say: "Lord, Thou hast laid on me more than Thou didst bear Thyself?" He might have complained, but that would be to murmur, not to sacrifice Himself. He might have recanted and avoided the cross, but that would be to deny His divine vocation. That cross indeed was His throne. Those outstretched arms have embraced this world. "A thousand times greater, a thousand times more beloved in death than in life; to tear this scene from the memory of man would be to rend this earth to its foundation" (Renan).

The world cannot be saved without the cross. No noble life has ever been led without sacrifice and suffering. While we are all clamoring for happiness, for pleasure, luxury, self-expression, the sublime and perfect sacrifice of Christ puts us to shame. We cannot enter into His sufferings while shrinking from every form of suffering ourselves. From this unknown man, from this Simon of Cyrene, we may learn the privilege of bearing the cross for Christ who hung upon the cross for us.

THE LAST COMPANIONS OF CHRIST*

Yea, and a sword shall pierce through thine own soul; that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed. — *St. Luke 2 : 35.*

ON THIS GOOD FRIDAY I am going to speak to you of some of the personalities which surrounded Jesus in His last days, and of the figures which stood about His Cross.

You will remember a scene which took place long before, when Simeon prophesied that if a sword should pass through His Mother's heart, the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed. These words were fulfilled in a remarkable degree at the Cross of Christ. No scene in this world's history stands out with the photographic distinctness of this scene, and on that day the friends and enemies of Christ inherited immortality. These men and women seem not to have lived two thousand years ago, but yesterday — nay, they are alive still, for in their courage and their cowardice, their strength and their weakness, their love and their hate, they are types of us all. And which one of us can say, had he been present on that awful day, how he would have acted?

Pontius Pilate I shall dismiss with a word. He was the type of Roman official chosen in those tyrannical days to crush a ruined people, and to extort heavy taxes for the Emperor. He despised the Jewish religion and all that pertained to it. It was only an accident of fate — the fact that under Roman rule the right of executing capital sentences had been taken from the Jewish

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, Good Friday, 1922.

people — which brought him into contact with Jesus. Had it not been for this accident Christ would have been stoned, not crucified.

Our Gospels represent the impression Jesus made on Pilate as favorable, and they assert that more than once Pilate expressed his intention of acquitting Him. But this is only illusory. In one respect Pilate was not a typical Roman. He was a coward at heart. Again and again he had goaded and exasperated the Jews to madness, only to yield to their demands at the last moment. He did not enter this trial with a good conscience. His past crimes weighed heavily on him, and he did not care enough, either for Jesus' innocence or for Roman justice, to jeopardize his own standing for a moment. When the Jews said: "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend," he delivered Him to be crucified.

Caiaphas is a far more complex and interesting character. He is a type of man with whom unfortunately the world has been familiar in all ages — the subtle, competent, scheming, unscrupulous ecclesiastic. His is that most odious figure from which the Church has never been able to free herself — the ecclesiastical politician. His long term of office — eighteen years in those troubled times — had taught him profound subtlety in dealing with his people and the Romans. On this type of man, whether in life or after death, Jesus has never been able to make much impression. Caiaphas stood for all that Jesus hated and denounced. The quarrel between them was mortal. It is the quarrel of the prophet with the priest, of the idealist with the politician, of the original thinker with the hidebound

conservative and reactionary, of the man of the future with the man of the past. All the more strange then is the ancient tradition of the Syrian Church that in his old age Caiaphas was converted, and died a Christian. I wonder what kind of a Christian Caiaphas became, and if he did become a Christian, how as a Christian he regarded this day's work when he hung Christ upon a cross.

There is another character I wish to look at much more particularly. While the foes of Jesus were planning and plotting His destruction, their schemes were overthrown, not by Jesus, but by one of His disciples. An opportunity was offered them, not merely to obtain possession of His person, but His condemnation to death by strictly legal methods, which they had never dared to hope for. A man came forward who was not a novice, nor a member of the large circle of Jesus' acquaintance, but one of the old and small body of His personal disciples — one of the Twelve — who most unexpectedly presented himself and bluntly and brutally inquired: "What will you give me and I will betray Him unto you?"

Horror and indignation nearly paralyze the processes of thought when we hear this cold-blooded question. The fact of Jesus' betrayal by one whom He had chosen, trusted, trained and taught is so incredible and so horrible, so dishonorable to human nature and to human fidelity, it even so calls in question the effect produced on man by the love of Jesus, and is so beset by the scorn of Christ's enemies, led by the venomous Celsus who declares that a robber chieftain would com-

mand more loyalty, that it would be a weight removed from the heart of the Church could it be proved that this infamous act never took place and that the ill-omened name Judas only typifies the hatred of unbelieving Jews (Theodor Keim). But historical truth and plain evidence cannot be sacrificed to such bold and fantastic juggling with facts, after the manner of the *Encyclopedie Biblica*.

It is true that the dark and impenetrable character of this man still remains shrouded in mystery, and that his fate became the subject of gruesome myths and legends. But Paul knew of the night on which Christ was betrayed, and there exist the unanimous witness of the Four Gospels and also the Acts of the Apostles, and the fact that Matthias was chosen to take the place from which Judas by transgression fell. Moreover, what possible motive could Christian tradition have to put such a horrible stain on one of the Apostles, and on the whole Apostolic body, with its reflection on the judgment of Jesus in choosing such a man to be His disciple, and having chosen him, to fail to convert him?

This is not to be thought of, and the dark crime of Judas, in some respects the darkest in human history, will never be explained away. The only good thing I know about Judas is that he had the grace to hang himself.

His motive, which to other generations has been incomprehensible, is plainer to us, though, as far as I know, this is the first attempt to explain it in the light and knowledge of the Kingdom of God.

Mere brutal avarice which would lead Judas to sell

his Master for the paltry sum of seventeen or eighteen dollars (thirty shekels are considered to be the equivalent of ninety francs), is hardly to be thought of on the part of a man who less than a year before was willing to leave all to follow Christ. It is true John lays much stress on Judas' anger when he saw the precious ointment in Bethany poured on his Master's head, but the earlier Evangelists ascribe the vexation for this extravagance to the other disciples and do not mention Judas, nor does it reflect credit on Jesus to suppose He would make so gross a mistake in regard to a man's character as to appoint and to tolerate a notorious thief as the treasurer of His society.

Nor can we ascribe this crime to thwarted ambition. When the disciples disputed together as to who should be first in the Kingdom of God, it was not Judas who wished to place himself above the others. It was James and John, the sons of Zebedee. And if Judas wished to kill Jesus for rebuking the madness of his ambition, why did he not kill the two detested favorites also? De Quincey's fancy that Judas placed Jesus in the hands of His foes to compel Him to reveal His power is so gratuitous that I shall not discuss it.

If we wish to tell the truth, we shall have to admit that up to a few days before His death Jesus is not represented as addressing a single word of censure or warning to Judas. His act, then, must have been the result of some sudden and profound change of disposition which occurred at this time.

Two of the Evangelists, despairing of any plausible motive, because the real motive had already passed

from their purview of the situation, ascribe the whole transaction to Satan, who bodily entered into Judas and impelled him, like a helpless tool, to do this deed. "Then entered Satan into Judas who is called Iscariot." The wickedness is diabolic, but Jesus held Judas, not Satan, responsible for the act. "Woe to the man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed."

One thing stands out with absolute clearness. Such a treatment of the Master can be accounted for only by the deepest estrangement of the disciple from Him who called him "friend." If we can show how such a deep moral and religious estrangement took place between Jesus and Judas at this very time, we shall have supplied the motive for which Christendom has looked so long. Let me remind you again what Judas actually betrayed. It was something far greater and more important than where Jesus spent His last night on earth. That were a slight service, for which Caiaphas would have paid nothing. Jesus took no elaborate precautions to conceal His whereabouts; Caiaphas had his temple guard, and, at the time of the Great Feast, Jerusalem swarmed with Roman constables and detectives. If Caiaphas merely desired this information, all he had to do was to send out his own emissaries to find Jesus and arrest Him.

But Caiaphas desired a very different thing. What he wished was a capital indictment, a strictly legal charge on which he could try Jesus for His life before the Sanhedrin, the supreme court of the nation, for in the presence of thousands of Galileans — about as touchy as gunpowder — who thronged Jerusalem at

this time, he dared not make an attempt on the life of their great Prophet in any other way. But this charge was precisely the thing that was lacking. Hence the vacillation of Jesus' enemies. Hence they were obliged to let Him go on teaching publicly day after day, in Jerusalem, even after He had denounced them with His fierce scorn, and had held them up to the contempt of the multitude. Hence their unfeigned joy when Judas most unexpectedly came forward and offered for a trifling sum to sell them the information without which they dared not move a finger. What Judas betrayed was not merely Jesus' presence in the night season on the Mount of Olives; it was the great Messianic secret, revealed to him a few weeks before, and which, by Jesus' solemn command, up to that moment had been loyally and jealously guarded by the Twelve — evidence sufficient to procure His condemnation to death, and as the event proved, to alienate from Him even the adoring multitude which had spread palm branches before Him only a few days before.

Here we have the true and only key to the amazing act of treachery and to the hardly less amazing change of feeling on the part of the multitude which welcomed Jesus to Jerusalem with hosannas and palm branches on Palm Sunday, and which clamored for His death on Good Friday.

When Jesus revealed the secret of His Messiahship to His disciples, after Simon Peter's confession only a few weeks before, there was one who did not receive the amazing news with faith and joy, but who was

alienated to the core of his being by it, and who from this time on regarded Jesus with deep abhorrence. Jesus saw this dark unbelief growing in Judas' heart. He watched the alienation grow deeper and the loyalty to Himself wither, and though He never rejected Judas nor thought to expel him from His company, He more than once definitely foretold his treachery: "Have I not chosen you Twelve, and one of you is a devil?" "Behold the hand of him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table." *Judas betrayed Jesus because he did not believe in His Messiahship, but regarded it very much as Caiaphas regarded it.* The people also stumbled at that stumbling block. They were glad to welcome the great Prophet of Galilee, the great preacher and physician. But when, at the trial, they heard His claim to be the Son of God and Judge of the World, who should come in the clouds with God's angels, they judged it blasphemy and clamored for His death. So two of the mysteries which have surrounded the Cross of Christ yield their secret to him who knows why Jesus died.

There are two other actors in this scene at which I wish to glance. Judas has given the Traitor's Kiss and Jesus, as he correctly anticipated, is already helpless in the hands of His foes. As they led Him away Peter followed. But he finds his role harder than he had expected. In the great hall of Caiaphas' palace the Court of the Sanhedrin was assembled, at least as many as they could collect at that unseasonable hour. Some probably were not present. Neither Nicodemus nor Joseph of Arimathea was likely to sanction that judicial murder. The twenty-four judges, or at least as

many as they could get together, sit on cushions in a semi-circle, and in the center Caiaphas, with his trusted advisers at his side. We see no accuser, for the judge himself is the accuser. No advocate stands at the prisoner's side. We hear many witnesses called for the prosecution, but not one witness for the defence. Indeed, so sorely did the manifest injustice of His trial affect the Jews that they tried to correct it by a late fable in the Talmud to the effect that in spite of the proclamation of a herald for forty days, not a single witness to Jesus' innocence could be induced to come forward. So the Jews themselves condemn what actually happened.

In the meantime, in the courtyard outside among the guard there was a good deal of stir. In addition to their rejoicings over the successful attack which cheered their spirits almost as much as the fire round which they were lying that cold April night, a new object of interest had been discovered in the person of a disciple of the prisoner. A little maid who kept the door and who had seen him somewhere in the Master's company now recognizes Peter: "Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee," she says to him, and Peter suddenly experiences the horrible clutch of fear at his heart. "I don't understand you," he stammers. "Woman, I know not what thou sayest." He had not exactly denied Jesus, but certainly he had not confessed Him, as he so confidently had promised to do. But such prevarications are worse than useless, and when pressed a little further, poor Peter, despising himself and half frenzied with fear, reverted to his fisherman's language

and vernacular, and with many oaths and curses, and startling imprecations, denies all knowledge of the man.

Just then the door opened and Jesus, about to be delivered to Pilate and the mockery of the soldiers, stood before him. "And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter." He would not speak nor betray the disciple who had just denied all knowledge of Him. But neither would He pass him by in indignation and anger as if He knew him not. For as His eye met Peter's, something in Peter's imploring glance and in the quick flood of tears which sprang to his eyes, assured Jesus that in spite of all his denials Peter knew Him and loved Him. That glance of Jesus saved Peter's soul and gave him back to Jesus, and the next time the Cross presented itself to him, tradition says he asked to be crucified head down, in atonement for that night's cowardice. "And Peter remembered the word of the Lord: before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny Me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly."

One more scene: The crucifixion has been enacted, and beneath the cross to which Jesus has been affixed the great multitude sways to and fro, utters its little word of malediction and departs. The most certain fact our Gospels have presented to us is His enemies' triumphant scorn. What an assembly! What a deathbed for the holy Jesus! How our blood would run cold did we know that our life would end like this, and our last hours breathed out upon a cross or even be spent in such company; or that some one dear to us, some pure and holy person, should be forced to die in a felon's cell, surrounded by profane criminals! This world has

witnessed many a scene which may reasonably cause us to doubt whether the heart of man is very tender after all, but never such a scene as this. Even one of the thieves forgot his own sufferings to mock at Christ's. "Ah, brother," he says, "so thou art come to the cross, too. What is that I see written over thy head, King of the Jews? Truly thou hast sorry subjects to reign over. Now see what comes from aiming too high."

So He hangs rejected by all. Among that great company, many of whom had doubtless received health and life at His hands, or among His own disciples, if any were present, can no one find the courage to speak one brave and loyal word in behalf of the dying Master? Well, then, God Himself shall speak. If every friendly voice is silent, you shall hear the very stones cry out. "Then one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him. If Thou be the Christ, save Thyself and us." But the other rebuked him, saying: "Dost thou not fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the just reward of our evil deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss." Truly we must humble ourselves in this man's presence, for when all other believing voices were silent he spoke. But you may regard this confession as of little importance because it proceeded from a scaffold and was made by a malefactor. Do you suppose that made it easier? Or let me ask you a personal question: Do you really think there is such a deep gulf fixed between men who expiate their sins by punishment even on lofty scaffolds, and us who hide ours in our hearts? Are you

certain that among all the evil thoughts and selfish deeds of your life there is not one which, on the scales of divine justice, weighs heavier than the theft for which that man died?

Let us not forget that he was suffering just what Jesus was suffering. His hands and feet had been pierced by the nails, his body racked with cruel pain, his tongue parched with deadly thirst. And again I ask you who shrink from every form of physical pain, do you not see something touching and pathetic in this man's patient endurance of his agony? But who could anticipate his next word? "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Oh, marvelous power of faith, which sees majesty where unbelief sees only shame; light, where all is darkness; life, where there seems to be nothing but death! Had I been there should I have seen so much? The very claim of Jesus for which He was rejected by all, this man makes the ground of his humble, deprecating prayer. It is humanity's first confession of Jesus Christ as King of the Kingdom of God, the first welcome sound which fell on Jesus' ears through all the weary hours. Here upon the cross was one more work of grace for Him to do, one more soul born in this most unlikely cradle for Him to take with Him into the Kingdom of God. With this last trophy of His love, like a single flower in the hand of a dead man, Jesus enters the vast spaces of the unseen world.

THE RESURRECTION*

That I may know him and the power of his resurrection.
Philippians 3:10

ON EASTER DAY, it appears to me, a congregation has a right to expect of its preacher not merely the result of his thoughts and studies but a candid statement of his personal faith. I suppose there are few men in this country to whom these subjects have a greater fascination than they have for me, few who have studied the beliefs we commemorate today more attentively than I have — both the Resurrection of Jesus through the critical study of the New Testament, and our survival of bodily death by every honorable means open to us. As a result I find my faith in both growing stronger and stronger, until it has become the chief possession of my life; and I know of no fact or discovery which is dangerous to either. I regard the Resurrection of Jesus as a true, objective, historical fact, an appearance of the living after actual death, an occurrence, like other events of the past, dependent in part on the evidence of eyewitnesses.

To gain this conviction it is not necessary for us to thread our way through the maze of Biblical criticism and the conflicting statements of the Gospels. Few of us are able to do this. This was not required of Christians of old and it is not required of us. “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, Easter Day, 1924.

thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." That was enough for them and it is enough for us.

If Jesus had desired to take this subject out of the domain of faith and to prove the fact so as to leave no room for doubt, a single appearance in the temple at the Passover, when the whole nation was gathered there, would have settled the question forever. He did not choose this way. He appeared only to certain chosen witnesses, to men who already knew and loved Him and were thinking about Him. From this we see at once a certain spiritual and psychical character in these events, and that the Lord adhered to His old rule of offering no sign to unbelief.

When we consider the nature of these appearances, which were sudden, brief, unexpected and made to different persons, we are not surprised that the accounts in the Gospels are also short and fragmentary and that they were written without much reference to one another. The case is entirely different with St. Paul. St. Paul, in the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, gives us an extended survey of the whole subject. He gives us, it is true, no bright, sensuous pictures, no detailed narratives after the manner of the Evangelists; but he presents to us a complete inventory of all the Resurrection appearances of the Lord which he considered genuine, and the correct order of their occurrence. The denial of any resurrection on the part of some of the Corinthian Christians compelled St. Paul to consider carefully the historical evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus. Are you aware how good this evidence

is? So good that if all other statements were placed in one scale and this single passage were placed in the other, Paul's witness would preponderate. It is contained in an epistle whose authenticity has never seriously been questioned. The measured sobriety of Paul's language, the strict limitation of the appearances of the Risen One, his careful mention of names, his confident appeal to many living witnesses, the psychological probability of his sequence, his rigid exclusion of all legendary, highly-colored incidents, all produce an impression most favorable to his truthfulness and to his painstaking care. Paul introduces this evidence by the significant statement: "I delivered unto you, first of all, that which I myself also received." The usual date assigned to this epistle is about the year 55, but the words "I delivered unto you first of all" carry us back about four years further to Paul's first visit to Corinth, while the words "that which I myself also received" can hardly have any other meaning than that these statements in regard to the Lord's Resurrection appearances formed part of the traditions of the old Apostles and earliest Christians, communicated to him during his two weeks' visit to Peter, which is described in Galatians as taking place three years after Paul's conversion, somewhere about the year 35. So that instead of an anonymous oral tradition flying around the world for a generation, we have here a written and carefully considered statement from the hand of Paul, whose substance dates not more than five years from the event.

But even this is not the only, or perhaps the chief source of our faith, any more than three or four ac-

counts of Niagara Falls are the cause of Niagara Falls, or even why people who have never seen the Falls believe in them. The New Testament itself, the marvelous change which these events produced in the Apostles, the conversion of St. Paul, the establishment of the Christian Church and its continued life, all sprang from this event, and without it they would not have taken place. When you stand on the field of Waterloo and look at the mound which marks the position of the English squares in 1815, or when you stand in Rome before the triumphal arch of Titus, with its procession of bearded Jews, bearing candlesticks to commemorate the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70, it does not require fanatical faith in you to believe in the historical events they commemorate, apart from the critical study of books. In the new life Jesus gave to the world during these few days, we see a greater and a more important fact than the fall of Jerusalem or the battle of Waterloo.

In all this I have made no claim for the reanimation of a physical body. Some of our Bishops, but by no means all our Bishops, assert that faith in Jesus demands and requires physical resurrection. In this they are not well guided, and this demand will not strengthen faith; it only strengthens incredulity, especially as it is contradicted not only by St. Paul who speaks only of a spiritual body, but by the very Gospels to which we are obliged to appeal. For a body which appears and disappears at will, is not immediately recognized and which passes through closed doors, is no body of flesh and bones. No sooner do the materially-minded find themselves with a material body on their hands than

they are obliged to dematerialize it again, and to pass, with uncertain steps, from eating and drinking to vanishings and reappearances and to passage through material substances. The present ending of St. Mark's Gospel even describes one of these appearances as "in another form." Moreover, a physical resurrection would be no support to our faith at all, for we know well no such fate is in store for us.

What actually happened to the body of the Lord, or what caused its disappearance, I know not; no one knows. The question was discussed at the time St. Matthew's Gospel was written. The Fathers frequently speculated on its disappearance. Tertullian hazarded the suggestion that it had been removed by Joseph's gardener. Bishop Westcott thinks that the power of God caused it to disappear. When men thought that our own resurrection would be material and physical and that Heaven is the physical abode of God, resting on the upper side of the firmament, it was natural for them to conceive of the Resurrection of Jesus in the same terms; but in the presence of this infinite universe, as it has been revealed to us, during the past ten years, such ideas simply vanish and disappear, and we may truly say: "Mortality is swallowed up of life."

Death is not a passage from one part of the universe to another. It is a passage from one state of being to another. We shall not want these old bodies in our new life, and we could not carry them with us if we did, for they belong to this world. They were made altogether of earth's substance, they are made with reference to the surface of this earth, this atmosphere, this tempera-

ture, and when we die they are resolved to dust. It is the destruction of the old life which makes the new life possible.

No one has believed in the Resurrection of Jesus with more passionate ardor than St. Paul. It was the cause of his conversion, the substance of all his preaching, and yet from first to last he speaks only of a spiritual body. He establishes the strongest antitheses in language between the body that dies and the body that lives hereafter. "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a physical body, it is raised a spiritual body." In rehearsing the various appearances of the Lord, he monotonously repeats the same word *ophthe*, "He was seen," "He appeared," but nothing more.

From this point of view the whole matter of the Resurrection is so much more probable and in accordance with our knowledge of what is possible—the sudden appearance and disappearance, the passing through closed doors, the traumatic stigmata and the fact that these appearances ceased a few days after death are so comprehensible and natural—that it becomes mere perversity to doubt it. Without the experience of the phenomena such stories would not have been invented, especially as the Apostles were looking for no such humble occurrences, but, if they had any expectations for the future, for the return of the Lord in glory. Never was Jesus' Resurrection believed so firmly and on such good grounds as it is today, and by another century no educated man will doubt it.

But, you ask, if Jesus did not rise in a physical body,

in what kind of a body did He rise? That is exactly the question which the Corinthians asked St. Paul, and I will answer you as he answered them. No one who truly looks forward to a life after death conceives of it as involving the loss or the diminution of his personality. We do not think of the mingling of all souls together, or of the disappearance of our personal life in the life of God. That is pantheism, but it is neither Christianity nor immortality. Neither are we able to think of the soul as existing without a body, without some form and organism and expression which distinguishes it from everyone else, a body by which it acts on its world and receives impressions from its world. Once before, in the first life, God, through your soul, mysteriously built for you a body, wholly and perfectly adapted to a life which was to come. So again, here and now, you are secretly and invisibly building for yourself the body you shall wear hereafter, and that body, though not yet complete, is already in existence. In this church, this morning, there is almost, I might say, another congregation — one consisting of the persons we know, who will die one after another; the other, of the persons we scarcely yet know at all, who will emerge as the former disappear and who will live after the other bodies have undergone death.

Apart from this body of dust, hidden by this house of clay, there is even now the spiritual body, oh, so much fairer! oh, so much more glorious! — a body which represents you perfectly in your thoughts, your affections and memories, and which some time will disengage itself from the old body by the loosening of a

thousand silken cords, and stand forth, strong and radiant and beautiful, to enter its new life. Now you go up and down slowly and heavily on feet of flesh. Then you will pass from one end of the world to the other on the light wings of the Spirit. A new body will not be made for you out of nothing. It will not be sent down from heaven for you. The body you have made yourself and which perfectly represents you is revealed as the old body falls from you. That is all. "Not that we should be unclothed, but clothed upon."

That, in different language, is what Paul answered to those who questioned him. He described the new body growing out of the old as the plant grows out of the seed. He compared it to the glory of the sun and the moon and the stars. In such a glorious, immortal and spiritual body Jesus rose.

This is the cogent and sufficient answer to those who ask: Shall I see my beloved ones again? Shall I know them again? Will the old sweet life ever be resumed? Shall we continue to help and bless each other as in the days of old? This longing to meet again, to know again those from whom we have been separated will be satisfied more fully than you dare to hope. Oh that God would permit me to say some word of consolation, of solemn assurance and truth that the soul, with its love, never dies! Or, a thousand times better, that He would reveal it to our hearts and take from us forever our groundless, senseless fear of death, by which we wrong God and the dead, and show ourselves unworthy of our religion. In the old days of Christianity when faith was strong, Christians did not

keep their birthdays, nor ask their friends to celebrate them, because they said that a Christian's true birthday is his entrance into life.

The walls which separate the world of matter from the world of spirit are growing thin — not merely to faith, but to science. You walk across the country some night. Not a voice speaks. All is silence and darkness and you feel that you are quite alone. You return to your house and place to your ear an instrument fashioned to catch vibrations from the air, and instantly the silence becomes vocal, filled with music you could not hear before, charged with intelligence, and you perceive that you are not alone, but, in some marvelous way, in rapport with other living men and women. You sustain a great loss and the happy house of your life contracts to four bare walls, and the heavens above you are dark and silent and the future is utterly uncertain, and you walk alone in the night. Yet there are voices able to break that silence and to assure you of their continued existence and their love. Today the greatest of all voices, the voice of our Lord Jesus Christ, speaks to us across the gulf of death, and tells us all that we need to know — "Because I live, ye shall live also."

In the course of my long ministry I have sat by many a deathbed. Several times I have seen the faces of dying men and women brighten with an unearthly light as they appeared to see and to recognize some unseen presence. I have heard them greet and address, with loving, rapturous words, departed friends totally invisible to me. In every instance within my experience this has proved an immediate precursor of death. In com-

menting on this occurrence with a learned and widely-experienced physician, I received from him several highly interesting examples of similar events which had taken place under his observation, one of which occurred just before the death of my famous and saintly relative, Dr. Joseph Worcester of San Francisco. This physician added: "Among the old doctors who were accustomed to remain with their patients to the end, these facts were well known, and it was commonly held that the appearance of the dead to the very ill was to be regarded as a definite indication of approaching death." This means that when our end approaches those whom we have known and loved are aware of it and that they are close beside us to receive us, and that when our eyes close on this world the first objects we shall behold are the faces of those we have most loved, who stand beside us to welcome us and to go with us into our new life.

"And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost a while."

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER OF FIRST CORINTHIANS*

Behold, I show you a mystery. — *I Corinthians 15: 51.*

FOR A LONG TIME it has been my wish to offer you a brief study of St. Paul's Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, one of the most important documents of the Christian religion. Perhaps at Easter time you may welcome it. We value this chapter because it presents to us the first, the oldest and, on the whole, the most satisfactory account of the appearances of the Risen Lord, and because, after nineteen hundred years, it is still the greatest exposition of immortality which humanity possesses.

Criticism which, from time to time, has tried to impugn the authenticity of other Epistles ascribed to St. Paul, has almost entirely spared this Epistle, and we need have no doubt that in these words we are listening to the great Apostle in his most exalted mood. Certain denials of the Resurrection had arisen in the church in Corinth which seemed to St. Paul to carry with them denial of the Resurrection of Jesus. Paul was prepared to stake the whole truth of Christianity on the fact that Jesus rose from the dead and that He was seen and recognized after death by men who had known Him well. He therefore, with painstaking care, prepared an inventory of the appearances of the Risen One which he considered genuine and well attested.

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, April 24, 1927.

Let us see how good this evidence is. Paul begins his statement with these words: "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I myself also received." The date assigned to this Epistle is about the year 55, but the saying "I delivered unto you first of all" carries us back about four years further to the year 51 when Paul first visited Corinth and established the Church there. This fact, the Resurrection of Jesus, was the first thing, or one of the first things which Paul had imparted to his new converts. Nor can we stop here, for the expression, "I delivered unto you first of all that which I myself also received," carries us back still further to the time of Paul's first visit to Jerusalem after his return from Arabia, three years after his conversion. At this time these Resurrection appearances of Jesus were related to him by the old Apostles, by Peter, by James and other eyewitnesses who had experienced them. That was when he received them. So that, instead of an oral tradition flying about the world for a generation, we have a careful written statement from the hand of Paul, whose substance dates only about four years from the event.

Moreover, this statement of St. Paul's was not prepared on the spur of the moment when he wrote this chapter, nor did he trust to his recollection of events long past. He calls it a *kerygma*, a definite formula which he habitually employed. In fact it would hardly be too much to say that if all other witnesses of Jesus' Resurrection were placed in one scale and this witness of Paul in the other, in the opinion of men accustomed to judge evidence, Paul's would preponderate.

It is true he paints no bright, sensuous pictures. He reports no physical acts nor proof of corporeity. He cites no words of the Risen Christ. He confines himself to a single word, the monotonously repeated *ophthe*, "He appeared," "He was seen." That is all and no more.

This is Paul's *kerygma*, the oldest and most authentic statement of Jesus' Resurrection appearances we shall ever possess:

"That Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures,
And that He was buried,
And that He rose again according to the Scriptures,
And that He appeared to Cephas,
Then to the Twelve;
Afterward He appeared to above five hundred brethren at
once of whom the majority are still living, but some sleep,
Afterward He appeared to James,
Then to all the Apostles,
Last of all, as to an untimely birth, he appeared also to me."

In all, six appearances, neither more nor less, and two to the same group. This seems to preclude the superposition of suggestion or of popular enthusiasm as an explanation of these occurrences. Just when the enthusiasm should be becoming contagious and the suggestion should be spreading from one to another, it abruptly ceases.

It has often been said that Paul betrays no knowledge of the empty grave. He particularly mentions here that Jesus was buried, and his statement that Jesus rose on the third day can hardly have any other meaning than that on this day, Easter day, His grave was visited and was found empty.

What Scripture was thus fulfilled it is hard for us to say. We may think of Isaiah's promise to Hezekiah: "I

will heal thee; on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord" (II Kings xx: 5). Or we may remind ourselves of Hosea's "After two days He will revive us, and the third day He will raise us up" (vi: 2). Or we may think of the three days and three nights Jonah is said to have spent in the whale's belly. The allusion is obscure.

From every point of view it seems natural that Jesus' first revelation after death should have been made to Simon, who first discerned in Him the Christ of God. Peter's warm, impetuous nature, his deep love for Jesus, his psychic endowment which is freely described in the Acts of the Apostles, all make it highly probable that Peter was the first to see Jesus after He was risen. The only surprising thing is that this meeting is not more fully and graphically described in our Synoptic Gospels. In all probability Peter's meeting with his Lord was so described in the lost ending of St. Mark. "Go tell his disciples and Peter," says the young man to the women at the grave in this Gospel, and the meeting of Jesus and Peter probably followed in verses which we no longer possess.

The exquisite twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel, which does not belong to the Gospel itself but is added as an epilogue, has always been believed to contain material taken from this lost ending of St. Mark, and here, tenderly, touchingly, is described how Peter discerned Jesus standing in the dim morning light on the shore of the old lake, and it tells us how Jesus wrung from His disciple a triple confession after his triple denial and bestowed on him a new commission.

Without this personal contact with the Lord and the assurance of Jesus' forgiveness, Peter would hardly have dared to resume his old place in the Apostolic body, nor would he have been accepted by the others after he had solemnly renounced Jesus and His cause with oaths and curses.

Paul alludes to "the Twelve." Although Judas certainly at this time was not one of them, yet the old designation continued. Probably this first appearance to them was the one recorded by St. Luke on Easter night after the return of the two disciples from Emmaus, when Jesus suddenly stood in their midst. The second appearance to "all the Apostles" to which St. Paul refers may have been that related by St. Matthew as taking place on a mountain in Galilee.

We greatly wish we had more definite information as to Christ's appearance to the five hundred brethren at once. St. Paul alludes to this event with so much confidence as one which could be verified by many persons who were living when he wrote, that it is doubly strange that none of the Evangelists alludes to it. Unless by this occurrence Paul has in mind the outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost, the appearance to the five hundred remains a mystery.

Almost equally unknown is Jesus' special appearance to James which is not mentioned by any of our canonical Gospels. But in an apocryphal Gospel, in the old, fragmentary Gospel of the Hebrews, there occurs this curious passage which may rest on old tradition, or it may be only an enlargement of this statement of St. Paul's: "When the Lord had given His napkin to the

servant of the priest, He went to James and appeared to him. Now James had taken an oath neither to eat nor to drink from the hour that he had drunk from the Lord's cup, until he should see Him rise from those who sleep. Immediately the Lord said, 'bring a table and bread.' And it was brought. He took the bread, gave thanks and gave it to James the Just and said, 'My brother, eat thy bread, for the Son of Man is risen from them that sleep.' "

St. Paul's last statement is of his own vision of Christ at his conversion. It is to be noted how entirely Paul co-ordinates his own experience with that of the others. He does not say or imply that the contact of the older Apostles with the Risen Christ was in any sense different from his, that it was in any wise more real, closer, more convincing; but he does affirm that his experience was the last, and that after it Christ had been seen by no man in the sense in which He had been seen before. "Last of all, as to an untimely birth, he appeared also to me."

It has frequently been objected that as Paul's vision of Jesus occurred after that of the others it is an abuse of language to describe it as an untimely or a premature birth. This is Paul's meaning: All the others had been prepared for their sight of the Risen Lord by Jesus' teaching and promises and by intimate contact with Him. To Paul no such period of education and preparation had been given. To him the revelation was sudden and unexpected. He had seen Jesus while he yet hated Christ and was His enemy. So he might well describe this event as an untimely birth, because nothing had led

up to it. This plainly contradicts the assertion of many critics that a period of vacillation and dawning faith had preceded Paul's conversion.

It is interesting that this precious statement of Paul's was drawn from him by unbelief, by the denial of some of the Corinthian Church that there is any resurrection. "How say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?" The boldness and the activity of thought in the Early Church always surprises us. There were more vital, moral, spiritual and intellectual questions agitated in this little coterie and presented to St. Paul for settlement than are submitted by our whole Church to the General Convention at any of its sessions. It is hard to believe that in this small company of Christians there were Epicureans or atheists who denied the possibility of another life altogether. Probably they had some thought of life after death, but one which was so grossly materialistic or so pagan that Paul would not recognize it. So he turns to the general consideration of our own immortality and he wrote those words which, because there are no greater, we still read above our dead. If ever a man was truly inspired, truly led by the Spirit, it was St. Paul when he composed these sentences. They have shed the chief light on man's path of destiny ever since. These words, in their main import, still carry conviction. This chapter for nineteen hundred years has been immortality's chief support, not only in the Bible, but in all human literature. No one but God knows what religion and what each passing generation of men owe to it.

I cannot comment on every word, but I should like

to call your attention to some of the striking thoughts. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." How Paul regarded the fate of those who died before Christ or without coming into contact with Him we have no means of knowing. This statement seems to echo the late Jewish opinion that mortality entered the world through Adam's transgression, in the sense that by reason of it Adam transmitted a mortal nature to his descendants. Paul asserts here that the effect of Christ's Resurrection is as great as the effect of Adam's sin.

The next thought is very interesting because it has no counterpart in the New Testament. Paul, like Jesus, looked forward to the coming of the Kingdom of God and the return of the Son of Man which should end the existing world in the near future. Some Christians, he conceived, alive when he wrote, would live to witness it. They would not taste of death in the ordinary sense, would not lay off their mortal bodies in the usual manner, but in some unspeakable way they would be overtaken and changed in an instant into their immortal bodies. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." But he introduces the strange thought that the reign of Christ will not be forever, but only until He has put all enemies under His feet, the last of which will be death. Then Christ must lay down all authority and power. Then "He must be subject unto Him that subjected all to Him, that God may be all in all." The origin of this strange thought is hidden from us. Some Christians have found pleasure in it; others, pain.

The following argument strikes us as bizarre and as on a lower plane, because most persons do not understand it. Except for this passage we should hardly have heard of baptism for the dead. "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?" Since baptism was regarded as the door into the Kingdom of God, it was natural that the early Christians whose parents had died as Jews or pagans should feel a deep anxiety about their survival of death. So the custom arose of baptizing a living Christian for a dead pagan in the hope that the latter might partake of the benefit and become a member of the Kingdom.

And if there is to be no future deliverance, no eternal destiny for man, what is the sense of injecting such infinite issues into this little life and of surrendering what happiness may be found in life for a dream? "Why stand we in jeopardy every hour?" "If in this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable." "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what doth it profit me?" Whether Paul really means that he had fought in the arena as a gladiator is very doubtful. It hardly seems possible that so strange an act should have failed to be recorded by St. Luke. Probably he is referring to the terrible day when for hours he faced an infuriated mob at Ephesus. Then the sad words follow: "If the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die." Paul has been bitterly censured, especially by Professor Huxley, for this admission. The saying is a heathen proverb which epitomizes a vulgar, materialistic view

of life. He does not, however, quote this saying to endorse it, but to shame his hearers.

Is this whole passage unworthy of Paul? Does it imply that Paul regretted his sacrifices and that he served Christ only for the hope of reward, though that reward come only in another life? Apart from his great faith and his love for Christ whom he had seen and known only in a vision after Jesus' death, all that Paul had received for his surrender to Jesus was danger, hatred, wounds, stripes, stoning and prison. But that is not the worst. These horrors could not daunt such a heart as Paul's, and if Professor Huxley and Paul's other high ethical critics had endured the same afflictions we might listen to them more patiently. But they miss the point of Paul's contention. If death ends all, the very vision which converted Paul was an hallucination unworthy of credence, the Christ to whom Paul had given all the love of his heart and the full measure of his allegiance did not exist and Paul's whole subsequent faith and life had been an illusion and a lie. Well might he say, "Then are we of all men the most miserable," the most miserable because the most deceived.

From this point on, Paul turns to his own original thoughts as to the nature of the new life, thoughts which differ from the Jewish materialistic conception of a physical resurrection as much as they differ from the vague, shadowy after-life of Greek thought and mythology. It is this part of the chapter which perhaps more than any other human writing has determined humanity's faith and expectation. In this passage Paul exhausts the resources of his great vocabulary in his denial

of the resurrection of our physical bodies and in his attempts to make real the nature of the psychical, spiritual, immortal body in which we shall be clothed at death. As Paul regards the Resurrection of Jesus to be the first fruits and the counterpart of our own resurrection, it is plain that he conceives of Jesus' resurrection body in the same terms as ours.

"But some man will say, how are the dead raised and with what body do they come? Thou witless one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened except it die, and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain, but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him." In order to understand this great analogy we must first of all ask ourselves when this earthly body is sown. It may surprise you that I propose the question. Probably you think there is no doubt about this. Our earthly body is sown when it is buried in the ground. But this is not Paul's meaning at all. Here he compares the sowing, death and rising of man to the sowing, death and rising of grain. You do not sow a dead seed, but a living seed. Part of the seed indeed, the mere envelope, decays, but only to release and to nourish the immortal germ which then begins its new life, rising out of the darkness and dust into the light and the air, where it immediately proceeds to clothe itself in its new body. In other words, man is sown in the earth not at his death but at his birth. He is sown in the weakness of childhood. His life on earth Paul in Romans calls "the bondage of corruption." All the tremendous antitheses Paul here employs are the

contrasts between our present earthly life and our heavenly life, not between a dead body and our future life. The seed dies and is dissolved, but within that seed is an immortal germ which rises out of the dark earth and clothes itself anew. So, in man, concealed and supported by the earthly body which perishes, there is the immortal germ, the principle of life we call the soul, and at death and by means of death this germ emerges clothed in its new body, a body perfectly adapted to its new life.

“That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.” The same is true of what God sows. “It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. . . . It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.” In each case it is the death of the old form of life which gives birth to the new. This resurrection is not deferred to a distant future. It takes place at death. At that moment the new life begins. “The first man is of the earth, earthy. The second man is of Heaven.” So the words read. In all this Paul totally denies a physical resurrection. “This I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.”

These are the leading thoughts of this great meditation. St. Paul has written many things which place mankind under an eternal debt to him, but nothing greater than this examination of death, which begins, as all scientific work should begin, by the establishment of the fact of the Resurrection of Jesus. Then it passes to the estimation and the implications of this fact.

AS TOUCHING THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD*

Because I live, ye shall live also. — *St. John 14:19.*

ON EASTER DAY Christianity makes its greatest affirmation, not in the form of an argument or an appeal, but in the announcement of a fact — Christ is risen. This truth lies at the very heart of our religion. Without His Resurrection the life of Jesus would be the most pathetic illusion and the most tragic fact of history. If the natural and logical ending of such a life as His were but mockery and derision, the whipping post of Pilate and the four nails of the cross, then the less we have to say about the goodness and the justice of God the better. Then are we of all men, except Christ, the most miserable, the most miserable because the most deceived. Without His Resurrection even the cross would have availed nothing, for there would be no Christianity. Judging by its effects on the disciples, those demoralized and broken-hearted men would not have survived Him as teachers of the new religion for a day. During the few days after Christ's death they saw Him alive in a form which they knew. They touched Him, they recognized His voice. They heard Him allude to past events which they had experienced together and heard words which they felt to be His words. And they were changed for life. St. Paul, who had never seen Jesus in the flesh, had one such experience, a revelation, a brief

**Emmanuel Church, Boston, Easter Day, 1920.*

vision which probably did not last five minutes, and it converted him from a persecutor to an Apostle, and from Christ's bitterest enemy to His dearest friend.

Today that way is still open, and Jesus' method is still the best method. Make your appeal to philosophers for a definite assurance as to Jesus' Resurrection or of personal life after death, and they give you an answer which is a sarcasm on the asker. Whether there be or be not a life after death is a matter of fact, not a matter of philosophic doctrine. A man may be totally ignorant of philosophy and yet rise from the dead.

On the other hand, isolate Christ's Resurrection from every other human experience, past or present, and you weaken its credibility, and you are thrown back from the psychological approach to the purely historical, upon Bible texts alone, in the study of which, unfortunately, many a subtle and crafty critic has preceded you. Your mind reels with the contradictions and discrepancies presented by the Gospel narratives, and your search for the risen Jesus is soon changed into one of the most complicated literary puzzles known to man. In the hands of the critics it changes quickly from the truth of Christ's Resurrection to this problem: "Granted that Christ did not rise, how did the disciples come to believe in His Resurrection?" and you will be lucky if your faith rises as high as Theodor Keim's "Telegram from Heaven." I am not speaking now of books for children and for childlike minds, but of the great books.

To Jesus this act had a double significance. It was necessary to confirm the faith of His disciples overthrown by the cross, and to establish with them His

new mystical relation, and it was His method of dealing with the problem of immortality. It is noteworthy that the whole expectation of the immediate coming of the Kingdom of God, for which He died, faded and utterly disappeared in a few years, while the Resurrection, which was based on fact, has stood. Wholly as Jesus' conception of life was built on immortality, nothing in His teaching is more surprising than His silence in regard to it. It was the burning question of the day, the Pharisees affirming it, the Sadducees denying it. Jesus did not enter into these discussions. In the Synoptic Gospels the only allusions I can remember are His rejection of the Sadducees' conundrum of the woman with seven husbands, His saying that God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and the parable of Dives and Lazarus in which He assumes that memory and affection persist beyond the grave. His appeal was to fact, not to argument. Christ's contribution to the problem of immortality consisted in rising from the dead and in showing Himself to certain chosen witnesses in a recognizable form.

I conceive that still there is no more important question before the world and that there never will be a more important question than Christ's Resurrection and our survival of bodily death. Here is our only opportunity to smite materialism and the whole materialistic conception of life with its own weapons. Materialism assumes that what we call the soul is only the product of the brain and nervous system and that it must perish with them. Produce one well-authenticated instance, and the more the better, of a soul in the possession of

its memories and other faculties after death, and what becomes of that theory?

From this belief all religions appear to have had their origin, and on it more than on any other factor religion depends for its power. The earliest trace of religious faith we can discern on this earth consists in the old ceremonial burials of the Aurignacian period, perhaps thirty thousand years ago, when beside the dead man were placed valuable weapons and utensils useful to the living, in the belief that the dead would have need of them. That belief has followed man through the whole period of his development. Denied, derided times without number, it has never lost its power, and perhaps never in the history of humanity was the interest in another life so deep and our concern as passionate as it is now. Many of the efforts of men and women to obtain assurance on this subject may displease us, or excite our ridicule, but we cannot mistake the fact that people are no longer disposed to have this question tossed to and fro, like a shuttlecock, between skeptical Biblical critics, dilettante philosophers and materialistic men of science who in this field are laymen, and that they are determined to settle the question if it can be settled.

No doubt much of this renewed interest was precipitated by the War. The question raised by the sudden death of millions of young and noble men in the discharge of duty is the greatest challenge, from every point of view, presented to our civilization. To their bereaved families and friends the primary question was not merely the righteousness of the cause, but their continued existence, a question to which unfortunately

neither the Church, philosophy, nor orthodox science was in a position to give a definite and convincing answer. On all great questions affecting human life philosophy at present seems to be dumb. The Church can point hopefully to the Resurrection of Christ, but many persons feel that this event happened many years ago and that its credibility has been seriously impaired by criticism. We have, however, learned to have faith in the psychological approach to these questions, and the results already reached by many eminent men of science in the investigation of the problem of death seem to many to offer the best hope for the solution of this elusive but infinitely important question. Were we as well convinced of our survival of death as we are of the metamorphoses of the insects, life would be a different thing. At present, the educated are far from this certainty. A few years ago Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr sent out a questionnaire to the leading scholars and men of science of America to ascertain their views on this subject. In the group of the most eminent men he found that only about thirty-five per cent had any faith in immortality, among the less distinguished about fifty-five per cent. Many of these unbelievers are such, no doubt, simply because, immersed in other studies, they have given no attention to this problem, but others because the persistence of the soul without a material body would overthrow their materialism. For these men, without examination of the methods of those who are working to establish the fact of life after death, contemptuously to reject their evidence, is to show their own contempt for experimental science.

Less than two years ago I addressed a confidential letter to a number of clergymen of our Church whom I judged wisest and most learned in such matters, asking for their views on immortality and their reasons for them. Apart from a most satisfactory letter from Dr. McComb, I did not receive a reply expressing any real conviction or stating any helpful thought. Some said they had lost interest in the subject and no longer regarded it as important. One man wrote me a poem breathing only a spirit of derision. Perhaps the most learned man of them all stated frankly and honestly that, having read all that had been written on the subject, and having considered all arguments for and against immortality, he had failed to reach any conviction and that, unless a personal revelation were granted him, he expected to remain in complete uncertainty until death; to which I replied that if the hope of the Christian were an illusion, at all events it could not be proved such, either before death or after death.

The noble Frederick Myers, author of "St. Paul" and "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," one of the great books of our time, having lost all faith in Christ's Resurrection, and with it his own hope of immortality, felt that he was in danger of losing his very soul, and in deep anguish of mind he appealed to his friend, Professor Sidgwick, who encouraged him to investigate the subject for himself. Myers did so and reached such conviction that he declared, "All reasonable men, a century hence, will accept Christ's Resurrection," and when dying he said, "I feel like a schoolboy going home for his holiday."

Matthew Arnold never gained this assurance. He was conscious only of the corroding effect of criticism, which he knew not how to answer or evade, and, if we accept the sentiments of "Obermann Once More" as his own, he wrote one of the most pathetic confessions of the nineteenth century.

"Aye, ages long, endured his span
Of life — 'tis true, received —
That gracious child, that thorn-crowned man!
— He lived while we believed.

While we believed, on earth he went,
And open stood his grave;
Men called from cottage, church and tent,
And Christ was by to save.

Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down."

No religious poem is more characteristic of the spiritual depression of the middle of the last century, which felt that, under the disintegrating attack of historical criticism which it knew not how to combat, it had lost Christ.

More solemn, more full of passionate grief, is the Easter poem of the noble and deeply religious Arthur Hugh Clough, of which I can quote but a few stanzas. Clough felt that, with the loss of Christ's Resurrection, the very world was coming to an end.

"Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I passed,
With fiercer heat than flamed above my head
My heart was hot within me: 'til at last
My brain was lightened when my tongue had said,

'Christ is not risen!'
 Christ is not risen, no —
 He lies and moulders low.
 Christ is not risen.

What if the women ere the dawn was grey,
 Saw one or more great angels, as they say.
 (Angels or Him Himself.) Yet neither there nor then,
 Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
 Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten;
 Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul;
 Save in an after Gospel and late Creed,
 He is not risen, indeed —
 Christ is not risen.

* * * *

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 As of the unjust, also of the just,
 Yea, of that Just One, too!
 This is the one sad Gospel that is true:
 Christ is not risen.

Is He not risen and shall we not rise?
 Oh, we unwise!
 What did we dream? What wake we to discover?
 Ye hills, fall on us, and ye mountains, cover!
 In darkness and great gloom.
 Come ere we thought, it is *our* day of doom.
 From the cursed world, which is one tomb,
 Christ is not risen!

Eat, drink and play, and think that this is bliss,
 There is no heaven but this;
 There is no hell,
 Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well,
 Seeing it visits still
 With equalest apportionment of ill,
 Both good and bad alike and brings to one same dust,
 The unjust and the just
 With Christ, who is not risen.

* * * *

And oh, good men of ages yet to be,
 Who shall believe *because* ye did not see.
 Oh, be ye warned, be wise!
 No more with pleading eyes,
 And sobs of strong desire,
 Unto the empty vacant void aspire,
 Seeking another and impossible birth
 That is not of your own, and only mother earth.
 Sit down and be content, since this must even do.
 He is not risen!

One look and then depart,
 Ye humble and ye holy men of heart.
 And ye, ye ministers and stewards of a Word
 Which ye would preach because another heard —
 Ye worshippers of that ye do not know,
 Take these things hence and go.
 He is not risen.

Here, on our Easter day
 We rise, we come and lo! we find Him not,
 Gardener nor other on the sacred spot:
 Where they have laid Him there is none to say;
 No sound, nor in, nor out, no word
 Of where to seek the dead or meet the living Lord.
 There is no glistening of an angel's wings,
 There is no voice of heavenly clear behest,
 Let us go hence and think upon these things
 In silence, which is best.
 He is not risen? No —
 He lies and moulders low?
 Christ is not risen?"

Once those words summed up all our own sorrows and misgivings. Now he who will may possess a faith grounded on the very thing Clough desired, personal conviction and experience, which make them utterly strange to our ears. Nevertheless it is well to look facts in the face. Religion arose from faith in life after death, and it can maintain itself only in as far as it is able to

make that faith real and vital to men. When we look for support acceptable to cultivated and educated minds, we do not find it in contemporary philosophy, which seems mute as a fish on the subject. No new argument for immortality of importance has reached the people since Fechner and John Fiske. I do not know whether the Ingersoll lectures are still delivered at Harvard. The last one I heard was the contemptuous denial of the German chemist Ostwald, who probably found more congenial employment in making high explosives during the War, to kill the Allies. We shall not gain faith in Christ's Resurrection, let alone in our own, from the great Bible critics and authors of the Life of Christ. Some of them deliberately end the story of the Lord's life on Good Friday night, to save themselves further trouble. Some explain how the disciples' faith arose through melancholy brooding and subjective hallucinations, or through post-hypnotic suggestion. (So Stanley Hall.) Even Schweitzer identifies the Resurrection with the expected coming of the Kingdom, and dismisses it as part of a general illusion. Theodor Keim, in the greatest discussion of the subject we possess, rises no higher than the "Telegram from Heaven." In other words, literary and historical criticism has altogether failed to solve this problem. We have followed the critical labyrinth as far as it will take us. In itself it is insufficient to bring us to a living faith in a Risen Saviour. The more recent investigators freely admit this and thankfully avail themselves* of the new opportunity afforded them

* "The Resurrection in the New Testament." Bowen, 1911.

"The Resurrection of Jesus Christ." Kirsopp Lake, 1907.

to gain access to reality through growing knowledge of the evidence of the vast world of the Spirit. There is only one group of highly trained and educated men known to me who, knowing all the difficulties, and approaching the subject through the exact methods of scholarship and science, have been able to retain their faith and to add to it. Such knowledge is not necessary for all. You may be so fortunate as to possess a faith untouched by modern doubt and that requires no laborious confirmation. But can you transfer your faith to your children who are educated in an atmosphere of doubt?

I am not, I confess, one of those blessed ones who can believe without seeing. In my youth I lived for years as most of my companions lived, under the blighting doubts inculcated by the great critical scholars of the nineteenth century, and for a long time I imagined that there was no way out of their maze, and that faith in Christ's Resurrection would never again establish itself among the highly educated. But now, enlightened by other sciences and by greater experience, I see the falsity of the method, I perceive that they were looking for the living Jesus among the dead bones of literary problems, and that if Jesus really rose, their methods of analyzing and comparing texts could never prove it. In other words, the Resurrection of Christ is no longer a purely critical and literary problem. By the mercy of God another revelation has come to us, founded on experience of reality, which no skepticism of man can shake, which supports us in life and which will support us in death. Though I would obtrude this faith on no

one, I am not ashamed of it nor unwilling to discuss it. It has given me an insight into the New Testament, and a sense of the reality of Christ's Resurrection I could not learn from the greatest critical teachers. It has enabled me to give faith to many another who had failed to find it before, and with a full heart I can join in this feast of Resurrection and repeat once more our Easter Carol:

Christ is arisen.
Joy to the mortal one!
Whom the unmerited,
Clinging, inherited
Needs did imprison.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS*

And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. — *St. Luke 24: 31.*

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL of all the Resurrection narratives is that which St. Luke has preserved for us in his “Walk to Emmaus.” After eighteen centuries this lovely story has all the delicate brightness of a fresh flower. On the afternoon of Easter day, two disciples, one of whom was called Cleopas, set out to walk to this little town named Hot Springs, about twenty miles from Jerusalem, on the road to Jaffa. They talked together of their recent loss and were filled with sadness. As they went, an unknown companion joined them, and inquired into the cause of their sorrow. “Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem,” said they, “and hast not known the things which have come to pass there in these days?” “What things?” said the stranger. “Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word, before God and all the people.” “O fools and slow of heart,” said the stranger, “to believe all that the prophets have spoken. Ought not the Christ to suffer these things in order to enter into his glory?” Then, beginning with Moses and the prophets, he opened to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.

During the course of this conversation the hearts of the two disciples were powerfully drawn to this stranger. On reaching Emmaus, tired with their long

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, April 30, 1922.

walk, as night was falling and they saw him evidently about to continue his journey, they constrained him to abide with them and to break bread. The day was far spent. It was the hour of gathering dusk, consecrated all the world over to love, to melancholy, and to memory. The recollections of the disciples became more vivid. How often at that hour had they seen Jesus lay aside the cares and burdens of the day to cheer their hearts with His glorious thoughts and parables of the Kingdom of God! Lost in these memories, they had almost forgotten the presence of the stranger when suddenly a familiar gesture of his recalled them. It was Jesus they saw; no longer the guest, but the host, taking the bread, breaking it in a manner peculiar to Himself and offering it to them as of old. As they gazed at Him, speechless with amazement, He vanished and they found themselves alone. Then their hearts were opened. "Did you not perceive something strange and unearthly in this stranger from the first?" one asked the other. "Do you not remember how our hearts burned within us while He talked with us by the way?" "Did you not recognize Him in the breaking of the bread? Ah, yes, up to this time our eyes were closed. They opened only as He vanished."*

Here I take leave of the story, to meditate awhile on its great lesson — one of the strangest, one of the saddest facts in human life, that as a rule and almost invariably men fail to recognize the messengers God sends to them until they vanish out of their sight. Certainly this has been true of almost all the world's greatest

* This description is taken from my recollection of a passage of Renan's.

heroes, except those who open up new channels of wealth or who minister to the pride or the physical comfort of the living. Jesus in His lifetime was regarded by His enemies as a troublesome fanatic, and by His disciples as hardly more than a friend and teacher, or as one of themselves. After He had died for His faith, He was adored as God. If the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews were alive and wished to bring his catalogue of heroes down to the present moment, he would have very much the same story to tell of them. They have wandered through the deserts of our great cities, clad not in sheepskins and goatskins, but in rags. They have abandoned the dens and caves of the earth, only to inhabit the garrets and cellars of every great city of the world. They have seen their great thoughts derided, their great discoveries rejected and set at naught. The very canvases we now cover with gold scarcely brought daily bread to their creators. Socrates must drink the hemlock. Columbus must return to Spain in chains. Galilei Galileo, in atonement for the greatest single discovery man has ever made, under threat of torture was obliged to say: "I, Galileo, being in my seventieth year and a prisoner on my knees before your Eminences, having before me the Holy Gospels which I do touch with my hands, do abjure, curse and detest the heresy of the movement of the earth." Yet it was said some heard him mutter: "It moves for all that."* Henry Hudson was cast adrift in an open boat by his own men in the vast bay which bears his name, and

* I am not, of course, unmindful of Copernicus' "de Revolutionibus" in 1543, but the Copernican theory, which had been enunciated by Pythagoras, and by several other Greek philosophers, was proved by Galileo's telescope to be a truth.

was nevermore heard of. Joan of Arc must perish in the flames as a sorceress, only to be canonized in our day by the Church which consented to her death. Keats died of a broken heart. The very names which will be accounted greatest by the next generation, it is seldom safe to pronounce now. Roosevelt, now that he is dead, stands for our highest national ideals, but a few years ago people thought differently. Washington's last years were embittered by the hatred and suspicion of the nation he had created. Lincoln had hardly ceased to be an object of scorn up to the day of his martyrdom. The history of superior men, of great, fearless, independent minds, the earthly fate of those who lift the world into new courses and who create the future, has been about the same in all ages of the world, but they have all obtained a good resurrection.

“If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appeal'd to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,
And makes the word ‘Miltonic’ mean ‘sublime,’

He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater *he* begun.”

The children are ever rearing monuments to them their fathers slew. Homer wanders like a beggar through the cities of Greece in his lifetime, and after his death ten cities contend for the honor of having given him birth.

This melancholy drama has been enacted too many times not to have some constant, permanent, deep-seated cause in human nature. The only question is, whether, if we discover this cause, we shall be able to annul its operation, which impels us to do wrong to the greatest of mankind while living, and then to stultify

ourselves a second time by worshipping them when dead.

Lombroso, in his great work on Genius, finds in this fact the strongest support of his miserable theory that all genius is akin to insanity. The common sense of mankind, he says, fearing the violent eruptions of these powerful minds, has agreed, in all ages, to strip them of all power and glory in their lifetime, leaving them only the means for a scanty subsistence and a limited freedom, and making tardy amends for this injustice by honoring them after death.

This is no proof of insanity, and it is rather odd that those who were insane in their lifetime should be regarded as almost divine when dead. The real cause is a very different one. Man has lost most of his primitive instincts, but there is one old instinct he possesses which has hardly weakened — his gregariousness, his strong tendency to unite with other men to make a herd, a compact body for offense and defense, both spiritual and material. This tendency alone has made it possible for so defenseless a being to survive the innumerable dangers which have threatened him. To the other three great instincts of man, nutrition, sex, self-preservation, must be added a fourth, gregariousness.

But the very essence of gregariousness is sensitiveness to the behavior of others. What constitutes the strength of the herd is the docility and the similarity of its members. Imitation is the very cement which binds it together. The herd must have leaders, but it will accept and follow only those leaders who are made of the very stuff of which it is made, and who, in thought and

vision, are hardly a step in advance of it. All others it refuses to follow, while living, and if they in heart and thought are detached from its psychology, the herd regards them with suspicion and wishes to expel them from its ranks, or to put them to death, as enemies of the common life.

As long as human life was a static, unprogressive thing, this tendency was protective, but it is, at best, but a blind and cruel instinct. On the one side is the great multitude, devoid of thought, of originality, of the spirit of revelation or discovery, which can only repeat the old round of birth and death, think the old thoughts, recite the old watchwords, experience the old emotions and perform acts which have been performed ten thousand times before, a multitude which invariably prefers the old, well-worn, easy ways of habit and custom which lead no whither. On the other hand are the few, the gifted, God-sent leaders, who, remote from the mob, and acting solely from the impulses of their own great spirits, are sent into this world to discover God's truth, to make new revelations, to lift the world into new courses, to bring in the future. It matters not how great their souls, how pure and stainless their lives, the world regards them as its enemies; and they are enemies to the old life, but they undermine it only to bestow new and higher life. They are the true children of God, the chief instruments of universal progress, and, in time, all that they have to give will be accepted and absorbed, but first they must suffer. Is this right? We never needed such men more than we do today. Between our magazines, our moving pictures

and our newspapers, which are nearly our sole sources of enlightenment, we are becoming in very truth a "standardized" people, that is to say, a people sunk to one dead level of mediocrity. If God, in His mercy, sends us a few thinkers and men of imagination and genius, whether they be poets, artists, philosophers, men of religion, or discoverers, must they also be martyrs? Is it necessary for us to make their lives miserable and to persecute them in their lifetime because they have something new and better to offer us?

Or is it that only unhappiness, which has nothing to surrender, can find the sublime courage for those long meditations, those lonely vigils, that detachment from all earthly things, which speaks at last to every eye in sculpture, to every intellect in literature, to the memory of all in painting, to the hearts of all in music?

Certain it is that most of these great ones were despised and rejected of men and that they learned their divine wisdom in the things that they suffered.

"Is it true, O Christ, in Heaven,
That the highest suffer most;
That the strongest wander farthest,
And most hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in Nature
Is capacity for pain;
That the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?
I have many things to tell you,
But ye cannot bear them now."

How often is this true of our relations with those God has given us, even those we love best! While we are living together, how seldom do we look deeply

into another's heart or try to understand the needs of his nature, and how very seldom do we perceive or comprehend what that relationship means to us! It is only when it threatens to break, or when it actually is broken that our eyes are opened and we understand what we have lost. Absence often teaches those who love more than presence, for when the body is removed, the soul, which we really loved, shines forth more brightly.

There are times, though we cannot bring ourselves to utter the words, when, as Jesus said: "It is expedient for you that I go away."

A father dies who has been adored by his children. His friends say: "What a pity that the son should be deprived of his father's help and example!" But what really happens? Even through the act of parting, the thought of his father is imprinted forever on the mind of the son. His character, as a whole, is revealed to him as he never saw it before. Whatever his weaknesses and his errors, they are soon forgotten, and his pure, spiritual qualities alone remain and are remembered. Gradually an image is formed, an image brighter, purer, more harmonious than the man himself, and this image goes with us through life. Again, sometimes the very preparation for their departure reveals those we love in an unexpected manner. They seem as if already shining, like the shining ones, in the light of a day that has not yet risen on us. God, the great Artist, the great Sculptor, seems to be finishing swiftly the work He has begun in them. The tool is sharp. We call it weakness, suffering, decay, but under its powerful strokes all that

in life marred God's purpose is removed until at last a soul of such perfect purity, tranquillity and beauty is revealed that we scarcely dare call it our own. And yet that image is the true man, the true woman. We realize what our friend, our sister, our daughter was, only when the old relationship has ceased. Only when the divine messenger is about to depart to Heaven without us do we remember how our heart once burned within us, and we recognize him as he vanishes out of our sight.

It is well that we do this. It would be better had we known and expressed all this while he was still with us. The saddest thing in human life is that we know not the day of our visitation. It is well that the world builds monuments to her saints and teachers, and worships their memories. It would be better did she heed their lessons while they were here. How many great hearts have been broken by our unbelief! How many great truths have been lost to the world forever, like a thousand sayings of Jesus, or reserved for later ages to re-discover, because in his lifetime the revealer could find no one to understand him or to accept him! Is it not to our shame that of the greatest of earth it must always be said, "Of them the world was not worthy"?

As we stand and muse beside a quiet grave, or commune in memory with those we have lost, must it not always be our bitterest thought that we were so blind, and so little understood the needs of that nature or the meaning of that life? How much have I withheld I might have given! How much have I lost that it might have given me!

These are the bitterest tears we shall ever shed over our dead — tears for all we might have been to them that we were not, tears for all they might have been to us that we would not let them be. Only, thank God, that opportunity is not lost forever.

Oh, love as long as love thou canst.

Oh, love so long thy soul have need —

The hour will come, the hour will come,

When by the grave thy heart shall bleed.

THE LAW OF LOVE*

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.
Galatians 6:2

EMERSON, as is well known, described consistency as the hobgoblin of little minds. Certainly great minds are little troubled by it, for they know that nothing on this earth exists without its opposite, that beneath the seeming contradiction is a deeper truth and beyond the thesis and antithesis is the synthesis. It was nothing to St. Paul that in this chapter he appears flatly to contradict himself. In the words of our text he says, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and then, only three verses later, he affirms with equal confidence, "For every man shall bear his own burden." And yet by this very contradiction he attained his end, for the perfect carelessness with which he lays down these two contradictory principles, without the least attempt at qualification, has stimulated men's minds ever since to reflect on one of the greatest mysteries of our existence.

Too well do we know the sense in which we must all bear our own burdens. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." There are secrets we cannot divulge, sorrows and disappointments we never express. There is a burden of existence which we should feel it weak and immodest to put into words. That is the great, dark background of our New England life — reticence, silence in regard to

*Emmanuel Church, Boston, October 30, 1927.

ourselves which Renan pronounced to be the first law of civilization. There are experiences of our lives, aspects of our relation to God, which we do not wish to communicate to others. Vulgar and superficial natures assume that these must be evil experiences which we are ashamed of. Goethe declared that "the highest things in life, as well as the lowest, demand secrecy." The soul has two doors, one open to all the world over whose threshold every profane foot passes. Through the other only God has ever entered. So, to a great degree, we live alone and bear our own burdens, and even the humblest man carries to the grave secrets, sweet and terrible, which no other knows.

The soul is not a simple thing, it is very complex; but, like the stars in heaven, like the earth itself, it possesses two poles, it is moved by two forces, one of which impels us to union and communion with our fellow men, while the other drives us to solitude. It was this great thought which swept over St. Paul's mind as he was writing this chapter with his own hand. This was no mistake of an amanuensis. Paul intended this contradiction. He might have explained it and elaborated it as I am doing now, with the result that the explanation will be forgotten, except by a few, before this service is ended. Paul chose not to explain. He presented these two facts of human existence, communion and solitude, in this naked form as a contradiction, a paradox, in order to compel all men to ponder the mystery.

Let us take the greatest of all examples, the only perfect example, marriage, which the majority of men

and women enter to escape from solitude and loneliness and to find perfect union, perfect understanding, the blending of two angelic natures. What makes this experience always serious and the central fact of human life is that we are dealing here with principles of life far greater than we are. We are swept away by forces over which we have little control and which we very dimly understand. On the one side are our own desires and hopes, our plans for the future, our self-consciousness, sensitiveness and sophistication which flatter us into believing that we can command our own happiness and control every step of the way. On the other is the blind and powerful urge of Nature in us, without which we should do nothing of this kind, the inherited instincts and tendencies of an immemorial past, an endless chain of which we are but one tiny link, the stubborn, sacred mystery of the other's personality which we shall never be permitted fully to enter. What we desire and hope is perfect union and understanding, absolute oneness in the sense of sharing all, in which the consciousness of mine and thine is swallowed up, and two imperfect beings, as in Plato's beautiful myth, become one perfect being.

And this is precisely the thing we soon find we cannot have. Neither our soul nor the soul of the other is able or willing so to strip itself, to empty itself or to make such a surrender. We are asking the impossible, for however willing, however unselfish and devoted man or woman may be, the soul must possess itself and be true to the needs and laws of its own being and preserve its own integrity if it is to retain and bestow

gifts which are worthy of giving and receiving. In other words, solitude is as necessary to our being as union and communion. Our life appears to be intrusted to the two forces which preserve the harmony, the balance of the universe, the force which impels and the force which repels, that which draws the heavenly bodies together and that which leads each along its solitary path.

The most serious of all the conflicts of love is caused by the necessity laid upon us not to surrender, but to preserve the most precious thing we possess, the sanctity of our own personality. If men and women, especially young men and women, knew this, how many futile conflicts, how many sorrows they would avoid! The attempt to dominate the personality of another, the disregard of tastes and convictions, the ridicule of beliefs, the invasion of the reticences and delicacies of another's being produce only alienation and aversion, never love and understanding. We may as well admit it, in every soul, even in the most loved, there is something we shall neither possess nor understand. It is true, in some of the very happy marriages we all know, one seems gracefully to lead and the other willingly to follow. This, however, does not necessarily imply subjugation or an assumption of superiority; it is, for the most part, a voluntary division of labor.

Napoleon said, "In this world there are only two powers, the power of the sword and the power of the spirit, and, in the long run, it is the power of the spirit which always prevails." Intelligent men will reflect on these words. Women are by nature more psychic, more

spiritual, nearer the divine than men are, and these great gifts most men have to receive from women if they are to possess them at all. The greatness a man is able to perceive in women and to appropriate from them is the surest test of his spirituality.

So, there are burdens in life we must bear alone. There are battles with ourselves which no one else can fight for us. There is a solitude of the soul from which we cannot escape. But this solitude need not be loneliness. The thinker peoples it with sublime thoughts. To the Christian it is filled with God and with spiritual presences. To us all it may be a place of renewal and refreshment where the soul touches divine realities. It is not in solitude, it is in crowds and multitudes devoid of spiritual thought that we are most alone. By recognizing these necessary limitations of all love and friendship, by respecting the sanctities of those we love, the deepest causes of alienation and disappointment, the conflicts which never end in victory, largely cease and disappear. For if the soul seeks solitude, it soon emerges from it again, refreshed and animated by love and bearing precious gifts.

No man or woman who loves can live without faith. What a difference it makes to our whole existence if we are sure of the good will and affection of those we love and of their respect and admiration for our personality. In such an atmosphere of mutual confidence and trust our whole nature expands and our common life is glorified and becomes a perpetual inspiration. We cannot, thank God, make another like ourself. Is not one such person as I am enough on this fair earth? We cannot

shape and mold the personality of another to our ideal, or use, or requirement, and, if we could do so, we should lose the best it can give us which is itself, its knowledge of God, the sweetness and sanctities of its own being. By our respect for the personality of another, by our understanding of what it is able to reveal to us, by giving what that nature is able to receive and by accepting with gratitude what it is able to give us, we are in the truest sense bearing that person's burdens and he or she is bearing ours. What does the heart crave more than sympathy and understanding?

This is one aspect of the law of love. Let us now consider the other. Christians and other than Christians have always sought out ways to translate commandments into ideals and abstract principles into concrete rules founded on great examples and personalities. The later Stoics, who adored Socrates and who tried to emulate his courage and moral strength and wisdom, frequently asked themselves, "What would Socrates have done in my place? How would he have acted under these circumstances?" Jesus gave to us His Golden Rule as the plain guide to our conduct at all times. Many of His disciples, wishing to make this more personal, ask themselves, "What would Jesus do? How would He behave if He were I at this moment?" St. Paul is proposing in this saying a most simple and practical way to realize this ideal, perhaps the best which has ever been offered. What is this "law of Christ" which Paul enjoins us to fulfil? As to that there can be no question. The only commandment Jesus laid on us which can be called a law is the law of love, and what I

seriously propose to you today is that we deliberately undertake to make this law the sole criterion of all our words and of all our deeds. From my own very imperfect experience I know that this is not nearly as difficult as it seems to be and that its advantages far exceed its difficulties. We never fulfil the law of love without contentment and gratitude. We never violate it without deep regret. I cannot undertake to tell you how to apply this law in all the provocations and difficult situations of your life. Jesus has given us one practical maxim which will never be superseded or improved — “Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.” If we obey this we cannot go astray. Immanuel Kant also gave us a noble and exalted rule of conduct in his Categorical Imperative. “Act as you would have all other men act in your place. Act so that the principle of your conduct may serve as a universal rule to all mankind.” But it is too remote, too abstract to be remembered or obeyed by ordinary men.

If we are thinking of committing ourselves to Christ we must deal honestly with Him and with love. The law of love is not fulfilled by selfishness, by the neglect of others, nor by hoarding up for ourselves masses of valuable and useful things we do not need and cannot use, while they go hungry and naked. But if your need of these things, your understanding, appreciation of them and associations with them are greater than those of other men, the law of love will not take such possessions from you.

The law of love is never fulfilled by anger, petulance, strife or bitter words intended to do harm and

to wound. The moment we indulge in these we withdraw our hand from the hand of Christ, for we know that "when he was reviled he reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not."

The law of love is not fulfilled by gloating over the sins of others and by joyfully repeating malicious gossip in regard to them which may, or which may not, be true.

The law of love is not fulfilled when we use men and women merely for our own pleasure or profit, without thought or care of their highest good.

Should we attempt to regulate our life by Christ's example and precept, for a little while we should have to stand on guard over our tongues and our old proclivities in order to give the new habit and principle of our life time to be firmly rooted. We should have to restrain our peevishness and give no expression to our irritability and put a new valuation on our beloved ego, so that we can hear it criticized without paroxysms of anger. And if, at times, our inherent selfishness and the natural ferocity of our disposition should reassert themselves and break Christ's law of love, we should be bound in honor to recognize this as a great weakness and as a fall from Christ.

Of the rewards and blessings of such a life to ourselves and to others I need not speak much. It is a good viaticum at the close of any day, when we compose ourselves for rest, to be able to say, "I have caused no sorrow today. I have soiled no reputation. I have saddened no good heart. I have done some acts of kindness. The world is a little better than it would be if I had not

existed." We have seen the shipwreck and the incalculable misery which befell the world when Christ's great law of love was deliberately trampled under foot, and physical force and man's diabolical ingenuity in destroying took its place. But the peace and the Heaven which this law is able to create on this earth and in our broken, pathetic lives we have not seen, because so few of Christ's professed followers have ever obeyed it.

You may say, *to love* is a verb which has no imperative. There can be no law of love. No, there can be none except through our willing obedience and by the free consent of our hearts. Yet one of the greatest practical discoveries psychology, in the person of William James, has made, is the extent to which our inward states and our habitual moods and dispositions are controlled or affected by our habitual acts. So great a psychologist as Jesus would not have summed up His appeal to man in a fallacy, nor would He have trusted all to love if love is beyond our power. Love is the source of our life, the creator and protector of all our happiness. It is the adamantine axle on which the universe revolves.

Have you ever tried to obey this law of love, in spite of all provocation, for a month, a week or a day? I wish that at least some of us would deliberately resolve this morning to make the experiment of living, under all circumstances, by the law of love. In offering to Christ this proof of our allegiance, which is the only offering we can make to Him, we should bring the Kingdom of God perceptibly nearer, and, for ourselves, we should not merely find peace, we should make peace.

A BETTER WAY FOR MISSIONS*

That in the dispensation of the fulness of time he might gather together in one all things in Christ. — *Ephesians 1:10.*

PERHAPS THE MOST POIGNANT SATIRE we possess on the subject of Missions is the celebrated French picture called "The Return of the Missionary." The Missionary, having suffered martyrdom at the hands of the heathen, has returned to Rome, and has obtained an audience at the palace of one of the cardinals. He has endured such mutilation as Jogues suffered from the knives and fires of the Iroquois. The savages have blinded him, they have even tried to crucify him. We see him seated in a wonderful salon filled with every imaginable object of luxury, his pale face shining with enthusiasm as he recounts the wonderful story of the triumphs of the cross. Fortunately, his sightless eyes prevent him from perceiving that no one is paying the slightest attention. Around him stand or loll the splendid, worldly, totally indifferent or depraved cardinals. One is playing with a parrot. Another is languidly smoking a cigarette. Others, vexed at being detained from a more agreeable engagement, have only thoughts of malice for the heathen because they did not finish the Missionary off and prevent him from returning to Rome to bore them with his recitals, while he is pointing with rapture to the holes in his hands. There is the Church in a nutshell — the two sides of Missions, the

*Emmanuel Church, Boston. Preached in 1916 and still disregarded.

noble, heroic side, and the apathy and indifference of those to whom the triumphs of the cause of Christ are only an expensive nuisance. In this picture it is not Missions but the worldliness of the Church which is satirized, and the reproach is less deserved today than when the picture was painted.

In great permanent causes like Missions, changes of feeling often take place subtly and unexpectedly. A new spiritual mode of thought, passing over a community like a breath from on high, creates a new interest in Missions. Some act of devotion or heroism, occurring in a little group of people like the Moravians, may put to shame the lukewarm churches, or a single great Missionary achievement may effect a change of sentiment all over the world. Of all the seeds intrusted to the earth, none blossoms so immediately and so richly as blood spilled in the cause of Christ.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, Missions had sunk to a low ebb. The world apparently had other things to think about and it had become indifferent to the subject. New conceptions of God's Providence and the destiny of man had chilled the evangelical zeal for snatching single souls from perdition. It was assumed that every nation had evolved the form of religion which was best suited to it, and the great sustaining moral motive of Missions seemed gone. The Roman Church was no better off than the Protestant Churches. Her great line of Missionaries who had served her so long and so faithfully appeared to have come to an end. The old English Missionary Societies reported a failing treasury and a dearth of men. In the

Episcopal Church, as we look back to things as they were twenty-five years ago, we are ashamed to think how low an estimate we placed on the zeal of the Church and how little we believed ourselves able to give. In 1872 a Day of Intercession for Missions was appointed for England, and that year marked the dawning of a brighter day. Five months later, David Livingstone died in Ilalla, and the story of his strange life, the fascination of that romantic nature compounded of scientific curiosity and religious mysticism, roused the world to the importance of Missions as nothing else in the nineteenth century had done. The next year Bishop Hannington was sent to Africa where he was promptly murdered. Oxford and Cambridge began holding Missionary meetings and they sent two groups composed of their finest athletes and their rarest scholars into the foreign field. In 1886 the Students' Volunteer Missionary Movement began to spread through our universities, and American students began to ask themselves seriously if they were called to be Missionaries. The Feminist Movement, now well launched, succeeded in its approaches to the great Missionary Societies with the result that many single women were accepted and sent out as Missionary teachers, helpers and nurses. Then followed the Edinburgh Council, whose inspiration was felt throughout the Protestant world. Thousands of young men volunteered or began a course of preparation, and during the past ten years the cause of Missions has entered so vigorous a period of development that it now looks as if the twentieth century might be known as a great Missionary century.

The revival of Missionary interest which has come to us has taken place also in the Roman Catholic Church, in the first instance largely through the efforts of a little band of humble and obscure Catholics in Lyons, who began holding meetings in the interest of Missions in 1822. Thirty years later they reported a Missionary income of one million dollars, which had risen shortly before the beginning of the War to a million and a half dollars, more than is contributed officially by the whole Episcopal Church in the United States. We are apt to think of France as a worldly and irreligious country, but in so judging her we should remember that the purest, most heroic Missionary undertaking of which Christianity can boast, after the Apostolic Age, was France's generous effort to convert the savages of North America in the seventeenth century, and that to this day France is the source of most of the Missionary zeal and support of the Roman Catholic Church.

Of course, the great test of the vitality of this new Missionary enthusiasm occurred at the outbreak of the World War, which tried all movements and all enthusiasms. In a time of such confusion and paralysis of all the ordinary interests of life, while the nations, drained of their vitality at every pore, were obliged to concentrate every energy on the supreme question of self-preservation, who could expect them to devote much care or strength to so remote a subject as Foreign Missions? And even we ourselves, with the unexampled lack of employment of last winter, with our own bitterly hard times, with our streets crowded by our own

poor, and with the millions of Belgium, Poland, and later, Servia, dependent on our charity, might well have felt that Providence had not designated us to be the foster fathers and mothers of the whole human race, and that our first duty was to the perishing and that the cause of Missions might wait.

Few greater surprises have occurred in the War than the unexpected vitality displayed by Missions. Outside the actual field of hostilities or massacre, few Missions have been given up. The warring nations have found means to support their own Missions, at least in part, and they have been supported to an unexpected extent by the efforts of native converts. Even those Missions in the Turkish Empire which have suffered most from violence and aggression, and which have been obliged to witness the martyrdom of the Armenians and the Nestorian Christians, have displayed a noble courage and an heroic disposition to help. Without them there would have been no helper, no one to pity nor even to record the fate of these unhappy peoples.

So far as we ourselves are concerned, we may look back to last year with thankful pride. While undertaking offices for the rest of the world such as no other nation has ever performed, we have given to Missions the largest amounts recorded in our history. When we read the report of our own Board of Missions we congratulated ourselves that the Episcopal Church had done something unique, but when the statements of the other churches were read by us, we learned that they had had much the same experience and that for them all

last year was a year of vast offerings to Missions. This shows that our ability to serve the cause of Christ depends on ourselves and not on the times. Faith and love can always find something to give.

I wish now to relate a striking example of the new appeal of Missions to men of the highest intellect. The greatest argument for Missions will always be great Missionaries. Among the Bible scholars of the world, Albert Schweitzer occupies a position which is in many respects unique. He has caused the whole world to reconsider the meaning of the life of Jesus, and of some of the fundamental conceptions of His religion, particularly the conception of the Kingdom of God. He has re-established the authenticity of many great passages of the New Testament, questioned or denied by other scholars. His slight "Sketch of the Life of Jesus," written when he was twenty-six and translated by Walter Lowrie, he believes will render forever impossible destructive, belittling, rationalizing Lives like those of Strauss and Renan. He has given us the only systematic account of the various attempts to write the life of the Lord which we possess,* and what he has done for the life of Christ he has done also for St. Paul. His books have affected higher religious thought in England, France and America, almost as much as they have affected Germany, and wherever the Bible is studied scientifically, Schweitzer's opinions and discoveries must be taken into account.

Having given the first fruits of his intellect to the

* Sanday's "The Life of Christ in Recent Research" is based so largely on Schweitzer that I can hardly regard it as an independent work.

cause of Christ, Schweitzer resolved to give his whole life to the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. He looked over the world in order to find the loneliest, hardest and most neglected spot in which to serve, and he chose Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa, the country which used to be called the French Congo. In order to prepare himself for this service he took a four years' course of medicine in the German universities and he exhibited nearly as much talent and facility in medicine as he had displayed in the Bible. He was also a great musician and the organist of Strassburg Cathedral. When he was ready he went forth, accompanied only by his wife and taking with him a little pipe organ presented by the people of Strassburg. Arriving at his distant home in Africa, with the help of the natives he built a little hospital and a surgery, a house for his wife and himself, and a shelter for his native visitors. About this time I wrote him, as he was always much interested in the work of Emmanuel Church, and I asked him how he spent his time. He replied: "I rise at five and at six our compound is filled with native patients suffering from leprosy, sleeping sickness and from various diseases contracted from white men. My wife and I work over them until about two, when we all have dinner. I spend the afternoon in studying the Scriptures and in teaching the Africans the principles of the Kingdom of God. At night I gather them round me and play the organ to them, in which, with their deep musical souls, they greatly rejoice, and perhaps for the first time in its history the fugues of Bach sound far and wide over the African veldt."

When I was in Rome last year, I happened to have a little money which I wished to give as a thank offering for my recovery, and I thought of Schweitzer. I knew that he could not cash checks in the middle of Africa, so I bought some French bank notes, folded them in an envelope and sent them by mail. Then the War broke out. I heard nothing of my little gift for many months, and I supposed it was lost. Last spring, however, Schweitzer wrote me that in God's Providence it had been the means of saving his life. He had received the bank notes and had succeeded in changing them. Soon after, his lonely station had been attacked by an irregular body of French native troops, who, hearing him speak German, had mistaken him for an enemy. They burned his little hospital, seized his medicines and surgical instruments, and for six weeks they held him and his wife imprisoned in a small straw hut under a burning equatorial sun, during which time he assured me that without the money he believed they would have perished. With it he was able to obtain a few necessities and also the dispatch of his cablegram to the President of the French Republic, Schweitzer himself being an Alsatian and having been sent out by the Evangelical Society of Paris. The President of France promptly ordered his release, and with the help of the soldiers, Schweitzer promptly set about the restoration of his buildings. He said in his letter: "I regard this war, all this hatred and confusion, only as a passing cloud, nothing to complain of. It is only another proof that this world is not yet the Kingdom of God, and it is all the more incumbent on us who believe in the King-

dom to labor for it." There are few religious scholars whose lives are not braver and more religious through Schweitzer's noble example.

There are only two ways by which the cause of Missions will really prevail, and the world be won to Christ: one is when Christians generally believe so firmly in their religion that they cause others to believe it, when they practise it so constantly and so consistently that the religion expands through its own vitality and power. The other way is by drawing men of intellect and power and constructive imagination, like Livingstone and Dr. Grenfell and Schweitzer, into the cause of Missions and letting them direct it. The first is the method by which the Early Church converted the Roman Empire. The amazing characteristic of this, the greatest conquest of our religion, is that it was made by unknown, unremembered Christians, like ourselves. After the Apostolic Age we encounter no more great Missionary teachers for several centuries, yet during these years the heathen world was converted, so far as we can judge, by the personal influence and the holy examples of ordinary Christians.

The second method converted the nations of modern Europe. The great Missionary movement of the early Middle Ages, which resulted in the conversion of our own family of the nations, was conducted on different lines. The nations of modern Europe were brought to Christ through their own Apostles and fellow-countrymen, chosen men of God, men of rank and learning and power and intellect, who became the saviours and patron saints of the nations, and whose

great names echo down the ages: Columba, Augustine of Canterbury, Cyril and Methodius among the Slavs, Patrick in Ireland, Ulfilas the Apostle of the Goths, Martin of Tours, Boniface the Spiritual Teacher of Germany, and later, the great Jesuits.

If we hope, in our modern Missions, to continue the work of past ages and to finish the work of converting the world which they so grandly began, we must be able again to command their great faith, we must seek better methods and find greater men. In only one respect — the possession of money for the task — do we excel them, but money, without genius and devotion, is not able to work this miracle. The thought that Jesus Christ, the greatest personality the world has known, shall reign in the heart of all mankind is a just and reasonable thought, not a thought to be derided or denied. The desire that the highest life shall be open to all, that the highest religion shall become the universal religion, and that all the blessings of civilization, science, liberty and tenderness which inhere in Christianity shall become the common possession of mankind, is a desire which all true lovers of their kind must acquiesce in. It is only the methods of Missions, the inadequacy of Missions, the crudity of Missionaries and the pitifully slight result of all our efforts and of our vast expenditure of money which humiliate and discourage us and which awaken the scornful criticism of educated travelers. If our Missions are to succeed they must be co-ordinated on a grand scale, and the profession of Missionary must be raised to the height of other important

and exacting professions by a long period of special training and preparation. Just as we need law schools to make lawyers, medical schools and hospitals for physicians and technical schools for engineers, so do we need today a great Missionary College for Missionaries, and until we provide such a college and such a serious course of study and preparation, we shall never gain the world's respect for our Missionaries or convince the world of the seriousness of our undertaking. At present we are not doing our duty either by the Missionaries whom we commission to do a work for which they are usually unprepared, or by our people who support our Missions at our request with lavish gifts, or by the nations to which we offer Christianity in so pitiful a guise that the educated seldom accept it. The proof of this saying lies in the small direct or indirect results of our great efforts.

In this Missionary College which should be attached to one of our great universities, either to Harvard or Columbia, the languages which the future Missionary is to use should be taught colloquially. This would save the Missionary several years of idleness and of heart-breaking loneliness when he enters his new field of labor.

Further, the future Missionary should be carefully and thoroughly instructed in the history, the geography, the religion, the literature, the politics and social customs of the people he is to serve, and only a man capable of profiting by such instruction should be permitted to serve in the capacity of a teacher. He who

aims at changing the civilization of an ancient people should at least understand the principles of the civilization he aims at modifying, nor should the Missionary expose himself to contempt and gain the ill will of his people by his ignorance of those principles of conduct which every well-bred person is supposed to observe.

Such a college could be served partly by the existing staff of lecturers in language, philosophy, history and religion maintained by Harvard or Columbia. It could also be served most faithfully and effectively by old returned Missionaries. These men possess rare and precious knowledge which few other men possess, knowledge of which at the present time they are making hardly any use. Their later years would be cheered and brightened by the consciousness that they are still of great use to the Church, and that the learning they have acquired with so much labor will not perish with them, but will be transmitted to their successors. In a city like New York or Boston natives of almost any country to which we send Missionaries could be enlisted as auxiliary teachers. Moreover, such a college as I have in mind, conducted on sound and liberal lines, would be of great value to the United States Government as a training school for its future diplomats. If the different Protestant Churches made use of it, as they would be obliged to do, it would have a powerful effect in unifying Missionary ideals and in consolidating Missionary effort. Above all, such an institution would serve as a great center of Missionary knowledge and inspiration to the nation which possessed it. When, in

the seventeenth century, the Church of Rome undertook its great Missions to the diverse nations of the earth, it found it necessary to establish the celebrated College of the Propaganda for the education of Missionaries, the publication of sacred texts in foreign tongues, and for the general oversight and control of Missions everywhere, and the necessity of this step is proved by the fact that this institution, *Sacra Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*, continues, with certain modifications, to this day. The fairest, most hopeful sign of the future of religion one sees in Rome is the pure faces of the devout youths of every nation gathered in the Eternal City to receive their Missionary education. As one encounters these bands of intelligent and earnest boys passing in their modest uniforms along the streets, one cannot but contrast their spiritual and noble countenances with the familiar types of Italian monk and cleric, and long that our Church may some day be able to command and train young life so full of promise for her Missions.

After being intensely interested in our Missions all my life, I have two convictions: 1. If we wish to make Missions respected, we must make the office of Missionary respectable by drawing into our Missionary ranks men of greater moral and intellectual caliber, and by sending as Missionaries men of thorough training and of adequate preparation for one of the most difficult tasks known to man.

2. That the work of finishing the conversion of the world, and especially of converting the great lettered

peoples of the East, will not take place in this generation or in any other generation by the means which we are at present employing. Yet, having learned by experience, and having now the encouragement which comes from enthusiasm, numbers and abundant financial support, it ought not to be impossible for us to find a better way.

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~~JUN 30 2001~~

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